This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

89

1. No subject

Price

11/100 Cal

(3)

12/

220

Cal
731
243

Shelf 12 c 1395

MEMORY'S HARKBACK

THROUGH

HALF-A-CENTURY

AN
(Grellon, F.)

MEMORY'S HARKBACK

THROUGH

HALF-A-CENTURY

1808 TO 1858

BY

F. E. GRETTON, B.D.

LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen
1889
[All rights reserved]

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
335053B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

PREFATORY NOTE.

I HAD fully decided that 'Classical Coincidences' must be ultima Thule of my dabblings in printers' ink. But the past year pertinaciously kept telling me that, when 'Mens sana in corpore sano' is vouchsafed to an old man, he has no right to fritter away his latter days in twirling his thumbs.

F. E. G.

Arthur Lowe / 30 Nov 1945

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	CHILDHOOD—EARLY BOYHOOD AT HEREFORD -	1
II.	SCHOOLDAYS AT SHREWSBURY - - -	21
III.	HEREFORD—COUNTY ELECTION - - -	42
IV.	CAMBRIDGE OF OLD - - - - -	55
V.	EPISCOPAL RECOLLECTIONS - - - -	82
VI.	RAIL *v.* ROAD - - - - -	98
VII.	JUDGES I REMEMBER - - - -	118
VIII.	HORSEBACK JOURNEYS - - - -	143
IX.	RUTLAND AND LEICESTERSHIRE - - -	157
X.	NORTH AND SOUTH WALES—A PEEP AT THE LAKES	166
XI.	DERBYSHIRE—CHESHIRE—CROMER - - -	195
XII.	KENT AND DEVON - - - - -	206
XIII.	HIGH AND LOW CHURCH—MR. BLANK—MR. SIMEON —OXFORD TRACTS—PEACE OUT OF WAR - -	216
XIV.	SAGACITY OF ANIMALS — THE HUNTING-FIELD — CHURCH SERVICES—INCREASED SENTENCE -	228
XV.	THE FAIR SCENES OF BRITAIN—THE TWO SONS—THE TWO DOCTORS—CAMBRIDGE TALES—DR. WHEWELL —MARGARET PROFESSORSHIP - - -	237
XVI.	THE BISHOP, HIS SONS AND CHAPLAIN—PREACHING EXTEMPORE OR FROM BOOK—RIVAL MUSICIANS -	249
XVII.	CHANCE NAMES AT SCHOOL — MURDER WILL OUT— GINGERBREAD-NUT — MYSTIFYING A FELLOW-TRAVELLER—LADY CRITICS OF SERMONS - -	266

CHAPTER		PAGE
XVIII.	ABBERLEY—'CAUTION GRACE'—HARD WORDS—DEAN SHIPLEY—LEGAL AMENITIES	278
XIX.	MONMOUTH AND MACEDON—SMIRKE'S CASTLES—SIR F. DOYLE—MR. PYCROFT—'CLERICUS' ON SIR W. SCOTT	286
XX.	HISTORICAL REPETITIONS—FRENCH ESTIMATES OF WELLINGTON	300
XXI.	TIME'S CHANGES—CHANGES IN SCHOOL-TRAINING	309
XXII.	ODDS AND ENDS	316

MEMORY'S HARKBACK.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD: EARLY BOYHOOD AT HEREFORD.

In 1803, a few miles from Windsor, I came into the world. My 'note of time,' from five years old and onwards, is clear and distinct. Two incidents have always been to me as the starting-point of my recollections: the first Sunday that I was breeched and taken to church, with a new sixpence in my pocket; and the first ride I had upon 'Old Jack,' held on by one of my brothers. The Jubilee of George III. I well remember, and the tantrum I put myself into because I was not allowed to go out at night to see the bonfires. But then, as a sugar-plum, I was taken to Windsor Terrace, and saw—nay, I see him now—the poor old man in the Windsor uniform, leaning on the arm of the Queen and one of the Princesses; his cocked-hat made a marvellous impression upon me.

It was a grand day with me when I was taken through the great telescope at Slough, had kindly greeting from Sir William Herschel, and a kiss from good Miss Caroline. I think I was rather flustered than flattered by a condescending pat on the head from Lord Grenville, he looked so grave and grim. But I immensely enjoyed being taken to beautiful Hedsor one Sunday. Lord Boston was my godfather, and his silver knife, fork, and spoon are yet daily in my hands. He stands before me now, as he stood then, in white hat, blue coat, nankeen continuations from throat to foot, and, what caught me most, a double gold eye-glass dangling in front of him.

The face of the country roundabout was, and still is, familiar to me. We were three miles from Maidenhead; and Taplow, Cliefden on the one side, Burnham, Britwell, Dropmore on the other, were within my ken. A somewhat curious matter occurred in this respect: about twenty years after we left the country, I visited for the first time the remains of our dear old home. I walked from Maidenhead, and instinctively took the direct field-path, which I could only have travelled once or twice as a little child. Having *moused* over the old spot, I, in walking back, lost my way on the very road which, two hours before, I had taken cor-

rectly, upon the strength of twenty years' remembrance. How was this?

In 1810 we were transplanted to Hereford. It was a grievous wrench to be dislocated from the familiar roof-tree, but we had all abundant reason to be content with our new quarters. In those days Hereford was a quiet (may we say a sleepy?) city—little stirring beyond the ordinary trade and traffic of the county town. But the clergy and a fair sprinkling of resident gentry made up more than an average society. The social habits of those days were strangely different from the present. Dinner-parties were few and far between; when they took place the hour was five, otherwise the almost universal hour was that most untoward one of three p.m. The favourite gatherings were at six o'clock; tea and cards, with negus and cakes handed about during the evening; departure before ten. Sometimes the party ended with a supper—some substantial and mostly hot dish at the head, various kickshaws down the table. To these parties the matrons came in sedan-chairs, the younger damsels walked with a lantern borne before them. As to flys and such-like conveniences, they did not exist—you could only hire a post-chaise or gig. At that time only one person in Hereford, besides the Bishop, had horses to his

carriage. When we speak of the public buildings, the Cathedral of course comes first. Those who know it as it is, can have little idea of its condition in the olden day. The west front was then, as it is now, a grievous disfigurement, to be erased, let us hope, at some early day. It is just over one hundred years since the former west end fell in. I remember hearing old Canon Cope say that, soon after he was ordained, he baptized a child in the nave of the Cathedral, and had only just gone out by the north porch when the crash came. In my boyhood, neglect and indifference as to the state of sacred buildings was universal. No wonder, therefore, that in the Cathedral were to be seen broken pavement, monuments uncared for, the grand Norman pillars buried in coats of whitewash. In the choir, the stalls were surmounted by galleries, both painted a yellowish-gray. The galleries were common deal, but the stalls were carved oak, as was accidentally discovered. The fact being that some former Dean and Chapter, being economically disposed, put up the deal galleries, and daubed the carved oak with paint to correspond. The north transept was used as a place of worship for St. John's parish. On Sundays, morning prayer was said here at ten o'clock ; at eleven, the Cathedral Service was held, consisting only of the Communion

to the end of the Nicene Creed, with a sermon. In the afternoon a full Service in the transept, with prayers in the Cathedral at five p.m., but no sermon.

The Minster Yard was an untidy and uncared-for place, with pathways made *ad libitum* in all directions, while the earth had so accumulated round the walls that only an inch or two at the top of the crypt windows under the chancel remained, just enough for our marbles to slip through. On the south-west end was a huge ugly brick building, erected for the music-meeting concerts, and used *ad interim* as the Grammar School. In Pipe Lane was the birth-house of Nell Gwyn, now, I understand, destroyed. In the High Town was the old Butchers' Row, all but one house now gone; the old Town Hall built on pillars; both the law courts in the same room—very ancient, but very inconvenient. The new Shire Hall, built about sixty years since, stands on the site of the old gaol, used in my time as an arms depôt for the militia.

The two former Deans had been mainly non-resident; the Chapter, therefore, had it all their own way, and that way was to wrangle and fight. There were Montague and Capulet, Drs. Morgan and Napleton, who were at deadly feud, each having their partisans. Dr. Morgan had just died,

but Napleton remained, ready to fight any and all who presumed to oppose him. He was very shrewd and sharp, and even outside the Chapter he found himself involved in lawsuits. A story was current that in one of these, relating to a watercourse, his main witness was cajoled or bullied by Dauncey, the opponent's counsel, to swear that the stream ran in a given direction, which, by a plan of the ground, was shown to be uphill. The Canon lost his cause, and forthwith gave Dauncey a retaining fee. It was when a vault was being made in the chancel for Dr. Ford, another Canon—in 1813, I think—that the remains of Bishop Trelleek were discovered. I chanced to be in the Cathedral, and saw the bulla, ring, an amethyst, and crosier, lying beside the clammy dust, apparently entire, but when touched the lower part crumbled away; there was also a lock of auburn hair. I understood that these relics were afterwards stolen, whether from roguery or superstition may perhaps be a question. Not a bad story was current touching the son-in-law of Dean Wetherell, who occupied the Deanery. Overlooking the garden was a school for young ladies held by a Mrs. Lincoln, who resisted the demand of the Deanery occupant to brick up an obnoxious window, at which her damsels amused themselves. The lady closed a

fiery correspondence with this shot: 'The old saw that the Devil overlooked Lincoln was now reversed, for Lincoln overlooked the Devil.' Among others connected with the Cathedral whose memories cling to me was old Custos Underwood, that is, the head of the College of Vicars, who were then twelve. He was a good-humoured, easy-going veteran in a scratch wig, who, besides his office in the Cathedral, was incumbent of St. John's and St. Nicholas, and chaplain to the gaol. This last involved a week-day service, which the Custos was always glad to escape. One day, as he was wending his way unwillingly to gaol, he met the clergyman who had taken the duty the previous week. When the Custos thanked him, he politely said that he should at any time be happy to do it for him. 'No, would you really?' said the old man. 'Well, one good turn deserves another; you did it last week; suppose you do it again.' So saying, he turned round and went home.

Then there was the senior Vicar, Kidley, old and quaint, partially palsied; but, when primed with an extra glass of port, it was wondrous to hear him troll out 'Old Thomas Day.' In earlier years he was sharp of tongue, and not very careful to conform to the law that there should always be two Vicars present at the Cathedral service. One

day he was an absentee, and the Canon in residence marched after prayers with verger and mace to Kidley's rooms, and found him warming his shins over the newspaper. 'Sir,' said the Canon, 'I am sorry to say that we made a most disgraceful appearance at Quire this morning.' 'Indeed, Mr. Canon,' replied Kidley, 'then I am extremely glad that I did not make one amongst you.' Whereupon Canon, mace, and verger departed with what dignity they had left.

Another not unfrequent offender against 'Church discipline' was Dare the organist; his command of his instrument often stood him in good stead. His bibulous propensities earned him rheumatic gout; his gout made him indolent and unlocomotive, consequently it now and then happened that he was behind his time. I think I hear him now crawling upstairs into the organ-loft, which was perched between the nave and the choir, while the Psalms were being chanted; gradually and stealthily he manipulated the keys, till all at once he broke into the note of the chant. It was something wonderful, and doubtless often saved him a wigging from the residentiary.

Then there was Meepy Davis, the organ-blower, an inveterate chewer of tobacco. Dare would not allow his quid in the organ-loft, so he always

deposited it on the iron railing of the monument inside the north porch. I am afraid I was tempted to sprinkle a little cayenne on it, and witnessed his grimaces when he put it into his mouth. Once more, there was poor old blind Phil, who rang the curfew and the six o'clock morning bell, and always went up to the belfry by himself. One morning when he reached the floor on which the ropes hang, and which is over the choir of the Cathedral, he was sensible of a current of cold air, which told him that the trap, through which the bells, when necessary, were lowered, had been left open. He at once laid himself flat down, till the people, wondering that the early bell did not ring, came up and found him. No power on earth could induce him ever to go up to the belfry again.

To an 'old hand' the modern names given to the streets in Hereford are very puzzling; amongst them I am told that the narrow cut from the Minster Close to the High Town is now Church Street—it used to be Cabbage Lane, a corruption, that is, of Capuchin Lane; so an historical trace is lost. This reminds me of a similar alteration, not an improvement, in Surrey. At Farnborough Station is the Morant Arms, which was, and ought to be, the Tumble-down-Dick, in token of Richard Cromwell's early fall. Not far from this, Bagshot

way, is the Jolly Farmer, similarly corrupted from the Golden Farmer; inasmuch as the landlord, who always paid his rent in guineas, was at last discovered, and hanged, as one of the most daring highwaymen on Bagshot Heath.

Hereford might not be so bustling and enterprising in the olden day as it is now, but we were not without our excitements. The Peninsular War was at its height; a battalion of the 44th Foot was quartered in the city for a long time, and during the summer in succession were called out the County Militia, under Colonel Cornewall, and the three regiments of Local Militia, commanded respectively by Sir John Cotterell, Colonel Matthews, and Sir H. Hoskyns. These importations of redcoats kept us alive and merry; the officers were to be entertained, and give entertainments; there was the daily bustle of the parade on the Castle Green, to be concluded with the review of each regiment by old Lord Cork, or some other veteran. Besides all this there was the Yeomanry, under Major Whittaker, who, after the manner of all deaf persons, had a stentorian voice when giving the word of command to his squadron on Widemarsh; his second in command, Captain Benjamin Biddulph, was almost as loud. All these martial manifestations kept us awake, and from time to time came

news of one and another of Wellington's victories. Then followed illuminations and public feasting. At one of these rejoicings a curious dodge was played off. To commemorate the victory of Albuera, I think it was, there was a grand dinner at the hotel; the Duke, or Jockey, of Norfolk, as he was irreverently called, in the chair. The foremost seats on either side the table were reserved for the big-wigs, that next to the chair having on it the name of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns. Just before the dinner the card of 'Major Payne' was substituted for this, and the baronet and his next neighbours lowered a step. When the party assembled, a spruce gentleman appeared, and, with many apologies for the liberty he had taken, announced himself as on Lord Wellington's staff, just arrived from the Peninsula. He had ventured to place himself next the President, believing that he was able to afford information which would interest the company. During the dinner he was very communicative as to what had taken place, and was then likely to ensue, in the prosecution of the war. He completely took the ear of his Grace, who invited him to stay at Holme Lacy—in short, he was the lion of the day. But, unluckily for him, there chanced to be visiting in Hereford a gentleman from this masquerader's own neighbourhood.

Meeting him in the street, he claimed him, and the bubble burst. But the Duke was very sore at being so entirely taken in. The joker was the son of a solicitor at Maidenhead, Berks, who turned his wits to sorry account, and was much given to practical tricks. This Duke of Norfolk was the great man of the county, and very popular, though a Whig. His wife was the last representative of the grand old Scudamores of Holme Lacy. I seem to see his broad back encased in a French gray coat, with velvet collar, as he rolled into his coach, which his unwieldy bulk swayed all on one side. He was a very free liver, as was the fashion then, and wine and cards entailed late, or rather early, hours. Not a bad story was afloat on this head with respect to his Scotch porter in St. James's Square. One morning Donald appeared, and said: 'Your Grace, I must give up my place; I cannot away with your unchristian habits, coming home at two and three in the morning, and half tipsy, too.' The Duke, who was used to, and fond of the man, said: 'Nonsense, Donald! stick to your place, and I promise you I will come home earlier. Now to-night I will be here before eleven.' Donald went his way, not in the least thinking that his master would be as good as his word. But the Duke came back soon after ten, and could

not get in to his own door. The real truth being, that Donald loved tipple as much as his betters, but fuddled himself at an early hour, and had slept it off by the time the Duke usually came home; but at half-past ten he was lying quite drunk in his crib beside the hall.

Another notable character my memory takes account of in the Hereford days is Sir Charles Wetherell; he was a son of a former Dean, and in 1813, or thereabouts, a candidate for the city. I see him before me on his canvass, a guy figure, in blue coat, drab breeches, and white cotton stockings. As he disdained braces, an inch interstice of shirt appeared at his waistband.* He was full of dry wit with the voters, but was unsuccessful. In after years I often saw him in the Court of Chancery. His bearing towards Lord Eldon was an odd mixture of the deferential and the independent, but they seemed quite to understand each other. It was curious that he, of all others, should have been counsel for Thistlewood on the Cato Street Conspiracy; he did his best for him, but of course could not save his neck. Towards another Lord Chancellor Sir Charles bore himself very

* Sir Charles Wetherell is said to have escaped with his life from an angry mob at Bristol, on one occasion, by disguising himself—with a pair of braces.

differently; he hated Brougham's politics, and he had little respect for him as a lawyer. In great measure, perhaps, he agreed in Lord Lyndhurst's estimate—'Brougham is a wonderful man; if he had but a little law he would have a smattering of everything.' When Brougham had reached the Woolsack, Sir Charles, as counsel for the University of Oxford, had to argue in the House of Lords against granting a charter to the University of London. He took the bull by the horns, and insisted not merely that it was inexpedient and objectionable, but that it could not be done. But then, it was a pet scheme of the Chancellor's, who was aware that if Sir Charles, when pleading, were interrupted he would often shut up altogether. Therefore he kept constantly breaking in upon him with 'But suppose, Sir Charles' this, and suppose that. Sir Charles bore this some time, only saying: 'Really, my lord, you puzzle me with so many possible and impossible suppositions, that you hardly leave me a canoe to float away upon.'

Brougham kept up his game with another yet more unreasonable question. Upon this Sir Charles stopped short, pulled out his snuff-box, and said:

'If anyone in his senses, my lord, were to propose to me such a ridiculous and untenable proposition as that, I should—take a pinch of snuff.'

Suiting the action to the word, he then took a huge pinch of snuff, and Brougham interrupted him no more.

The earliest political event that I can remember is the murder of Perceval in 1812. The scare in the country was excessive, almost as great as at the Cato Street Conspiracy; in both cases it was believed that revolution had begun. In Hereford the panic was increased when there appeared in the streets an uproarious mob, headed by a vehicle bearing a man, and apparently a woman, to whom the man liberally administered cuffs and buffets. All this increased the general alarm, till it appeared that it was only an accidental outburst of rough justice—that the apparently dressed-up woman was a man, who had been found beating his wife, and upon whom the mob was now inflicting retributive justice.

It was either this year or the next that another scare frightened the city from its quietude. In a thunderstorm, not at all excessive in itself, there arose to the eastward an awful darkness. I never shall forget it; it was literally 'darkness that might be felt.' It turned out that a waterspout burst on the hill overhanging the village of Mordiford, which stands at the conflux of the Lugg with the Wye. The torrent of water rushed from the hill,

making a drift road its channel, and drove both the rivers backward for a great distance, uprooting trees and demolishing houses. The resistless force of the current was proved by the fact that a cider-wheel of solid stone and heavy weight was borne upon the surface from one side of the Wye to the other, and laid upon the opposite bank. I believe that the parish register contains a full account of this calamity, inserted by the then incumbent, the Rev. Charles Bird.

In my boy days a dear old couple—even then of the old style—lived at Titley, in Herefordshire. They were very kindly, good, and primitive—she in her own white hair; he in bottle-green coat with velvet collar, satin waistcoat and breeches, and, if dressed for dinner, gold buckles in his shoes. One night his geese were stolen, and a label left on the old gander's neck:

'Mr. Greenly, with your one eye,
For feeding your geese so fat,
We thank you for that;
Out of eleven we've taken but seven,
And you may thank us for that.'

They had only a daughter, much devoted to literary work, and said to have published sermons. Of all fish in the waters she married Sir Isaac Coffin, an especially rollicking naval officer. For example,

one day at a levée George III. complimented him for having saved the life of one of his seamen.

'I suppose, Sir Isaac, he would go anywhere to serve you now?'

'Yes, please your Majesty, he would go to the devil to serve me.'

He persuaded the old people at Titley to give a ball, took care that the coachmen were all half-seas over, then sent the folk home with one horse of their own, the other owned by their neighbour; at the first turn for their different roads, of course, the horses tried to go different ways; the drivers were full of cider, and could not understand it, and several of them came to grief. After a while the Admiral and his lady came to a sort of amicable separation. She lived, I fancy, in London; and one morning a hearse and mourning-coaches drew up at the door, and the man announced that he had been sent to conduct the funeral of Lady Coffin Greenly. Years after these events I stumbled upon the old salt in a boarding-house at Cheltenham; he was then very unpleasant, surly, and snappish, like an old Newfoundland dog.

Another pair were in their measure characters in that county—an old clergyman and his spouse. His eyesight was not of the best, and he used to make sundry blunders; she sat in the pew close

by, and tried more than half-aloud to encourage him by a running commentary. When he had poked a little and got over it, or when he came to a proper name and safely collared it, she would say:

'Very well, Mr. M——. Better than expectation, Mr. M——.'

One winter afternoon came his running comment too; as he blundered through the second lesson he kept saying:

'I canna see; I'm sure I canna see. It's no use; I *canna* see. Here endeth the second lesson.'

Another Herefordshire parson was a great stickler for the observance of the Sabbath; but the squire noticed that his man-servant regularly, at the commencement of the sermon, went out of church, returning after a time. He ventured, therefore, to ask his Rector why this interruption was needful.

'Well,' said his reverence, 'the fact is I never allow cooked meat on the Sabbath; but I do confess that I like a hot potato with my cold beef. Now, my man knows about the length of my sermon and how long the potatoes require, so he just slips out, puts the pot on the fire, and comes back into church to hear my sermon.'

Among the many anecdotes recorded of Dean

Hook, I saw that he had a great objection to preaching so long at the morning service as to interfere with the ordinary dinner-hour of the artisans. This story reminded me of an old Vicar of Oakham. In the church there was a large clock in front of the singing gallery; whenever in his sermon the Vicar saw himself approaching one o'clock, he abruptly concluded. At last one of the parishioners asked him why he did so. His answer was very short and pithy:

'Sir, I'll spoil no poor man's pudding.'

A Northamptonshire squire had also a large property in Herefordshire, which he chanced to visit. The principal tenant did his best to be hospitable, and, as matter of course, supplied at lunch the ordinary table-cider. This made the landlord's stomach ache. At an after-season, when the tenant went down to Northamptonshire to pay his rent, the squire directed his butler to give the guest the very best of fare, but to mix some vinegar and water, and say that it was Northamptonshire cider. When the man came to take his leave, the squire hoped that they had taken good care of him in the servants' hall, which, of course, they had.

'And how did you like our Northamptonshire cider?'

'Well, sir, it were rather bouldish.'

Had manners permitted, he would have said it was acid; but the natives in the apple-land never speak of their nectar as being sour or acid; it is only bould.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL-DAYS AT SHREWSBURY.

The year 1814 brought with it a radical revulsion in my lad-life. I was sent to school at Shrewsbury. I had already been for a time as a day-boy at the Hereford Cathedral School. There a little Latin grammar was caned into me by an ill-grained usher, and a rise up to extracts from Ovid taken out of the second master. But from the boys—a very mixed and untoward lot—as my private tutors, I learnt bad words and bad tricks, which naturally oozed out at home, so out of the present evil came the lasting good; it was at once determined that I must be sent from home. Hitherto at home I had been pretty well master of the situation, and now I was to be cut adrift from mamma's apron-string, and sent to rough it among strangers in a new and anything but a rose-water life. I often try to picture to myself what sort of an animal I should have turned out had I not been

transplanted from Hereford School to Shrewsbury. And yet the first plunge was into very icy water.

The old lads quickly construed me as a petted home-bred chick; some bullied, others bamboozled me. One instance as well as a hundred will tell my babyism and their rough-handedness. The younger cricket-club was playing; I went and stood between the wickets.

'Get off the ground!' cried one.

'I have as much right to stand here as you,' said I.

Without more ado I was knocked flat as a flounder by the batsman. It was hard lines, but I never stood between the wickets again. Raps on the knuckles, kicks on the shins, real and metaphorical, almost crazed me. I thought I would run away, but did not know the road; I thought of drowning myself in the Severn, but the water looked very cold. Luckily one day a little lad, only my senior by a quarter, took compassion on me, gave me part of his seat on the bank, cheered me, and gave me kindly words. This little lad and I have been through life, and now in old age are, as brothers. He reconciled me to the untoward outset of my school-life; it lasted afterwards for nigh nine years, with still increasing profit and enjoyment; and now I look back upon that time as the

oasis of my days, and, as an old lady once said to me, 'You are just like all old Shrewsbury boys; you worship the very stones you walk upon.'

When I joined, Shrewsbury had already established its title to rank among the foremost classical schools. No marvel this, inasmuch as its head was the accomplished scholar and prince of masters, Samuel Butler. It was Dr. Parr who first discerned the power that was in him, and through Parr he was sent to Rugby. Having won his spurs at Cambridge, he became a candidate for the head-mastership of Rugby; but the governors decided that he was too young. Happy decision that for Shrewsbury! There he was appointed by St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1798, two years after he had taken his degree. Tradition said that he succeeded to a school with but one pupil, named Doveton. Of course it required time to gather fledglings into this dovecote, and then to feed and fit them to take wing abroad. It was, therefore, exactly ten years before a Shrewsbury boy made his mark at the University. Thomas Smart Hughes, B.A., 1808, had previously won a Greek and Latin Ode, both Bachelor's Prizes, and Seatonian Prize subsequently. My personal contact with this Salopian was rather curious. As a new boy, I was called into the study for examination as

to where I was to be classed. Butler gave me a portion of Ovid to look over, and left the room, leaving also in it Hughes, then a visitor. I puzzled over my Ovid, till sheer funk gave me courage, and I asked Hughes to give me a construe. Nine years after I went in for the Littlego at Cambridge, and Hughes was an examiner; three years more, and Hughes examined me for the Classical Tripos. Then I thought I had surely done with him, but no! Three years more, and I went up for priest's orders at Peterborough, and the examining chaplain was Hughes. I never saw him but once again, and that was at a railway-station, looking very ill. He was going up to London—to die.

Another, and a yet brighter, star of that date was R. W. Evans, Seventh Wrangler, and Chancellor's Medallist, 1811, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity, specially looked up to and held in regard throughout the University. Subsequently he was the author of many books, every one of which was stamped with quiet wisdom and originality. It was late in life that he was an Archdeacon, but he would have made the best and wisest of Bishops.

While wending my way upward from the lower to the upper school, of course I knew nothing of Butler's powers as a teacher. We saw nothing of him except on those days of awe and tribulation

when our class was called down for examination by the chief. But so soon as I reached the fifth form, a marvellous change came over my dream. With the other masters we might slur over, or, at best, were forced to grind over our lessons; but under Butler we were taught to understand them—nay, more, we were led on to delight in them. It was just the same with the exercises; he would, as his manner was, work one eyebrow up and drop the other down, run his pen through an English-Latin sentence and make it Ciceronian, or an erased clumsy line would be rewritten by him, and a line put in you might mistake for Ovid. Of the other masters, the second on the Foundation was Jackey Jeudwine, as we impudently called him. He had but a bad time of it. Butler, I think, rather sat upon him; he had quite the junior forms to teach. Then he was of a somewhat ungenial, crusty temperament: made the worst instead of the best of his position. The lads, as was not unnatural, presumed upon the untoward bearing between the first and the second, took liberties with, and set at nought, poor Jackey; as, for example, on May 29th, Butler's desk would be grandly decked with flowers, while Jeudwine's would be soiled with nettles, brickbats, and perchance a rude placard.

Then there was another master, the Rev. Evan

Griffith—'Old Giffy' was his school name. We all played him tricks and made jokes upon him, but no one ever thought of insulting or annoying him, because all had inner respect and love for him —he was so kindly and simple-hearted. When he left, and took the school at Swansea, the boys gladly yet sorrowing gave him a bit of plate, on which was, I remember, inscribed :

'Cape dona extrema tuorum.'

I must not omit to note one, almost an institution in himself, the man-servant—Johnnie Bandy, as, from a crook in his understanding, he was called ; no one ever knew him by any other name. The work he did, and the will with which he did it, would astonish many a modern flunkey. He was withal very shrewd and sharp-sighted, but played his part very fairly between the master and the boys. One part of his duty was to fetch the candles at 9.30 p.m. ; these were in little tin candlesticks, and it was Bandy's pride to string them all upon the fingers of one hand. Our room was the last he came to. One night the door was set a little ajar, and something heavy set on the top. Johnnie came bustling in, the top weight came tumbling down, and cast his candlesticks hither and thither. He fancied that I was the

offender, which I was not, and made his thumb and finger almost meet in the pinch he bestowed upon me. At another time I was at his mercy. I had a light after hours, which was a capital offence. Johnnie caught sight of it, and came stealthily up; I twigged him, bundled the blown-out candle under the bed, and was of course fast asleep. He came in, and, without a word, pulled the candle from under the bed, and, putting his finger to the hot wick, said, 'You have had a lighted candle.' However, the old fellow was good-natured, and did not tell the doctor, thereby saving me a swishing. Oddly enough, Bandy was servant in the family some forty years without being hired, which happened thus: He was hired as a lad, and broke so many things that he was dismissed. After a time, no successor suiting, he was sent for to fill the temporary gap. Now he broke no crockery, and gave satisfaction at all points; nothing was said about hiring, and he remained one year after another. The end of poor Bandy was very sad: when his master became a Bishop, Johnnie took it for granted that he should pass on to Lichfield; but he had grown old, was undersized, and in other ways, perhaps, not suitable for an episcopal butler; so it was arranged that he should not go. He took to his bed, and never got out of it while he lived.

When I call to mind the household arrangements and, in some respects, the discipline of the school, the retrospect is not pleasant. We mustered then some forty boys; but we were too closely jostled together, had little or no supervision through the day; in the bedrooms we were crowded, and, worst of all, big and little boys were packed in the same room. The result of this was that the urchins heard and saw a great deal that did them much moral harm; as a rule the senior occupants were to the juniors their private tutors in evil. Then, as the general course of things, there was a large amount of bullying; the only chance for a youngster was to get adopted by a big lad as his chosen fag; in that case no one else could interfere with him. I was specially lucky in this respect—had two masters in succession who protected me and made a pet of me, and by that time I could run alone.

The discipline of the school Butler wisely kept entirely in his own hands; it could not be said to be severely or harshly administered. At Shrewsbury, as then in all schools, the birch was the remedy for all offences; the lesser and ordinary one of default in lessons was atoned for by six strokes; any graver delinquency entailed a dozen. I never knew Butler exceed that amount, never

but once knew him operate more than once in the week upon the same patient; hardly ever did he imitate Keate, and add preaching to flogging. I remember to have heard two quaint instances of this practice on Keate's part: in one case, when dealing retribution to a youth caught out of bounds on horseback, he informed him between his swishes that he was thankful to say that he had 'never crossed a horse, or fired off a gun, in his life.' On another occasion, he had to deal with one Bosanquet, who stickled always for the French pronunciation of his name. So when called up for execution he made no sign, on the plea that his name had never been called. Keate very shortly had him on the block and said, as he tickled him:

'I will flog you, sir—

'Sive tu mavis Bŏsănqūet vocari
Sive Bŏsānqūet.'

If I may venture to say so, the defect in Butler's discipline was twofold. When dealing with a brace or batch of offenders, he did not stop to discriminate between one and the other; and he was too much averse to weeding out his black sheep—too rarely applied the rule which, in one case, I remember his quoting:

'Immedicabile vulnus
Ense recidendum est.'

The practical consequence of this latter defect was that he harboured the black sheep, not only to his own harm and hindrance, but to taint the whole flock. Of the mischief ensuing from lack of distinguishing between two guilty of the same offence I will instance one most unfortunate case. There was in the school a great huge youth, more man than boy, well read only in evil; he was a drunkard, and innately vicious, fit to corrupt a whole school. There was also in the school a model boy, the best scholar among us, giving promise of high success at the University. The black sheep determined to make him his victim, wiled him on one step after another, till one evening the trapper came home more tipsy than usual, leaving his prey helplessly drunk in the gutter. Discrimination would have expelled the veteran offender, and condoned in fatherly fashion the one only offence; whereas both were flogged alike. The one cared nothing for his stripes beyond their pain; the other felt their sting enter into him: they robbed him of his self-respect, and blighted his future life. He went to college, frittered his chance of distinction away in chess and billiards, and took only a common degree. It is but a little time since his death, and not long before, talking over old school-days with him, he said to me:

'Butler once flogged me.'

One other only of my notable schoolmates I will make record of—the 'fortunate youth,' as he was called. He was son of a farmer near Newmarket; as he gave token of ability, his landlord sent him to Shrewsbury. He was a big boy when I was a little one, was among the senior lads, and held his own in point of scholarship. He was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, much given to sham out of school, that he might devour novels and romances and fruit. He called himself Augustus C——, but it oozed out that his real name was Abraham; but woe betide us small boys if we ventured so to address him! One fine day the rumour spread that a youth, going home for the vacation, travelled in the coach with an old gentleman who took a fancy to him, and, dying suddenly, left him heir to enormous wealth, here, there, and everywhere. At first this was scouted as a myth, but it was so coherently and consistently repeated that at last it was believed in by everyone, and our friend Abraham C—— was the hero of the hour. 'Cute and wise folk endorsed the tale; high and influential people adopted him; it was avowed that the great Duke of Wellington asked him to dinner. At last one unlucky evening he feasted a large company; among other dainties

and rare wines, he recommended specially some in a black bottle, which had come from one of his Spanish estates. As this bottle passed by Sir Robert Wilson, the cork chanced to fall on the ground; Sir Robert, when picking it up, caught sight of his own wine-merchant's seal on it. Instead of replacing it in the bottle he put it in his pocket, and next morning found that his wine-merchant had supplied it to his host. Of course, it needed but such a spark as this to blow the whole machine to atoms. Beyond telling enormous lies, C—— had carried on his game so adroitly that he did not bring himself within the clutches of the law; he was a nine days' wonder, and ere long forgotten. We will take leave of him with one amusing dodge of his, affecting his school fellows. By his secretary he invited all such as were then at Cambridge—one alone excepted—to a magnificent supper at the Hoop Hotel. All of course accepted, the one omitted being a good deal chaffed. When they assembled, the secretary produced a letter of regret from C——, to say that most important business had called him elsewhere, but he trusted they would fully enjoy themselves. When Humpty-Dumpty's fall came, the carousers were requested to pay the bill, and it was the excluded one's turn to laugh.

Among notables in and about Shrewsbury that I bear in mind, the first naturally is Dr. Darwin, because I believe that he twice saved my life. In the first instance, mainly through the rough seasoning, I had inflammation of the lungs; some years afterwards I had a dangerous bout of scarlet fever. Dr. Darwin was a remarkable man in many respects, personally of huge bulk, with a very squeaky voice. His close carriage was what was called a sulky, and was like Juvenal's—'lectica Mathonis plena ipso.' It was said that his professional income exceeded that of any medico out of London; he was called to such great distances. He had wonderful skill, not only in the cure, but in the discernment of disease; and yet all his knowledge of anatomy was derived from plates; he could not face dissection. He must have been attractive in any society, but to us lads he was simply delightful. His elder son, Erasmus, I was intimate with both at school and college; he had more than average talent, studied in the medical schools of Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, and Paris, and after all I believe he never practised. His brother, Charles, was a good deal junior to me. I just remember him—a dullish apathetic lad, giving no token of his after-eminence.

The great lion at that date (1814) was of course

Lord Hill; it was the peace, reckoned upon as so lasting, proving to be so short-lived. The Hawkestone hero was every now and then in Shrewsbury, and never passed one of us lads without speaking to him; they had all—at least, their parents had—subscribed to the column erected then to his honour. He gave one the idea of a good-natured, pleasant-spoken, country squire. It was also a sight not to be forgotten when old Sir John Hill, the father of so many warriors, cantered jauntily by at the head of his yeomanry, most likely in easy overalls, in token that he had the gout.

A very different hero was Jack Mytton. He every now and then used to come and talk with us, but I am afraid the stories of his many experiences did not tend to our edification. I could fill pages with the tales that were current about him. One day he was charging a turnpike-gate in his gig, and landed the horse on one side, himself on the other unscathed, and his groom with a broken arm. Another time, posting up to London, he was stopped by a mob of colliers who had struck work. They clamoured for dole; he offered to fight the biggest of them, thrashed him in ten minutes, threw him a sovereign to heal his black eyes, and, untouched himself, drove on his journey. At the races he was, of course, to the fore. I see now

'Single-peeper,' who had but one eye, and old 'Doctor Syntax,' of whom it was said that when he came out of his stable his groom could tell by his bearing whether he meant to win the race or not.

It was grand jinks when Mytton contested Shrewsbury against Panton Corbet. The votes were then taken in tallies, and each tally was fought over. Corbet's counsel was a very acute and subtle lawyer; Mytton's somewhat slow. The Mayor's assessor, Male, said to be engaged by mistake for Maule, had written on the law of election, but he was an utter muff. First one and then another questioned his decisions. Mytton put in angry and chafing words, till at last the assessor sent him a challenge, but that did not suit the candidate's book.

At another time Mytton found himself in the same predicament in a very curious case that occurred at Chester Race Ball. This was a very exclusive affair; unknown strangers were not admitted. It happened that two Irish gentlemen, visitors at the races, went to the ball, not having provided themselves with any introduction. One of them by accident trod on the toe of the town clerk's daughter. Thinking it was done purposely, she complained to her father, who appealed to the

stewards, the chief of whom was Lord Molyneux. Upon questioning the Irishmen, it appeared they had no reference to give; they were requested to withdraw. Upon refusing, they were forcibly ejected. When this process was being carried out, Mytton was coming up the stairs, half-seas over. Upon hearing what the row was, he collared one of the men, and tumbled him over the balusters. The first thing the excommunicated did was to challenge Lord Molyneux. His brother stewards refused to let him accept it. Then they sent a challenge to the whole number. This, of course, was laughed at. Lastly, they called out Mytton. His only excuse was that he was tipsy, and had no wish to give offence. Foiled at all points, the aggrieved followed Lord Molyneux about in London with big sticks, till they were taken before a magistrate, and there the matter ended.

The recent publication of Charles Darwin's life calls back old days. Mrs. Darwin I distinctly remember, a pleasant, courteous, somewhat retiring lady. The Mount stands beautifully, overlooking the Severn and the range of country beyond. I seem to see Dr. Darwin now before me in his 'knee breeches and drab gaiters;' but no trace is given of his deep-brimmed large hat, which

seemed part of himself, and which once practically taught me a lesson of reverence for the dead. Quite a little lad, I saw him meet a funeral. He stopped short, reverentially uncovered, and stood bare-headed till the line of mourners had passed.

The notice on page 12 of Dr. Darwin's recoil from operations confirms what I had written as to his dread of dissections, and which, in fact, I learnt long years ago from my friend Erasmus Darwin, with whom, by the way, this feeling was in no wise hereditary. Once I went into his rooms at college, and found him scientifically dissecting a lobster. Of course I bade him turn it to better account. We ate it for lunch.

Strange enough that 'the burial of the dragoon soldier' (p. 30) should have me also for a witness! 'The empty boots and carbine, and the firing over the grave,' are indelible and fresh upon my mind now. I could walk straight to the spot in St. Chad's Churchyard, where the poor fellow was buried. Another feature in the case was the commanding officer with only one arm, which he had but recently lost at Waterloo. He afterwards became a general of mark; was then Major Thackwell. It was the Inniskilling Dragoons that in the latter part of the fight had done such good

service against the French Cuirassiers, who were too much for our light dragoons.

Of the same date, but of quite another calibre, was Mr. Pelham of Cound, and tenant of the castle. He was very sociable with the boys, and very popular amongst them. He was quaint in his ideas and habits, and yet quainter in carrying them into practice. As an instance of this, hearing it said of an unthrifty ne'er-do-well, that he would 'come to break stones upon the road,' Pelham demurred to that being specially irksome work. To put his notion to practical proof, he donned a smock-frock, and for a given time broke stones in front of his own gate; his conclusion being that it was not such hard work. I seem to have heard that his end was mystery; that he took a voyage to look over his property in the West Indies, and that neither he nor the vessel was ever heard of afterwards.

The summer of 1816 was terribly wet. 'The rain—it rained every day' from July to near November. One Sunday there was an almost forgotten gleam of sunshine. I chanced to be dining at a clergyman's house, who was one of the rectors of Pontesbury. As he rode home he saw all the labourers in the field taking advantage of the unwonted fine day. The old pastor said, 'I

kept silence even from good words, but I cannot say that it was pain and grief to me.'

The bad harvest, of consequence, produced bad bread; we could not eat it, and when we pelted one another with it, it stuck to the walls like putty. The results of all this were much sickness everywhere, which was bad; hay, next winter, seventeen pounds a ton at Melton, which did not much matter; and the first importation of American flour, which was a great and positive good. We lads had a special indirect benefit. Many amongst us hailed from Liverpool. In each of the flour-casks was sent a present of American apples, as big as your fist; a great number of these were paternally passed on to Shrewsbury School.

It was a Sunday specially to be remembered when Bishop Heber, just before he sailed for Calcutta, preached to us in St. Mary's Church. But it was the brightest of what at Oxford they call Gaudy Days, when in that church was married, by Dr. Parr, Butler's second daughter, to whom the whole school, as one lad, was specially attached, and who in her after long life, chequered as it was, so thoroughly fulfilled its early promise of a delightful Christian woman.

On such an occasion Dr. Parr put on his best wig and his best manners, was primed with affability

and condescension ; would have his luncheon at the boys' dinner. For his special delectation he had pudding baked under the meat. When he had had his fill of this, he cut it into pieces and scattered them upon our plates who were near to him, saying, 'Now a scramble, boys!' I suppose this old gentleman was really the profound scholar all of his day declared that he was. Yet deep learning and tall bumptiousness do not usually go together. That saying so commonly attributed to him, 'The first scholar in Europe is Burney, the third is Sammy Butler, and I leave you to say who is the second,' sounds too much like the bray of a self-forged trumpet. There must have been a vein of absurdity, which was a foil to his wisdom, or he would never have been made such a butt for jokes as he was. For instance, when late in life he was reported as about to marry Miss Eyre, Latin and Greek epigrams, as if from him to her, flitted about—'Aura veni,' etc. Or, when he went once into a bath, and the labels on the taps, 'Hot' or 'Cold,' were accidentally, or by design, transposed, and so, adding more and more of the 'cold,' only scalded him worse and worse, he was but laughed at, and commiserated with, as 'par-boiled.'

Parr's self-estimate was said to have been reproduced at a later date by a learned Theban, who

said, with reference to Blomfield, Kaye, and Dobree, that he was τέταρτος αὐτός. Wags said that the professor made a mistake; he was αὐτὸς τέταρτος. Was it not of the noted Mr. Lyttelton of years bygone that it was said, somewhat ill-naturedly, that 'if he were bought at his value, and sold at his own valuation, he would pay the National Debt?'

CHAPTER III.

HEREFORD : COUNTY ELECTION.

RARE fun awaited me in the Midsummer vacation of 1818 ; there was a contested election for Herefordshire, fiercely fought, and lasting the fourteen days. The three candidates were—the old member, Sir John Geers Cotterell, a thorough-going Tory ; Colonel Cornewall, son of Sir George, moderate, inobtrusive Whig, would have been an Unionist now ; Mr. Price, son of Sir Uvedale, a far-going Foxite, and something more. Personally, Cornewall was held in universal respect ; unbounded popularity greeted Sir John from opponents as well as supporters—foes he had none ; whereas it was mainly as a political leader that Price looked for any following. In one respect Garnons and Foxley were contrasted ; the one was open-house to all-comers, the other was credited to have somewhat stiff doors. As an index to this, during the election, one of the town-pumps was adorned with

a placard as 'Price's Tap.' Whereas it was said that the last thing the butler at Garnons did, when locking up the cellar, was to put outside the door two black-jacks filled with cider, which were called 'Sir John and my Lady.'

At this election, however, the Tories unwisely refused to give their second votes to Cornewall, though Cotterell was abundantly safe, and so Price won the second seat. Sir John wrote an almost illegible hand, but he used to say that if he wrote any better, the post would not pass his franks. On one of his progresses to thank his voters, a widow lady entertained him and his party at a sumptuous luncheon. Her son of four or five years was bedecked in true-blue frock and the Cotterell bows; but unluckily opposite to him on the table was a huge pigeon-pie. In a brief lull of the conversation buzz, a squeaking voice was heard: 'Mammau, be him a fowl pudding with him's legs a-sticking out?' The hostess was horrified at this escapade, but somewhat consoled when she saw that Sir John was laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Before we quit this county and its neighbour, let us just stop on the boundary between the two—that is, on the bridge entering into Ludlow. It always used to remind me of the three degrees of comparison. At Warwick you stand upon an

ordinary bridge over an ordinary stream, with a magnificent and still intact castle in front of you. At Ludlow you stand upon a bridge of far more character, with the Teme rippling and dancing below, and the castle far more glorious in its ruins to gaze upon. At Durham your bridge and river are equal to Ludlow and the Teme, while the magnificent cathedral pile and its foreground on the overside of the river set all competition at bay. As you stand upon Ludlow Bridge, you have behind you Ludford, a very ancient and curious mansion, now, I am afraid, a good deal modernized. Within its precincts is a church and cemetery. It formerly belonged to a man of notoriety in his day, a sort of elder brother to Jack Mytton.

A sad tale broods over this place; it is said that the owner ran away with the wife of an officer, took her abroad, wearied of her, and left her. The poor creature followed him, had only money enough to carry her to England, dragged herself on foot from the coast as far as Ludford. Her betrayer was enjoying himself with friends when she asked to see him: 'a pampered menial drove her from the door'—and the next morning she was found lying dead on one of the tombstones in the churchyard. This is the tale that was told. Let us hope that it was not true.

My acquaintance with Cheltenham, as it was, not as it is, dates from 1819. It was then just struggling into repute as a cure-all for Indian livers. It consisted mainly of the High Street, or the Oxford Road, from Charlton turnpike to its brother towards Gloucester, up and down which the dowagers drove as pastime, Winchcombe Street, Cambray, the Crescent, and the Old Well Walk, and pretty near all is told. There was but one church and its couple of clergymen. Then Trinity was built, which Mr. Jervis, the parish rector, not untruly called a 'brick and mortar speculation,' inasmuch as the pews or sittings were sold or let, and chance worshippers took tickets at the door, as if going into a theatre; a shilling for one service, eighteenpence for both!

For five or six years I was more or less familiar with Cheltenham, and in that time the change was marvellous: the dwarf was quickly growing into a giant. We may take in proof of its babyhood two simple facts; the notices on the milestones were so many miles to Northleach; so many miles to Gloucester; ignoring Cheltenham as though it had been a little village. Then, about the time I am writing of, a public meeting was held to decide whether they could afford gas-lamps, or must still be content with oil, and gas won the day by *one vote.*

Three recollections of these Cheltenham days cling to me. The noted Colonel Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge, was then paramount in the town; his foxhounds and his theatricals made him very popular. On the stage he looked his character grandly, but his acting was very weak, while one of his brothers and a volunteer friend were as good as professionals. They always enlisted some female help, and thus I saw Miss Foote in all her attraction.

Then there was the curious embranglement as to the Sandiwell property. No heir could be found, till at last three sisters, basket-carriers in Covent Garden Market, were proved to be entitled. When one of them only was left, she was, as was likely, paid court to by all who bore her name. Not a bad story was afloat, that an officer and his wife successfully 'crept up the old lady's sleeve' in a visit to Sandiwell. The husband, being obliged to leave, afterwards wrote two letters, one to his hostess full of honeyed words, the other to his wife full of caution and counsel as to how she should improve her hold upon the nearly hooked fish. Unluckily for him, the old lady had taken brevet rank, and therefore, as matter of course, opened the letter to the wife, supposing *Mrs.* Lawrence meant herself. So she became acquainted with the contents of both letters,

and her guest was bundled out of Sandiwell in double-quick time. Afterwards a not unlikely claimant appeared in the field, and the question was to be tried at the Gloucester Assizes. Half Cheltenham flocked thither, only to be disappointed. When the cause was called on, the leading counsel was absent; he had been specially retained from the Western Circuit, and it was said that the solicitors at the town he must have deserted, had he come to Gloucester, had by gentle compulsion deterred him from leaving the circuit. At any rate, he did not put in an appearance at Gloucester. The second counsel declined the responsibility of such a case, and so it collapsed at once. The unlucky claimant had not the means to carry the matter further. He made, I believe, an attempt to sue the Western lawyer for default, as he had paid the retaining fee, but was estopped, on the ground that a fee to counsel is an honorarium.

My third special remembrance of these Cheltenham days is of the excitement, the positive panic throughout the town, when the news came that Colonel Brereton had destroyed himself at the time of the Bristol riots. The riots themselves had scared us, but all sorts of dark and mysterious reasons were set about as to why Brereton, who had not lifted a finger to put down the riots, should,

when they were effectually put down by another, have taken his own life. So far as I am aware, the riddle was never solved.

It was not till 1826 that a third church, St. John's, was built, and it was on this wise. Upon the death of Mr. Jervis, Simeon's trustees appointed Mr. Close, then minister of Trinity, to the incumbency. One of his first acts was to forego the services of Mr. Moxon, then curate. His very many friends took umbrage at this, and resolved that a church should be built, in which he might minister. One of the chief promoters of this plan was Dr. Andrew Bell, sometimes, from his proclivities, called the School Bell. So one more of the many churches needed was obtained; others not slowly followed lead. A Lady Bountiful had been accustomed at Christmas to send a ham to Mr. Jervis and his curates. When Trinity was built, she bestowed a third ham, and so, when churches and clergymen multiplied, she would not withhold her hand, but said that if matters went on at that pace, and she lived much longer, she should be ruined by hams.

When dwelling upon the rise of Cheltenham, our thoughts naturally turn to Mr. Close, who for so many years was a sort of ecclesiastical king there. Many wondered how he attained his ascend-

ancy; many more how he kept it. He had great fluency of speech, but was in no sense a deep-read divine, albeit he would sometimes seem to assume it. Frequently he would inform his congregation that the real meaning of such a word 'in the original' was so-and-so, and this in the Old, as in the New Testament. The secret of his undisputed sway over the parish was twofold; he was thoroughly in earnest, and he had imperturbable temper. Whatever point he took up, he determined to carry it. One opponent he would reason with, cajole another, laugh at a third. He did very much for the temporal, as well as for the spiritual, good of Cheltenham. By this, of course, he fairly earned public popularity. He was unwearied, and always kindly among the sick and poor. Moreover, he had a large squadron of lady-workers at his back. His congregations were immense—in pews, in aisles, and every nook, even on the pulpit-stairs. It was a marvel to see him zigzag his large body through the mob from the vestry to the pulpit. Once there, he was on his throne. The good folk listened to him as though he were St. Paul, and accepted all his utterances as of Apostolical authority. And yet I imagine that his Biblical learning 'in the original' was very scant. Bold in proportion—I was almost tempted

to call them audacious—were occasionally his statements of doctrine—rather, I should say, his application of texts in defence of his statements of doctrine. It was seldom my lot to hear him without his saying something that I should have liked to ask him to prove. But, then, he would at the same time say much that was very good. Then, in matters of discipline, like the sons of Levi, he 'took too much upon him.' He was an uncompromising foe to the races, and annually preached against them. I heard him once say—it was Communion Sunday—that if anyone in the congregation came to him in the vestry, and told him that he meant the next day to go to the races, he would refuse him the Sacrament. This, of course, he said in proof of his abomination of the race-course; but it is never wise to fulminate vague threats which you cannot make good. At the same time, it is altogether impossible to overrate the debt of gratitude which Cheltenham owes to the memory of its pastor for thirty years—Dean Close.

One year he had been especially strong and outspoken against the races, so by way of retaliation Colonel Berkeley entered a horse the next day under the name of 'Parson Close' —not a very dignified way of carrying on

the fight, but it raised a laugh for the time being. The Colonel, with his fox-hounds and his theatricals, was personally popular, spending, and causing to be spent, much money in the town. I remember once, just after he had suffered amercement for damages, seeing him driving his carriage-and-four down the High Street. There were two grooms in the rumble, no one in the inside, and a great ugly bull-dog seated by him on the box. A gentleman asked him why on earth he had that brute by his side?

'To protect me from the ladies,' said the Colonel.

The last time I saw him was many years after, in Pittville. An old gentleman, in a broad-brimmed hat like a shovel, and long dark coat down to his heels, passed me. I thought he was a clergyman, but when I looked at him there could be no mistake—it was Lord Fitzhardinge, in the sere and yellow leaf.

I was strongly urged by a lady in Cheltenham to go with her to hear the incumbent of Christchurch, of whose eloquence she had an exalted idea. A broiling evening's walk brought us to the Church, which, to my surprise, was closed. I was then told that, as it was an extra Service, it was held in the schoolroom. This seemed an unrubrical sort of arrangement, with the vacant

church within a stone's-throw. I got to the door of the schoolroom, which was well filled, mainly with a female congregation; over the heads of almost every one was held an open parasol, as the sun came in at the windows. In due time the so-called Service began with a hymn, when up jumped the parasols and took their part duly in it. When the time for kneeling came, the parasols went down in one sense, held up in another; when sitting to the Scripture fragment read, they of course went only half-way, but they were pertinaciously clutched open always. Then the shepherd read, and supposed that he was explaining a portion of Scripture; but as I did not feel edified by his words, and a swarm of open parasols in a place of worship was somewhat strange to me, and as I was standing in the doorway—I eloped.

Now in Cheltenham they have got a boy and a girl nursery—I humbly beg pardon, a college for young ladies and for aspirant youths. Would either of them have come to life had it not been for Mr. Close? Long years ago, a young man with more coin than brains married the fair daughter of a Cheltenham resident. Next he set about to build an astonishing mansion. Being horsey, he built the stables first; and these were on so grand a scale, that the bride and groom

inhabited them until the mansion was finished. When the work was all done, the cash was all swallowed up; and then, by evil or kindly fate, the owner was thrown from his horse and killed. Then Lord Northwick bought the house for his Gallery of pictures; and now, if I am rightly told, it forms part of the college premises. As to the site of the ladies' college, I believe that in its progressive increments it now encroaches upon the old mansion —'Bays Hill'—where, exactly one hundred years ago, George III. was lodged, when, venturing on the chalybeate water, it was said that he called into activity his latent predisposition towards insanity.

I wonder what the Crescent houses now let for in Cheltenham. In the days before Lansdowne and Pittville, their price was sixteen guineas a week; and the lodgers had, to boot, the nosegay from the drains, which was somewhat strong in those days. The old Well Walk then had a double avenue of trees, and the vista between them, with the church-spire in front, was more than pretty. I once called the attention of a gentleman to it. His remark was, 'What a pity it is that the spire is not white-washed! you would see it so much better.' I need hardly add that my companion was born where cocks are supposed to neigh.

The Duke of Wellington was once sent to Cheltenham to drink the waters. I doubt if there are any so insane as to drink them now. Of course people made a lion of him, and crowded round him on the walks. So he dodged them by going one day at some unearthly hour in the morning; the next he made his aquatics at noonday. So they gave up tormenting him. He occupied, I remember, the large house at the top of Cambray.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMBRIDGE OF OLD.

I HAVE now to jot down my reminiscences of Cambridge in 1822. With grave academical measures and questions we have nothing whatever to do. I simply record unconnected anecdotes and disjointed facts, just as my memory serves me. When I entered the University, traditions and stories were yet rife about Bishop Mansel, the late Master of Trinity. As Master, 'odorous comparisons' were drawn even between him and his immediate predecessor—old Postlethwaite, or Puzzlewit; and much more so with the noted Bishop Hinchliffe, by all who could remember him. Mansel was spoken of as a somewhat masterful Master, and as not overscrupulous in his mode of carrying his points. The sayings and doings of his early unepiscopal days were remembered; it was told that, when he kissed hands for his Bishopric, the old King said:

'I suppose, my lord, you will not write epigrams now.'

Another Bishop, not at all given to sarcasm, said :

'Perceval certainly was a conscientious man, but his conscience must have been asleep when he made Mansel a bishop.'

Two stories afloat in my time will suffice to mark the man. There was a notorious character, Jemmy Gordon, once an attorney, but struck off the rolls for some malpractices. As, of course, he dropped from bad to worse, what he could pick up in any left-handed way he spent in drink ; but in his bygone palmy days he and Mansel were well acquainted. One morning the Bishop was going into Trinity, and Jemmy whined for a shilling for old acquaintance' sake.

'Gordon,' thundered my lord, 'if you could show me a greater scoundrel than yourself I would give you half a crown,' and stalked on to the Lodge.

In half an hour's time the butler announced that Mr. Beverley, the Esquire Bedell, wished to see his lordship. Now, the Bishop had a special detestation of the Bedell, who, when admitted and curtly asked what he wanted, replied ;

'Mr. James Gordon informed me that your lordship desired to see me.'

'Sir,' said my lord, 'Gordon has made a fool of you !'

In ten minutes more, the butler came again, grinning, and said :

'My lord, Jemmy Gordon has called, and says you owe him half a crown.'

A second story exhibits Mansel as a martinet in his family. The Lodge, enviable residence as it is, has this drawback, that no carriage can drive up to the door except through the great west gateway, and that is sacred to royalty ; all other carriages unload their passengers at the back of the college, and they have to walk up the cold cloister of Neville's Court. The Misses Mansel had gone to a ball, the Bishop was in bed with the gout, snow was upon the ground, so the young ladies coaxed the coachman on their return to drive through the forbidden gates, as the wheels would not make any sound over the snow. But the Bishop was restless and awake, and, just as the carriage stopped at the door, his nightcap and head appeared out of the window, and peremptorily ordered the trespassers to go round to the legitimate door. The wigging that the daughters received in the morning we may imagine.

This calls to mind another night-capped head at a later date. The Master of Emmanuel, Dr. Cory, an easy-going, good-natured old gentleman, was not a beauty ; his nasal organ a good deal resembled a

parrot's beak. One night (or rather morning), a supper-party breaking up were very noisy in the Court; the Master, putting his head out of his bedroom window, rebuked them. One of the crew called out:

'Go back to bed, you promiscuous old bird!'

'Promiscuous' was just then a term in slang use. Unluckily for the would-be wit the Master knew his voice, and next morning, requesting his attendance, sent him into the country for the benefit of his health.

It was, I think, in my first year that Mr. Scarlett, then a pronounced Whig, offered himself as a candidate for the University. In St. John's he toiled up one staircase after another to no purpose. At last he got to a Fellow's rooms, who received him with great effusion, and said how glad he should be to vote for him; *but*, unfortunately, through some informality, he had lost his vote for a year—so Mr. Scarlett's one nibble was no bite. This same Fellow and Tutor had been senior wrangler, and was as full of intellect as he was of kindliness; everyone had affection for him, but sometimes in the lecture-room they poked innocent fun at him. Thus he once asked:

'How many permutations and combinations could be made out of the word "Mississippi"?'

A joker in the class asked:

'Did you say, sir, "How many out of Mrs. Shippey?"'—Shippey was the college cook.

One of the senior fellows of St. John's at this time was somewhat of a character—Mr. Palmer. He had been Senior Wrangler and Arabic Professor, was an accomplished Eastern scholar, and full of varied learning, but kept himself almost entirely to himself. His door was always sported; he had but little intercourse with the other Fellows, except one, who called for him every day, when they took a constitutional walk round by Grantchester and Trumpington together—not exactly together, since one was always a little in advance of the other, and conversation was therefore scant. One day the companion called as usual, and was puzzled to find the room door open, yet more so to see the old bed-maker scrubbing the room and setting it to rights, which was quite against law.

'Where is Mr. Palmer?' he asked.

'He went to Constantinople this morning,' was the answer; a fact of which no intimation had been given in yesterday's walk.

Although so recluse in his habits, Mr. Palmer was the courteous old gentleman when occasion drew him out. Lord Palmerston was St. John's Tory pet from his first start, but when he donned

the Whig livery the College looked askant at him. However, on the eve of an election he came to try his luck once more, and, as a Johnian, dined in Hall. There was then no combination room, except on grand days, and the Fellows dispersed to their different private parties; but no one invited Palmerston, who was walking out alone. Palmer thought this, as it was, sorry hospitality, so he did what for years he had not done to anyone—invited my Lord to wine in his rooms. The strange guest, who knew so well how to gauge men, said afterwards that he had rarely passed so pleasant and so instructive an afternoon.

About this date cropped up one of those untoward scandals which, for the time being, so break in upon the peace of a College. Almost their best Living fell vacant at Trinity, and Rev. A. put in his claim for it. But Rev. B. said:

'I am below you on the list of Fellows, but I am B.D., and you are only M.A., therefore I am above you in my Degree, and my claim overrides yours.'

As at Trinity they very rarely proceeded to B.D., Rev. B. had manifestly done so with an eye to this Living. The outburst of indignation was universal; how to meet the difficulty was the question. Now, the handiest way of tackling an adversary is to thrash him with his own stick.

Here M.A. had been swamped by B.D., therefore the College had only to obtain for M.A. a D.D. by royal mandate, and the dodger was foiled by his own trick, hoisted by his own petard.

There was another senior fellow of Trinity, named Pugh, said to be without limit in his learning, equally eccentric in his habits and ideas. I heard him once preach in St. Mary's. His sermon was mainly written on odds and ends of paper, with which, of course, he got perplexed. Then he kept diving into the depths of his capacious pockets, out of which he brought first a clean handkerchief, which his bed-maker had providently supplied; after that, four or five were extracted, each one dirtier than the last, and, as he drew them out, he stuffed them under the cushion. So far as I remember, there was no grave exception to be taken to the sermon beyond its odd delivery. Years later he was more prominently heard of. He took violent exception to the building of the New Court in Trinity, solely because it involved the loss of his coal-hole. Finding that all his opposition went for nothing, he took to his bed. To commemorate the work a grand dinner was given in Hall, and to the surprise of everyone Pugh, who had not been seen for an age, came scowling in, but spoke to nobody. Among the toasts was, 'The distinguished non-

resident members of Trinity College.' Dr. Batten, who had been very active in the cause, was called upon to return thanks. As he rose to his feet, Pugh started up and roared out, 'Dr. Batten, give me leave to tell you that you are by no means the most distinguished non-resident member of Trinity College'—rather a damper for a nervous orator. So saying, Pugh relapsed into dogged silence, went back to his rooms and to his bed, from which, I believe, he never came out again during his life.

I was once witness to another, and a very sad scene in the University Church. The preacher was one specially esteemed for his learning, kindliness, and piety—Julius Hare. By an unwritten law the University sermon was always expected to close in time for the congregation to get back to their Colleges in readiness for the dinner-hour, which was then in almost all cases three o'clock. Mr. Hare was the least likely man to measure his sermon by the time it would take in delivery, and not by full working out of its subject. But when the clock struck three-quarters, the undergraduates in the galleries gave slight signs of impatience; and when the full hour struck there was something very like scraping of feet, and now one, now another, slunk through the swing-doors. At last the preacher became aware of the unseemly interrup-

tion; it quite unnerved him. He stopped short, bowed his head upon the cushion, and burst into tears.

It would be a great omission to make no reference to the old Master of Peterhouse, Dr. Barnes. He was seventy-seven in my freshman's year, or, as he said to a friend of mine, 'I only write two sevens.' The Mastership which he held for so many years came to him, so it was said, by a singular chance. The Bishop of Ely then appointed the Master, but he must appoint one of two men submitted to him by the College. As a rule, one of these two was the intended Master, the other a man of straw. In this case, Barnes, who was of King's, was only κωφὸν πρόσωπον, his name sent up for form. However, the Bishop, for private reasons, refused to nominate anyone but Barnes. Therefore, as his friend could not obtain it, he accepted the office. This happened exactly one hundred years ago, and he held the Mastership exactly fifty years. When he was in his 'two sevens,' I followed him from church on Christmas Day in his Doctor's red gown, big wig, and silk stockings. It was a hard frost, and the boys were sliding down the broad gutter in Trumpington Street. Barnes tucked the tail of his gown under his arm, and, calling out, 'Make way, boys!' went sliding down

the channel to his own gate. When the Duke of Gloucester was made Chancellor, certain of the Heads, Barnes amongst them, went to London to announce his election. Of course, he asked them to dinner.

'I thank your Royal Highness,' said Peterhouse, 'but at what time do you dine?'

'Well, I think I may say that it shall not be later than eight.'

'I very much thank your Royal Highness; but I never eat hot suppers.'

At home he liked to be getting into bed when the nine o'clock curfew rang at St. Mary's.

He was very kind to poor folk, and therefore was often pestered by beggars. One day a man got some relief from him, and then urged that he was footsore. The master brought him out an old pair of shoes. The man turned them over in his hand, and said they were no use to him.

'No use,' said Barnes; 'take them across to those rooms,' pointing to the College, 'the gentleman who lives there will give you a good deal for them.'

The senior Fellow was supposed to be waiting for the Mastership.

When quite an old man he slipped down, playing with a kitten, and broke his thigh. The surgeon

came, but he said it was not worth while to set it; he should not want it long enough. However, it was properly set, and did well; but he would use it too soon. It took bad ways, and he never walked again, but was drawn about lying at full length in a sort of bed-carriage.

At the installation of Marquis Camden in 1834, I saw a sight I would not have missed for a good deal. The Duke of Wellington was holding a levée at Trinity Lodge. The Master of Peterhouse was drawn in his full robes to pay his respects, but of course could not go upstairs; so the Duke came down bare-headed, and I was luckily there to see the courteous meeting between the two veterans.

We may spare a passing word of remembrance for another Cambridge Barnes of altogether another order. He was factotum to Litchfield the fruiterer, and it was his business to carry out the dessert-trays to the several College rooms. Whatever the weather might be, he was never known to wear a hat; he was not believed to possess one. When he had arranged the fruit on the table, it was the foolish custom to give him a tumbler of port-wine, which he tossed down his throat almost ἀμυστί, pulled his grey forelock, and went off for another load. However often this process was repeated, he was never seen in the least degree intoxicated.

When he died, his master put a monument to him in All Saints' Churchyard, on which was carved an inverted tumbler.

At the Installation we have spoken of, Archbishop Howley and the Duke of Wellington received the degree of D.C.L. The applause accorded to the first was, of course, unanimous; but it was manifestly tempered by a subdued and reverential tone. But when the Duke was presented, the Senate House seemed to go mad. Ladies jumped upon their seats, and swung their smart bonnets over their heads. The grave dons shouted themselves hoarse; the undergraduates in the galleries 'roared like sucking-doves.' At first the Duke took it all as matter of course. He had been greeted somewhat in that fashion in most of the capitals in Europe; but after awhile he was mastered. I was quite near to him, and saw his lip positively quiver. When the degree had been formally conferred, the uproar broke out again as fierce as ever, upon some one calling out, 'One cheer more for *Doctor* Wellington!' In the afternoon there was a garden-party at Sidney. I chanced to follow one in cap and gown. At the entrance-door the porter asked the name of each arrival, and the gentleman before me announced himself as 'Doctor Wellington.' The throng in the garden

went off as mad as the gathering in the Senate House. At a grand dinner in the evening the Duke made a speech, short and sensible, one marked feature in which was the great preponderance of monosyllables. Years before this I heard from the late Sir Thomas Watson, the noted London physician, a curious anecdote, bespeaking the Duke's notions upon University discipline. There had been an awkward matter to deal with at Christchurch, Oxford, in which the Marquis of Douro had been involved. As the break-up of a tipsy party the host's tables and chairs were thrown into the fountain in the quad. Dean Gaisford, without making any distinction, rusticated the whole party, whereas the Marquis and another had done all they could do to prevent the mischief. The Duke removed his son at once, and transferred Lord Charles to Cambridge. But he sought for some information, whether the discipline with us was as faulty as he deemed it to be at Oxford. As Dr. Watson had held the office of Proctor, the Duke sought an interview with him. The Duke's general ideas were, as the ex-Proctor said, very reasonable and wise. He thought that the rein was held too slack in every respect; and as to these rowing suppers, he would set them down at once. When his visitor asked him how, the Duke

said he would have all lights put out at ten o'clock. Passing strange that one so sagacious should dream that barrack restrictions could possibly be brought to bear upon college-rooms. We may say here—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.'

Proctor or Dean were always more or less thankless offices to hold, and yet they required only one qualification to ensure peace and popularity, and that was tact. The young men did not mind strictness, but they would not stand worrying. They put up with sharp words, but they kicked against a supercilious tone. Of two Proctors, A was stern, and somewhat harsh in manner, and he was popular with all; B was as kindly and good-natured as possible, but he was a 'worrit.' In the Senate House examination he kept a strict eye upon the Questionists, and was evidently on the watch lest they were copying. The result was that a rush was made to force him down the side of the lane and duck him in the Cam. He was only saved from his cold bath by A sticking to him, and steering him past the head of the lane.

Proctors could on occasion forget that they were keepers of the peace. There was a great anti-Corn Law meeting in the Market Place. A mob orator was spouting from a balcony; his face was remarkable for scarcely any nose. A little Italian image-

boy was squatted on the ground beneath. In a pause of the speech the boy cried out:

'Shall I makee de nose?'

The mob at once rushed upon him; the Collegians came to the rescue, and in three minutes there was a free fight between gown and town. One of the latter was in the act of cudgelling a prostrate undergraduate, when the Proctor, a sturdy Yorkshireman, snatched the stick out of his hand, and soundly belaboured him with it. Some time before this there was an Irish fellow-commoner always playing some practical joke or other. One night the Proctor and his bull-dogs chased a man in a rough great-coat, who was, they were sure, breaking lamps. At last they came up with such a man, quietly standing with his hands in his pockets, staring at a broken lamp.

'Sir,' said the Proctor, out of breath, 'did you break that lamp?'

'No, I didna.'

'What did you say when you saw it broken?'

'Well, I said, "By gum! there goes another!" and coolly walked off.'

This young gentleman was afterwards a Lord, and one of the most effective champions of the Protestant cause in Ireland.

Deans, from being more in close contact with

idle men, were more liable to the retort uncourteous. At this time the fast men wore great white coachman's coats with metal buttons as big as a crown-piece. An old friend of mine, a kindly but fretful Dean, stopped one of these men going out of chapel, saying:

'I wish you would not come here in such a coat as this; it is so very blackguard.'

'Blackguard, sir, did you say? Why, Stulz made it.'

Then there is the old story of the Dean of Jesus, Mr. Sheepshanks, sending a missive to an offender to write out fifty lines of a *satyr* of Juvenal. This was answered by a placard put up in Hall:

> 'The Satyrs of old were monsters of note,
> With the head of a man, and the feet of a goat.
> But the Satyrs of Jesus all Satyrs surpass,
> With the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.'

Of course Mr. Dean made a slip, but, had he known it, he might have pleaded that 'The Satyrs of Juvenal' is the title-page of Dryden's translation. In fact, the word was commonly so spelt a century ago.

Another obnoxious Dean was far from straight upon his pins, of which he was morbidly sensible. When, therefore, a defaulter stood before him to repeat his imposition, he had nothing to do but to

set his eyes upon the Dean's legs, and he was dismissed with half his task unsaid.

The following fact proves how University rules were sometimes carried out. A professorship fell vacant, for which the rule said there should be five electors. There were three candidates. A, Trinity, had two votes; B, St. John's, had two votes; C, Trinity, only one vote; and yet Solo was elected. The form prescribed was this: The electors gave their vote, then followed a first and a second scrutiny, as it was called. At the first the votes remained the same; but at the second the elector supporting C said to his colleagues: 'If you expect me to come over to A, you are mistaken; nothing shall induce me to vote for him. If you come over to me, you will get a Trinity man professor; otherwise I shall go over to B.' The two voters were trapped, and now with three votes the single-stick candidate won the day. Upon this, his original supporter, being a merry old gentleman, snapped his fingers, saying, 'Now, my boys, I have diddled you.'

About this time the same name was common to several Professors. There was:

Anatomy, called Bone Clark.
Mineralogy, „ Stone Clarke.
Music, „ Tone Clark Whitfield.

And to make up the rubber, the Town Clerk.

Among the characters of the olden day at Cambridge, I often used to hear my father speak of Dr. Glyn. He was in many ways a great oddity, sharp of tongue, but very kindly in heart; he did not mean to swear, but, as an idle word, he regularly prefaced his sentences with 'D—— me, my master.' He attended my father through a dangerous illness, when he was an undergraduate not over-burdened with cash. Upon convalescence, he calculated about how much he was indebted to the old man, wrapped up the coins, and presented them with many thanks.

'D—— me, my master, I had like to have killed you!' said the doctor, threw the packet on the table, and went his way.

At another time he wrought a skilful cure in a young lad, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Of course, he did not look for payment, as she was very poor. But the lad had a pet magpie; this they brought, and begged the doctor to accept it. He thanked them much for their present, but added that as the bird would be neglected in his hands, he should be so much obliged to them to keep it for him; and he must beg to pay eighteen-pence a week for its food.

In his latter days he had survived his former

friends, and did not care to make new ones, yet he felt his desolation and infirmities.

'Here I am still,' he said; 'no one to speak to, no one to care for me, except my bed-maker; and she only waits till I die, that she may steal my shirt.'

About that time, or a little later, Professor Jowett was somewhat of a notoriety; in stature and in grasp of mind rather below standard-mark. It was of him that Mansel broached one of his numberless skits. The professor had a tiny bit of ground, some four yards long by one yard wide, which he managed to deck out with flowers:

'A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett;
His little garden doth a little show it.'

A fellow of Jesus, Mr. Friend, avowed himself a Socinian. In those days short work was made with Nonconformity. Mr. Friend was to be tried in the Vice-Chancellor's Court. Professor Jowett was the prosecutor. Now, it so happened that the Vice-Chancellor was Dean Milner, of Queen's, a broad-tongued North-countryman, who had great contempt for Jowett, especially for his mincing way of speaking. In the course of his address the professor lisped out:

'I really think, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, that any-

one holding these diabolical opinions must be in league with Sātan.'

'With whom,' said the Dean, 'do you think he must be in league?'

'I say with Sātan himself, sir.'

'With whom do you say he must be in league, Dr. Jowett?'

As the professor would not be coerced into pronouncing it Sătan, he roared, or rather squeaked out, 'The devil, sir! the devil!'

As a child I well remember there was great consternation at the sudden disappearance from Cambridge of the son of a then neighbour of ours. Mr. Bruce, a wealthy West India merchant, resided at Taplow; his son was reckoned upon as sure to be first, or among the first wranglers in 1809, when, just before the Tripos examination, he left Cambridge, and no tidings could be heard of him, till he turned up as a volunteer straggler in the retreat to Corunna. Wretched as the sufferings of the troops were, his were of necessity yet worse, as he had no military position. In the after-events of the Peninsular War, little or nothing was heard of him; but I fancy that he hovered about the continuous operations of the army. At last he came again to the fore, as getting into trouble, and, I think, into durance, for combining

with Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Donoughmore (was it not?) in effecting the escape of Lavalette in his wife's clothes, when he was doomed to die with Ney as traitors to Louis XVIII.

By mere chance I heard of him many years afterwards as an easy-going old gentleman, doing nothing, and apparently having nothing to do.

Cambridge ever holds in honour her distinguished sons, especially when several of the same family make their mark among the giants. Thus, at the commencement of this century the two brothers Grant came out third and fourth wranglers, second and first Chancellor's medallists. One who knew them told me that they never had any private tutor, but simply read together. At a later date shone forth the Selwyns, and, shall we say? blazed forth the Kennedys. The two Wordsworths paired off—one to Oxford, the other to Cambridge. But I have always thought that the results attained by another family have not been fully appreciated. Mr. Hildyard, a Yorkshire clergyman, sent up *nine* sons in succession to the University; that fact in itself can scarcely have a parallel. Of these nine, six became Fellows of Colleges; there would unquestionably have been a seventh, but the limitation as to Counties had not then been removed at St. John's, and Yorkshire

was full. Then, of the six, four became Tutors of Colleges. Amongst them they gained a Chancellor's medal, two Bachelor's prizes, four University scholarships; and one of them, off his own bat, won a Greek ode, a Greek and Latin ode, and, at one swoop, the Greek and Latin ode, and the epigrams.

In my time there was of course boating, but for private amusement and exercise; the day for making it part and parcel of the University cursus was not yet come. It came on this wise. Sundry fast skylarkers amused themselves with horse-racing at Six-mile Bottom; this was objectionable in the eyes of the dons. One day the Vice-Chancellor, supported by heads of colleges who could ride, put in a sudden appearance at the sports; the delinquents bolted over hedge and ditch without being spotted. Then the big-wigs, in their wisdom, set up and patronized the College boat-races, which, like Cæsar, have now 'grown so great.' How the Heads supposed that youths were to tire their muscles and sinews, and tear their hearts out at their oars by day, and be fresh enough to make play with Newton or Thucydides in the evening, I cannot understand. But of this I am sure, that, more than idleness or incapacity, the boating craze has dropped students from wranglers to senior optimes, from first to second class upon the tripos; to say

nothing of the numbers who, at forty, have paid the penalty of a failing heart for overwork in the boats. As the one bargee lolling against the tiller said to his mate, as a crew pulling for dear life raced past them, 'That's what them young gentlemen call going a-plizzuring!'

When I went up a freshman, the tutor, as usual, took me to the rooms he had assigned to me. The sitting-room was good size, but the bedroom, as is often the case, was little more than a den, just holding the bed and the washing-stand. I ventured to say it was rather small. 'Small, sir!' said the old tutor; 'your predecessor was six feet three.' Nothing more was to be said, as in point of stature I belong rather to the Low Church; but as I, when at rest, had my head against one wall and my heels against the opposite, I fear my forerunner must, now and then, have been cramped. Afterwards, I had practical experience of the thinness of separation between college-rooms. My neighbour was a very quiet, orderly man, but, unluckily for me, he was musical. His order of time was very different from mine; each night he would come home about ten: for an hour he would solace himself and rack me by playing, as he thought it, on his violoncello. Now, as my grand time for work was from nine into the small hours, this was

simply murder to me. At last I devised my own rescue. My neighbour by fixed rule went to roost at eleven; his bed's head lay conveniently against my washing-stand. So giving him time to drop asleep, I used to go into the bedroom and spout, not 'small like a woman,' scraps of Homer, Horace, or English verse. He would wake and knock at the partition, and roar at me to be quiet; of course I made the more noise. At last we came to terms —'You play your fiddle at some other hour, and I will stop my recitative.'

When I was an undergraduate, I passed my first long vacation at Cambridge, and the river was mainly my exercise-ground. One day I set out with a boat-boy to sail and row to Ely. The wind did not serve us very far, so we had to take to the oars. It was a bright morning, but, when some three miles from Ely, there suddenly arose a little cloud 'like a man's hand;' then came one flash of lightning and crash of thunder, as if directly over our heads, followed by rain, not in drops, but in a sheet. The boat was half swamped, and we were absolutely drenched. With this 'spitting of its spite,' the storm ceased as suddenly as it had fallen upon us. But the issue was that, when I got to Ely, there was nothing for it but to strip and lie between the blankets at the inn, while the gar-

ments were dried at the fire ; and then it was time to start home with a twenty miles' row before us. Such was my first view of Ely. My troubles were not yet over, for I brought home with me badly blistered paws, which my old bed-maker undertook to cure at once. Her remedy was dousing them with raw gin ; the remedy was worse than the disease, and made me dance like a harlequin.

In my last term I had to go into town-lodgings. The house was a narrow, oddly-built one, of five stories—the basement for kitchen and servants' room ; the ground-floor, sitting and bed room, for landlord and spouse ; first-floor, two sitting-rooms, for lodgers, and their bedrooms above. In attic an old granny and the son of the house. This structure of the house is needful for my story.

One night, or rather morning, about Christmas, I was hard at work for my Degree examination, when I was disturbed by an unaccountable noise, which I soon found came from within the house. So I went out of my room, thereby throwing the door back upon the window on the landing. What I first saw was the landlady, supported by the servant, both in white habiliments, coming up the stairs. At my appearing, they retreated, with the appeal, 'Pray, sir, get my husband down.' I turned round, and encountered another white robe

—the granny coming down at the uproar. Then I found that I had thrown my door back upon the landlord, who was in his nightshirt, brandishing a poker out of the window, and vociferating all manner of threats against two men on the pavement. They had, as I understood afterwards, been amusing themselves by knocking loudly at the door. I recognised at once a nobleman undergraduate, and a relative, who had the credit of leading him into all his foolish scrapes. In after-life he became a model for his order. With trouble, I got my landlord from the window. The offenders went laughing away, when my host rushed to the front-door, and on to the pavement, still wielding his poker, and bellowing to his foes, 'Hide your diminished heads, you scoundrels!' The snow to his unclad feet warned him to go back to bed, and I went back to my work.

I have always believed, that I succeeded in an object for which I competed, by means of a hand gallop. I had only a single competitor, and we were subjected to a very tight examination; for the prize was one of considerable value. For four hours in the morning we were kept hard at work, and we were requested to attend for two hours more in the afternoon. I had no reason to be dissatisfied with what I had done, but, for one dose,

it had taken quite enough out of me. So having two hours to clear my head, I went at once to the livery-stable, got a nag, and had a good spin over Shelford Common. Coming in to the afternoon's duel, I met my opponent, who was also my friend. He was looking seedy, and not fit for brain-work, so I asked what he had been doing. He said he had been to dinner in Hall. 'More goose you!' was my answer. We went to work again, and now we had a stiff Greek Chorus to translate and turn into Latin verse. No wonder that beef and pudding succumbed to Shelford Common!

CHAPTER V.

EPISCOPAL RECOLLECTIONS.

My episcopal reminiscences commence with Bishops Watson and Beadon, both men who had borne high office in the University, and even in my time their names were still familiar. It was commonly said that Watson lived at the Lakes, and never had seen his diocese. I am a witness to the contrary, since, when a lad, I saw him at Hereford, where he called upon my father *on his way to Llandaff*. He was, I suppose, a man of great ability in various ways, but it would seem that a knowledge of prosody was not one of them, since it was jokingly said by him, or for him, 'De quantitāte syllabārum nihil curāmus.'

Bishop Beadon I remember seeing among the dons in Golgotha at St. Mary's, in 1823, or sixty-five years after he took his degree. He died the next year, but before death his powers failed him, as the following story proves: The incumbent of Frome

was an absentee on account of his wife's health. His curate in charge was an Irishman, clever, but very eccentric. The parishioners sat uneasy under him, and at last he became aware that a sermon he delivered had given great offence, and that application to the Bishop was talked of. He at once packed up his sermon, and sent it with a respectful letter to the palace. Just as he expected, there came a reply from Mrs. Beadon, saying that his lordship thanked him for his excellent sermon; the fact being, that she thought it was only a vain young clerk who sought a compliment. In a post or two came a protest from the parishioners against the erroneous doctrine of the sermon. The irons were now too hot for Mrs. Bishop to handle, so she passed the matter over to the Archdeacon, or the Official in whose hands the real business of the diocese lay during the incapacity of the Bishop. The Official reported that the parishioners had full cause for complaint, and he gave the curate a rap on his knuckles. Whereupon the curate simply sent them a copy of the Bishop's approval, and threw all on their backs. Bishop Tomline I never saw, but it chanced that I heard a good deal about him. To his great intellectual gifts, his senior wranglership, his theological books, and his wide influence over others, bear sufficient witness. One

who could be first tutor, then friend, then adviser to Pitt, could be no common man. Was it, then, love of pelf and self that marred and blighted all these gifts, that left him, as a Bishop, a by-word rather than an example? The tales in circulation could not be all without any foundation. For instance, he ministered to Pitt on his deathbed, who had exceeding regard for him.

'I am too poor,' he said, 'to leave you money; but you will value the old silver inkstand we have so often used together.'

Some time afterwards the Duke of Cumberland, passing Rundell and Bridge's, saw in the window an inkstand, which at once he recognised. Entering the shop, he asked if that was not Mr. Pitt's inkstand.

'Yes,' was the answer; 'we lately exchanged it for a more modern one with the Bishop of Lincoln.'

By chance he was made heir to a large property; by chance he all but lost it. The intending donor, who had been delighted by the Bishop's preaching, when posting up to London, stopped at Buckden, and invited himself to breakfast. He arrived rather late, and my lord and his lady gave the visitor rather a cold-shoulder, and quite cold tea. The old gentleman, indignant, ordered his horses backwards instead of forwards, purposing to go home

and to cancel his will. Before this could be done, he was dead. In 1820 old Bishop Barrington was ill. Numberless inquirers called to ask after him; more frequently than any was Tomline. The sick man 'twigged' the game, and said to his servant:

'The next time the Bishop of Lincoln's man calls, show him up to me.'

The man came, and the invalid said:

'Give my kind regards and thanks to your master, and tell him that he will be glad to know that I am much better—indeed, almost well, but that the Bishop of Winchester has a very nasty cough, if *that will do.*'

The sequel was, Bishop Barrington survived for six years; the Bishop of Winchester died of the nasty cough, and Tomline stepped into his shoes.

My earliest personal acquaintance with episcopals was of course as a lad at Hereford, where Luxmoore then held rule. He was somewhat of the Brobdingnag build and bow-wow manner, but not unkindly; fairly popular, but no one held him in great reverence. He was, I believe, son of a dame at Eton, hence brought up on the Foundation there. Returning from King's as a private tutor, by good luck he had the Duke of Buccleuch for a pupil, who stood his fast friend through life. First he gave him the living of St. Andrew,

Holborn, then made him Dean of Gloucester, Bishop of Bristol, and within a year transplanted him to Hereford. Those were not heavy working days with Bishops; confirmations, ordinations, and such-like routine, made about the 'tottle' of the whole. But Bishop Luxmoore resided nearly half the year on his London living, while the diocese took care of itself. In 1815 the Bishop passed on to St. Asaph, which was then something like twice as rich a see as Hereford. Another motive for the change was that he might give the Deanery to his son, whose nest he had already well feathered at Hereford. In this object he was very nearly foiled, as old Dean Shipley all but survived him.

The new Bishop, Huntingford, was not merely a scholar, but a sound divine. All that came in contact with him held him in reverence. But with him, as with his predecessor, the diocese went to the wall, inasmuch as he was also Warden of Winchester, and therefore bound to reside there many months in the year. Even when at Hereford he was almost a dormouse from weakly health. Of the subsequent Bishops, Musgrave I never knew in lawn, but his face was very familiar at Trinity. Being son of a Cambridge tradesman, and fellow and bursar of his college, he had naturally much influence with the townsfolk as chairman of

Spring-Rice's election committee; hence his elevation, first to Hereford, thence to York. He was, I believe, as popular at Hereford as his successor Hampden was unhappily the reverse; and yet, in the latter case, it was more his misfortune than his fault. His shy, reserved temperament led him to shirk as much as he could intercourse with his clergy; this naturally they either ridiculed or resented.

An amusing tale was current on this head. An old clergyman called at the palace; the entrance-hall there has large glass-doors at either end. The Bishop was 'not at home,' said the flunkey, just as the visitor saw my lord pass out of the opposite door into the garden. As he went away he met another clerk, who had come by appointment. The callers returned together, and the same flunkey answered the bell, looking both ways at once. He was obliged to say that the Bishop was at home. Whereupon he that first called said:

'Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that when he wishes to be denied, he had better not pass through that door as I saw him do just now.'

Well, this was but awkward shyness, yet it rang through the diocese as personal rudeness.

I happened to be at the opening of a restored

church in Herefordshire. The Bishop preached. It was Friday, and a Saint's day; moreover, two vicars from Hereford were visibly on their knees ready to chant the Litany, after the hymn, at the close of the third Collect. His lordship, ignoring all this, at once commenced the Communion Service. In vain the Canon opposite made wry faces at him; he had got more than half through the Lord's Prayer before the rector went and twitched him by the sleeve. The result was that the Bishop was flustered, and made endless mistakes in the old sermon which he had brought with him. Well, this was only utter nervousness; but the congregation were angered at it as a scandal. Then the rector gave us a luncheon, but the Bishop excused himself as having some miles to return. The would-be host was annoyed, the other guests affronted. Well, this was but a morbid sense of the blunders he had committed in church. But far and near charity told of it as another proof of incompetence. I fear that the musty proverb, 'Give a dog a bad name, and hang him,' was brought to bear upon poor Bishop Hampden.

It was by Bishop Bethell, at Gloucester, that I was ordained deacon, and priest by Bishop Marsh, at Peterborough. The difference between the two ordeals was marvellous. In the first we had six

hours' examination each day, with written questions, and *vivâ voce*. On the Saturday the Bishop went through each paper with us individually, just as strictly and as sternly as if he had been still an Eton master. On Saturday evening we dined at the Palace, and then he was the courteous host among a number of young guests. Afterwards he wrote me a beautiful fatherly letter, which I still reckon among my treasures. Whereas at Peterborough we saw nothing whatever of the Bishop, except when, as matter of form, he gave us his noted eighty-seven questions, which he had laid himself under bond to Lord King that he would always set, so long as he was a Bishop. The rest of the examination, such as it was, the chaplain alone went through. He also presided at the luncheon after the ordination, and after the second service the Bishop made us a solemn bow as he went out of the Cathedral. We scuttled off to pay our fees to the secretary, and by coach or gig make our escape from Peterborough. During the days of examination the candidates were all at the hotel, and though there was no excess whatever, it seemed to me a more jovial gathering than fitted the occasion.

Lichfield reminds me of an episcopal quaternion. Ryder, who confirmed me when Bishop of

Gloucester; he was full of kindliness and devotion, somewhat possibly in those days on the narrow gauge in divinity. He was a duplicate Bishop, because his brother was Lord Harrowby. Butler, to whom whatever little I may know I owe entirely. He became Bishop, because just then it was the fashion so to promote successful schoolmasters. Had his health not failed, he would have made his mark in the diocese; but I believe he hardly ever slept in a bed after he became a Bishop. Bowstead I knew well at Cambridge. He became Bishop partly because he was second wrangler, in greater part because he was a Whig among many Tories. I saw him later in London, carried helplessly like a log to his carriage —the penalty of an injured spine, which he paid for former successes as a Cumberland wrestler. Lonsdale, for whom, though I never personally knew him, I had great admiration. He became Bishop because by his scholarship and powers as a preacher he fully earned his mitre. I first heard him as Select Preacher at Cambridge; then he was in high repute as preacher at Lincoln's Inn. Anent which a funny story was told. On one special Sunday he was asked by a friend to preach for him; he could only come in the afternoon, and delivered one of his pet orations. In the vestry

the rector thanked him, adding, 'I ought in honesty to tell you that we had that sermon word for word this morning.' Mr. Lonsdale protested that it was his own from first to last. 'Of course it is, since you tell me so; nevertheless, the fact is as I say.' The truth was, that Lonsdale had lent the sermon to a friend, who not only had taken the liberty of copying it, but had further lent it to a third party, who preached it in the morning; an annoying let-down this for a crack preacher, who, of course, got the credit of pilfering. It so happened that I was staying one Sunday with a friend at Malvern. The incumbent at that date was somewhat of a dumb dog that could not bark. So I said, 'We shall go to sleep this morning.' In church I only noticed that the occupant of the pulpit was about the height and bearing of the rector. But he had spoken very little when we were both wide-awake. My companion said, coming out, 'Why, I never heard a better sermon in my life!' 'Quite so,' I answered; 'only it was not the rector.' I then asked the verger who was the preacher, and he replied, 'Mr. Lonsdale.' Before the week was passed, he was gazetted as Bishop of Lichfield. The last time I saw him he was our president at the Shrewsbury tercentenary.

In my undergraduate days, the first of the very

foremost of that time was Dr. Kaye, Master of Christ's College and Bishop of Bristol, afterwards my diocesan as Bishop of Lincoln. His varied intellectual supremacy was unquestionable. In mathematics, Senior Wrangler and second Smith's prizeman; senior medallist, with even Monk second, in classics; then, within twelve years of taking his degree, he was elected Regius Professor of Divinity. I doubt if such a triple crown has been won by any other. He was not a giant in stature, and, just as little women constantly marry big men, so the Bishop's frequent walking companion was one of the Fellows, tall and of large dimensions. Under his shovel and cauliflower, with pudding-sleeved gown to boot, not much was seen of my lord; by irreverent folk the pair were spoken of as Robin Hood and Little John. As matter of course, he was in turn appointed Select Preacher. By reason of his rank as Bishop and Professor he was once desired to choose his month. As he disliked the trouble and much more the parade of preaching before the University, he chose February, forgetting that in that year he would have five Sundays. His twenty-six years' rule over the large and not easy diocese of Lincoln was marked by unbroken, universal harmony; his clergy reverenced his manifest ability, and were

grateful for his never-failing kindliness; his one desire must have been to live amongst them, not as their Lord Bishop, but as their Father in God.

The Senior Wrangler of the following year—Turton—was made Bishop of Ely. If his continued ill-health had not prevented it, how effectually he would have made his mark we may fairly gather from the only two controversial books he published. First, his demolition of Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology;' and yet more so from his double castigation of Cardinal Wiseman's 'Lectures on the Eucharist.'

Bishop Carr was by nature a kindly, generous-hearted man. It was his good and bad fortune to be Vicar of Brighton; good, because that position brought him into close connection with the Prince Regent, to whom he owed his several consecutive preferments; yet bad, because his expenses inevitably incurred at Brighton had put him under difficulties before he was preferred at all. He was first made Dean of Hereford, where I remember him; then rose to Chichester, and next to Worcester bishopric; but his difficulties, which he never could overcome, sadly marred his influence. Bishop Phillpotts I had long desired to hear, and at last strangely got my chance at Durham, where he clung to his Prebend, the residence giving him

vigour after relaxing Devonshire. He gave us a very striking sermon on the Holy Communion, the practical effect of which was, that I believe I was the only male, except the officials, who remained to Communicate.

Thirlwall I never knew as a Bishop, but when at Cambridge I used often to see him, and on all hands to hear of his marvellous scholarship. The 'Walking Lexicon' was his name. He was then, academically as well as politically, an ardent reformer. One untoward day he put forth a pamphlet, asserting in effect that no religious teaching worth the name was afforded to the undergraduates. This created a storm at once—indignant refutations from tutors, and a practical reply from the master, depriving him of his tutorship. Lord John Russell, to whom a rap at the University was always sugar-candy, and who thought that he had found in the pamphleteer a match for Harry of Exeter in the House of Lords, sent him to St. David's. What happened was, that Thirlwall never opened his mouth to controvert Bishop Phillpotts; learnt Welsh in an incredibly short time, that he might preach with effect in his diocese; never spoke in the House but wisely and to the purpose; and in all respects proved himself as wise and good a Bishop as any on the

bench. It so chanced that I knew both Bishops Colenso and Gray. The former was of my College, and but ten years after my time; I frequently fell in with him. He was in every sense a peculiar man, made up of mental and moral contradictions. He was specially kind-hearted and affectionate in his nature, and yet continually mixed up in controversy and contention. His wish and determination was to run straight; his course inevitably was to stray into by-paths. His degree of second wrangler stands in proof that he must have had great mathematical abilities. He published a series of guide-books in mathematics, and all judges said that they lacked the simple accuracy of James Wood, and the harder abstruse style of Todhunter. When incumbent of Forncett, his Church views were Evangelical. He then gave me a book of hymns he had compiled, clearly on those lines. Afterwards he was spoken of—rightly or not, I do not know—as veering Highwards. Then in an unlucky moment he pitched his tent at Harrow. What I heard of him there was that the boys all liked him personally, but that he had no idea of practical discipline. However, a disastrous fire burnt him out and half ruined him. If you happened to be in his company, he would seldom fail to start some hare for question and

debate, upon which his notions were sure to be eccentric, and his support of them unsound. He reminded me of what a shrewd friend of mine once said of a man in some respects not unlike him—he argued, and thought he reasoned. Or, if a more homely similitude were allowable, he was, as a man, sure to take up the poker by the wrong end and soil his fingers. Bishop Gray was in all points the very reverse in character—quiet, unimpassioned, calm almost to sternness, and yet beneath the surface he was full of feeling, and very sensitive. Doubtless, with regard to Colenso, he would not stop, or think himself entitled to stop, and take into account his wayward nature, his tendency towards making stumbling-blocks, when meaning to set his foot on firm ground. The one thing Bishop Gray set himself to do was to uphold the simple truth of the Scriptures committed to his charge, and guard the simple untutored natives from being led into error under the guise of truth. For this he contended, and not for any personal victory. For this he by inches sacrificed his life. When he came over to this country to plead for the necessities of his diocese, I asked him which was the hardest work: the personal body-toil of his journeyings and preachings when at home, or the course of public meetings and speeches he had to

carry out in England? He said just what I expected him to say—that the mental pressure and excitement was far the worst; it robbed him of his sleep. In plain truth, it killed him. He went back to his diocese, and in a little time the end came.

CHAPTER VI.

RAIL *v.* ROAD.

I AM afraid that I shall be looked upon as a be-toddled old fogey when I hazard the opinion that, whatever the gain may be, the loss has been very great indeed by the change from road to railroad travelling. With the advantages and success accruing to shareholders and commercial interests we have no concern at all. Neither need we speak of the comparative risk and peril attending the two systems. That was pithily put in the saying of the old coachman: 'When a coach was upset, you said, "There they are." In a railroad smash, you say, "Where are they?"' But how about the comfort and enjoyment of either mode? Let us take the rail first. You have more or less distance to the station. You cover that in a fuss lest you should be too late for the train. You take your ticket in a mob, with no little risk of having your pocket picked. The porter walks off with your luggage,

and informs you that it is put into such a van, which, of course, is at the extreme end of the train. The start therefore involves risk to purse or property. These dangers and disasters are by no means ideal. I knew an elderly gentleman who was a great snuffer, and carried in the side-pocket of his overcoat, to be handy for use, a valuable gold snuff-box. He was going to take his ticket at a bustling station. Close to him was a smartly-attired damsel. Being the politest of men, he made way for her to precede him, which courtesy she acknowledged with a benign smile. Taking her ticket, she vanished. The gentleman followed suit, wanted a pinch for refreshment, and found his gold box—gone. I travelled to London at the later Exhibition with three young ladies in charge; their amount of luggage may be taken for granted. I saw it all put on a truck, the truck wheeled amidst a row of its brethren before the open doors of the luggage-van. Then, thinking my guardianship duties were fully discharged, I went to my seat. When we reached Paddington, no trace of our luggage was to be seen. The young ladies had the pleasure of abiding in their sitting-room instead of going to the Exhibition. About six or seven in the evening the luggage arrived, the excuse being, that the first van would not hold the

335053B

quantity of luggage at the station from which we started, so much of it was left behind for a later and slow train. The inspector, or whatever he might be, at Paddington, coolly said, 'I told you, sir, it would all come safely.'

If 'money is no object,' you travel 'first'; the train is ready to start, and you are shoved into a carriage which has five inmates and a half already. There is a grim old dowager and her companion, an anxious mamma, nurse, boy of six or seven, and, *horresco referens*, a squalling baby. Your up-grown fellow-travellers scowl at you as an intruder; the boy fidgets about, and treads on your toes, desiring to paw you with his bread-and-butter fingers. Most dreadful of all, the baby sets up a scream, for which the nurse's remedy is, to lay it on its stomach and slap its poor little back to get rid of the wind. You remind yourself that you have a journey of perhaps fourscore miles in this pleasant company, with the forlorn hope that some of the crew, specially the brats, may get out at some earlier station. Or suppose you are economical and travel third, your comrades then who 'come betwixt the wind and your nobility' will savour of oil in their highlows and garlic in their breath; they will mean to be as civil and courteous as possible, but their jokes will be of the queer order, and their guffaws

at their own jokes will deafen you. Yet, after all, their company will be more genial than that in the first-class.

Another day you travel on a slow branch line to fall in with a fast main train. Of course you reach the junction five minutes too late, lose several hours, and reach your destination too late also for a particular appointment. Again, you are enjoying a carriage all to yourself, in blissful ignorance that a little further down the line there is a great gathering—say, the Goose Fair at Nottingham, or the Onion Fair at Birmingham, visitors to or from which are huddled into any carriages where room can be found. A rush of Goths, more or less beery, breaks in upon you. One of them treads on your foot, planting his heel upon your tender corn, while the whole lot of them are as boisterous, noisy, and offensive as it is possible to be.

Of minor discomforts the number is legion. Out of the fresh air you get into a well-filled carriage, the windows of which have been kept shut; you feel that you are entering the Black-hole of Calcutta. You force down a qualm, take your seat, and travel onward, not begging of your neighbour, but literally living upon your neighbour, and that is a species of cannibalism that is not wholesome

diet. Or, on a blazing summer day, for fear of suffocation, both windows must be kept open, consequently at the end of your journey you have fully swallowed your allotted 'peck of dust'—eyes, nostrils, throat, are stuffed up. You feel as if you never should be clean again. Then, your fellow-passengers are rarely discourteous; but there is almost always the 'stand-off' habit with them. You read the *Times;* your neighbour does the same. You run some scores of miles without a word; then some chance forces conversation just at the parting, and you find that you have been playing dummies for these scores of miles, whereas you had a thousand and one bits of common ground which you might have pleasantly talked over.

Then, what is to be said for those necessary nuisances, the tunnels?—a scream-whistle, and you rush into utter darkness. Both windows are in a moment shut up, and, if the imprisonment last long, you emerge into fresh air half suffocated. The more picturesque the district, the more certainly its beauties will be lost in these tunnels. Go by road from Malvern to Ledbury, and, passing through the Wyche Cutting, you have a glorious panorama view into Herefordshire; whereas by rail you dive under the hill, and find yourself at Ledbury Station. Or if, familiar with the beauti-

ful Matlock scenery, you take rail at Ambergate, you will run in and out one tunnel after another, till you reach Matlock Bath, and, for aught you have seen, might as well have been in the underground railway from Charing Cross.

But two more serious indictments lie against railway transit: it is mischief to the sight, and it excites the brain. You are whisking along at forty or fifty miles an hour, and will persist in reading a book or a newspaper. Any oculist will tell you that this is very bad indeed for your eyes. But the bad may have a worse. You cease reading only to stare out of window—stare, that is, at the white telegraph-poles; you cannot help yourself; you are bound to do it; but the oculist will tell you it is ruin to your eyes. Meanwhile of the general face of the country, as you pass through it, you know absolutely nothing; when in a district quite familiar, you will wonder where you are. The result is that your constant 'railers' are blindly ignorant of the localities they scud over. Worst of all, these rapid races are sadly trying to the brain; to many, who from necessity have unusual experience of them, they have proved serious, even fatal. A late Bishop, often in request as a preacher, used to write much of his sermon in the train. He said that his thoughts flowed more rapidly then

than at any other time. If you will lean back, shut your eyes, and set yourself thinking on any given subject, you will practically prove that the Bishop was right. In other words, the rapid rail-road pace unduly excites the brain.

Now, what have we given in exchange for all these comforts and conveniences? what have we lost as the price of all this wondrous gain? Well, when King Steam ascended the throne, posting and coaching were simply in perfection. The roads were like bowling-greens; the roadside inns were the very essence of comfort; the pace you journeyed at was from eight to ten miles an hour; the coachmen and post-boys knew their business, and knew, moreover, that civility best earned them largess. Of course, all this fabric was not built up in a day. It had taken at least forty years to accomplish, and then a puff of steam blew it all down like a house of cards. I very well remember when there were ruts in the turnpike-roads nearly a foot deep; when posters and cart-horses were brothers; and six miles an hour was thought a good pace. Your coach breakfasted at the first stage, and dined at the next, with tea, or what you chose, at the third—all this for the good of the landlords who horsed the coach. More than sixty years since I travelled from Scarborough to York; on

the road we met the noted Osbaldeston and a large shooting-party. Coachee, anxious to give the cavalcade ample room, suddenly planted himself on my knee that he might get better purchase on his horses. He was clad in shoes, ribbed stockings, corduroys, and what he thought was a hat; he drove but one stage—in fact, was horse-keeper to his own team. Hereford to Shrewsbury is fifty-three miles. With two or three inches of snow, I was once fifteen hours on the road; the usual time, perhaps, then would be eleven or twelve hours. By rail I have done it in an hour and three-quarters. Full marks for steam, it may be thought; but the cold, tardy journey was fun to the school-boy, while the breakneck transit was no gain to me whatever.

Meanwhile, time was working wonders; more spirit and enterprise produced lighter coaches, better horses, and much-improved roads. When I was a boy the letters were brought to Hereford by the South Wales mail as far as Ross, thence on horseback, reaching Hereford at ten at night; in winter often not delivered till the next morning. I have, with the letters, driven into Hereford at eleven a.m., and that *before railroads existed.* Better appliances and better management put the clock on nearly twelve hours.

Those who have met with a little publication, 'Down the Road,' by Mr. Birch Reynardson, have read a very amusing book, very instructive, also, as regards bygone times and habits. Many tales and places recorded there bade me call to mind some almost forgotten experiences of my own earlier days. When the improvements in roads and coaches were yet in their infancy, I was driving from Worcester to Shrewsbury beside a grumpy old coachman. As we were crawling up the Lickey, which was then a deep sand-hill, we came to the great Macadam, who had undertaken, and thoroughly accomplished, the formation of a sound road. Coachee pulled up, and in many words informed the Colossus that his plan would never answer. When he had quite done, Mac quietly said: 'Coachman, would you like me to get upon that box, and teach you how to drive?' Jehu double-thonged the wheelers and said no more. It was told of him that on one stage there was but a single eye among his four horses, and when he apostrophized this team, it was always 'eye' in the singular; with their successors he resumed the usual 'eyes.' In 1824 I saw labouring up Shooter's Hill, with six horses, what no one will ever see again, and that was one of the old double-bodied coaches of the last century, and which, they told me, had been

used in the war-time to convey bullion to the coast. It was at this same date that I was at the Bull and Mouth, then recently rebuilt, and went over the curious underground stabling, where the poor horses had no other light than from oil-lamps. Of course everyone knows that Bull and Mouth is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth. Oddly enough, I was that night going down by the Canterbury mail to sojourn at Upper Hardres, where was an old manor-house belonging to the descendants of the Admiral who forced Boulogne Harbour, and brought the town gates home as his trophy—they had been but lately removed when I was there.

I was once saved from a souse in Milford Haven by the coachman's presence of mind. It was on one of those untoward Unicorn coaches. We were in Pembroke, just at the top of the descent to the docks; we stopped to deliver parcels; the near wheeler rubbed its head-gear clean off against the pole; scared, it made a rush, and its comrade followed lead; but the coachman, in a moment, wrenched, rather than pulled, the leader round with its ribs in the bolter's face; a handy ostler caught him by the nose, replaced the bit, and all was safe. I was at one time often a passenger on the Bristol and Birmingham mail. The coachman, a very civil man, with a prominent nose of the

Bardolphian order, told me once that the Lord Coventry of that day, meaning to take a rise out of him, said: 'Coachee, how much did it cost you to paint your nose?' 'Really, my lord, I cannot exactly say, but I know that it costs me a great deal to keep it in repair. Perhaps your lordship will give me a crown towards the expense.' So his wit cost the peer five shillings, and Jehu had the whip-hand of him.

Near Tewkesbury and Upton there was a nasty bit of flood-way. One night this mail came up with a stage-waggon water-logged. The leaders shied at this, making bad worse; the ditch forbade passing the waggon; the flood was rising. They were kept there for hours. The exposure to cold and wet eventually killed my poor friend the coachman.

It is rather a long story to tell the adventures of a convict mixed up with a coach. Two brothers stole a tarpaulin; were caught by a huge constable, too late to be lodged in gaol, so they were taken for the night to a village inn, stripped and handcuffed in the same bed; their captor occupying another bed. His snore told them he was fast asleep; they crept to the casement window, one half of which only opened; they got out one at a time, and escaped. Some time after they were

caught, tried, and got seven years' transportation. One of them at the hulks slipped from the gang, when coming from labour just within the gates, and hid himself under some timber; the vain search for him naturally was outside. But he told me himself that one of the soldiers probed his bayonet between the logs under which he was lying, and just pricked him. In the still night he crawled out and scaled the outer wall, but forgot that the topmost bricks were loose; they, in falling, caused an alarm, and the sentinels were on the alert, but never thought of looking close under the wall outside, where the poor fellow was lying senseless from his fall with the loose bricks. When he came to himself the coast was clear, and he set out to make his way homeward, not knowing one inch of his road, and in the prison garb. By some means he got within a few miles of home, when unluckily he fell in with the big constable from whom he had escaped. Starving, footsore, he at once showed fight, and was only mastered by numbers coming to the help of the constable. Lodged in his old gaol quarters, he was, with others, taken up by coach to London. He was placed in the hindmost seat, facing the gaoler, but ironed wrist and knee together. As they were going slow up Alconbury Hill he pitched himself head over heels off the coach,

and therefore lit on his legs, and made off for the adjoining wood. The gaoler jumped down, and put his shoulder out. When dawn came he was tracked by the click of the stone, with which he was trying to get off his manacles, retaken, and sent back to the hulks. When I saw him landed in triumph by his foe the constable, he was bruised and battered, skin and bone, but full of pluck. I could not help thinking what a notable fellow he might have been, had his powers of resource and indomitable courage been turned to better account.

I had always an aversion to the spruce, dandy style of coachman, which, in later days, became rather common. It was my ill luck once to be driven by one of these, called 'The Captain,' from Derby to Lichfield. He mounted his box with much parade, sat like a statue till the last stroke of the hour struck, and then went off with a flourish. At Burton two little blood-chestnuts were put in leaders; they had been weeded from Lord Chesterfield's, were very fly-about, and disposed to bolt. The Captain clearly was afraid of them, stopped again and again, bidding his guard alter this or that buckle, or take up the curbs a link, which, of course, only 'riled' the chestnuts. The result was, that when we reached Lichfield, the Chester mail, which I was to meet, had left five minutes. It

was Saturday, and I was engaged for duty the next day; there was nothing for it but to charter a chaise and race after the mail, timed at ten miles an hour. We did catch it at Wolseley Bridge; but, of course, the pay was extra, for which I had to thank the Captain.

The prince of all coachmen of his time was Joe Walton, who drove from Cambridge to London and back six days a week. To make good this distance in the given time, the pace must needs be fast; but there was no haste or rushing, no bustle or sudden spurt; all went like clock-work. About two minutes was enough for changing horses; the fresh reins were handed up to Joe, who rarely left his box, and woe betide any dawdling passenger who was not in his seat; he would surely be left behind. But the return journey was the marvel; it was wonderful to see how he made his way, and how way was made for him through the crowded streets at the afternoon throng hour. I was once sitting beside him when his near wheeler kept breaking into a canter, which was what he did not allow. He checked the offender several times, then, losing his temper, gave the rein a snatch, and it broke off short at the coupling buckle. To catch it at the joining he dropped on his knees on the footboard, and with a little hooked stick I

chanced to have, caught the rein. But then, as he was a heavy man, he could not recover his seat on the box. Meanwhile the horses had broken into a wild gallop. Joe had given me the leaders' reins to hold; I pulled for dear life; I might just as well have tugged at a stone wall. Luckily, the leaders began kicking, which, of course, checked their gallop. Joe, by main force, brought the wheelers on their haunches, and we came to a standstill some half-mile on the London side of Ware. Had we raced through the zigzag entrance into Ware, the upshot or upset must have been inevitable. When the line was made to Cambridge, Walton's 'occupation was gone;' but, oddly enough, steam proved his bane and antidote alike, since his after-business was daily to carry up the money from Mortlocks to their London bankers.

I was a passenger on the Western mail, one among the fastest. When descending the long incline into Bath, a ragged urchin on a donkey bare-back set off just ahead of the leaders, turning round and grinning a challenge to the coachman. He made a joke of it at first, but Neddy and his rider kept on at their gallop, dodged about, teasing the leaders, and riling Jehu, till at last it was almost a race, and we were running down the hill much quicker than prudence warranted. At last,

as the coachman dared not give his horses their heads, Neddy and his grinning master got to the York House ahead of us, and we were greeted with mocking laughter from the bystanders.

More than half a century ago, two coaches ran against each other between Liverpool and Cheltenham, the 'Hibernia' and 'Hirondelle,' or 'Iron Devil,' as generally called. They sped along a little too fast to be pleasant, till you were used to it. My first ride upon the 'Hirondelle' was in the Cheshire country. The Cheshire roads at that date were narrow, and paved as streets, with a margin of deep sand on the side, into which, if the wheel slipped, woe betide you! The driver was a slim lad under twenty, but as handy and awake at his nervous work as any coachman could be. The rule of the road with these rivals was, that there should be no racing, no driving by each other; but the noses of the hindmost leaders were kept up to the iron of the foremost coach, and if that stopped for a moment for parcel or passenger, the other shot by it, and took, and had to keep the lead. Down the hills, which in the Bridgnorth country are numerous and steep, the pace they went was most audacious; you sat specially tight, and doubted how you should get safe to the bottom. Of course the skid was as little used as possible; when matter

[illegible] necessity, it was [illegible] how the [illegible] and guard between them released the [illegible] reining it—a sort of halting without stop- [illegible] because if there was an actual stop, the [illegible] in waiting behind would shoot by like a [illegible].

[illegible]ging horses once between Harborough and [illegible]. I got a wrinkle how a jibber might be [illegible]. When all was ready for a start, the off- [illegible] planted its fore-feet like a rock, defying [illegible] strain of the other horses, the vicious [illegible]ing of the coachman, the pulling and [illegible] the horse-keepers. It was clearly a case [illegible] when one of the passengers dropped [illegible], and with a thin little switch in [illegible] suddenly on the *inside of* [illegible] rushed forward like mad, [illegible] might be that it [illegible].

[illegible] of a coachman to [illegible] with a string [illegible] represents [illegible] matter of acci- [illegible] am glad I was [illegible] never rather. [illegible] the reins [illegible] leaders

started suddenly on one side, wrenched the swingle-trees off the pole, and the uncoupled reins out of the coachman's hands. He either fell or jumped from his box, and dislocated his shoulder. The wheelers bolted with the coach. Two gentlemen and a girl were on the outside, two ladies inside. The two gentlemen caught the leaders, mounted them, and pursued the wheelers. The poor girl kept her seat some time, till they were coming to a narrow bridge, then, in her fright, she jumped off at the cost of a badly-broken ankle. The wheelers, both old horses, had got beat, and were jogging leisurely on, when they knocked against the turn-pike-gate-post in passing through. This set them off afresh, and they went on the gallop down a sharp pitch into the North Road, just as one of the long coaches was passing on it. Into this they ran broadside; one horse in each coach was killed; the second coachman knocked off his box with a tooth down his throat; the ladies inside now for the first time aware that anything was amiss. The fly sent with a surgeon to the dislocated shoulder was upset on its road, so closing this chapter of accidents.

Another of my familiars was a little wiry man, named Andrews, who for some twenty years drove the Gloucester mail every night from Northleach to

Oxford and back again; that is, he drove from 9.30 to 12 p.m., and again from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m.; so that he never knew what a night's rest meant. He was so short in the legs that the footboard on his side was raised. The pace at which he used to spring over the many bridges that cross that road, making the dust or mud fly in our faces, was a caution, and quite enough to bid a nervous traveller hold hard by the side-iron. But I believe that he never had an accident. The assemblage of the Four-in-hand Club in Hyde Park must needs be very attractive to all of equine proclivities; but in the good old coaching-days the muster of the mails at the Post-office every evening at eight o'clock was in reality quite as well worth seeing. There was no bustle or parade—all done quietly, and in order. The string of mails came trotting into the yard, each to its own door; the guard gave a little 'toot,' dropped from his perch, brought out his letter-bags, threw them into the well; another little 'toot,' and they were off, each one in its own direction. Not one of them all but was horsed with a team which would do no discredit to the Four-in-Hand Club. Let us follow the travellers on the North Road, and see with what wonderful precision and punctuality the work was carried on. Three mails—the Edinburgh, the Glasgow, and the Lincoln—started

together, and kept together at the same pace, fulfilling their united but separate work. At Norman Cross the Lincoln parted company, branching off to Peterborough. The other two kept on their way, breakfasting together at Grantham, as far as Ferry Bridge. There they separated for a time, and then, day after day, trotted together up the street of Carlisle. Could King Steam boast any such exact regularity, under similar circumstances, for so great a distance?

CHAPTER VII.

JUDGES I REMEMBER.

From early childhood I had a strange fancy for wandering into Law Courts. The first Judges I ever saw in the flesh were Lawrence and Le Blanc, two grand-looking men, in their full robes, marching up the nave of Hereford Cathedral in 1810. The first Judges with whom I had speech were Bailey and Chief Baron Richards. I was a petted shaver with the officials, and they used to put me on high near the Judges. I was full proud when Judge Bailey gave me a sandwich out of his silver box. I remember it was the first circuit that he went as Judge. But I was inches taller when Baron Richards, having dismissed the jury to consider their verdict, turned to me, and said: 'Guilty or not guilty, little man?' 'Guilty, my lord, without doubt,' I impudently answered. Soon after, my father came in, and dislodged me from my seat. 'What little dog is that?' said my lord. 'A puppy of my own,' said my father; and my inches

grew fewer at once. Some forty-five years after, I had business to do in the chambers of Master Richards. His kindly manner, his very tone, his benevolent eye, at once recalled his father. From Richards we may pass to Richardson, who had a great name, as a lawyer pre-eminent; but he was short of stature, and so fragile-looking, as though he could be blown away. I saw him taking his early morning ride, buried under his shovel-hat, his thin pair of legs, like two sticks, on either side the saddle. I think he did not live long. One circuit we had Baron Wood and Dallas. It was the latter's first appearance, and he was very nervous. Old Wood was seasoned to his work, and, moreover, a master-hand at it. He was very short and crusty in manner. I heard him at Hereford, where the Courts then were both in the same room, only boarded partially from one another, say, 'Mr. Sheriff, take my compliments to Mr. Dauncey, and desire him not to make so much noise.' Dauncey was a leader at Nisi Prius, and had a very shrill voice. Some forty odd years after, the Marshal, then sitting by Judge Dallas, told me that he heard the message delivered. The said Dauncey was, without exception, the most amusing and effective counsel I ever heard. The leader then was Abbott, and Dauncey sat upon him. Jervis,

afterwards Justice of Chester, was the senior silk, and Dauncey used to put him in a passion, and so beat him. It must have been in 1817 that I first saw Garrow; he had a grand presence, and a very impressive delivery, of which he was very proud. It was said of him that, having in set terms once sentenced a poor wretch to the gallows, as he removed the black cap, he said to the Sheriff beside him: 'Didn't I do that well?' The story was that Eldon hated him, or rather thought very cheaply of his grasp of law, and that, catching him tripping once when pleading in the House of Lords as Attorney-General, he insisted upon his taking a puisne Judgeship, instead of claiming a chief. I possess a little note-book which he gave me, writing in it, 'Memory, if trusted, will do wonders.'

Curiously enough, one fault attributed to him was, that he did not sufficiently take notes of his cases. On one occasion Eldon had to ask for his notes of a case appealed upon, but Garrow had no notes to send, and got a sharp wigging. He turned his power of rebuke to good purpose once at the Northampton Assizes. The grand jury were being called over, and to the 'Rev. A. B.,' a spruce gentleman in blue coat and metal buttons, answered, 'Here!' Said Garrow: 'Mr. Clerk of Arraigns, you have made a mistake; you called

over "The Reverend." ' 'Yes, my lord, he is so described in the roll.' [The fact really was, that the juror had been ordained deacon, and succeeding then to property, had renounced his cloth.] Said Garrow, 'Pray, sir, are you a clergyman of the Church of England?' 'Yes, my lord; but——' Garrow stopped him short. 'Not one word more, sir, if you please. It is always the privilege and pleasure of his Majesty's judges to request the honour of every present grand juryman's company at dinner. That privilege and pleasure on the present occasion you will permit me to deny myself. I wish you good-morning.'

The old clergyman of Little Stukeley, Hunts, who lived entirely by himself, was murdered one Sunday afternoon. Not coming to Church, they went to look for him, and found him in the passage, dead from a terrible wound fracturing his skull. A man of evil repute was taken up, and on his premises was found a billhook with blood and grey hairs on it. The trial took place at Huntingdon, before Chief Baron Alexander. The main, indeed the only, direct evidence, was the hair upon the billhook, which the surgeon pronounced to be human hair, corresponding with that of the murdered man. The prisoner was found guilty and left for execution. Afterwards the man confessed

the murder; but said it was not with the billhook, but with a rusty old sword, which they would find hidden in some faggots, but the hair upon the billhook was calf's hair. The sword was found where he said it was. Soon afterwards I was speaking upon the case with a gentleman that I blunderingly thought was a lawyer. Supposing that the point would have interest for him, I said that the life of the man ought to have been spared, inasmuch as he was convicted on wrong evidence; he owed his doom to the surgeon's decided opinion, which was faulty. This proved how shy medical men should be of asserting their opinion. To my dismay my auditor said, 'That was my evidence;' and proceeded at length to point out the difficulty of decision in such cases. Of course I made no demur, and dropped the question double-quick.

Baron Graham was a college friend of my father's. I remember him coming in one evening, when on circuit at Hereford. He was in gown and bobwig; I suppose I stared at him. 'Well, little boy, did you never see a live Judge before?' I sank into my shoes. He was a dark, beetle-browed, stern old man, fit to frighten a little lad out of his poor wits. He was, I fancy, above average as a lawyer. Snuff he took in abundance; his right-hand waistcoat pocket was said to have a snuff-box let into it.

He was strangely absent and forgetful, sad evidence of which he gave on this circuit. Passing on to Gloucester, he there sentenced a man to death for horse-stealing. One morning a solicitor at Hereford saw in the post-office window a letter directed to 'A. B., Under-Sheriff of Hereford.' The solicitor knew that the name was that of the Under-Sheriff of Gloucester, and that the letter was official. He opened it, and found it to be Baron Graham's respite for the man at Gloucester. He sent off an express on horseback, who reached Ross quickly, but there the innkeepers refused him a fresh horse, on the plea that the first had been ridden so hard. Time was lost in quest of a second horse, which no one would let. The man had the sixteen miles to Gloucester to cover on the tired first beast, and reached the town just in time to see the poor fellow cut down from the gallows. Such a muddle could hardly happen nowadays.

Only once more, and that many years after, I saw Baron Graham, at the Installation of Marquis Camden as Chancellor at Cambridge. The grim, dark man I had known was now a placid white-haired old gentleman, still upright as a dart. He made us a little speech at the grand dinner; he was then 'Father of the University'—that is, his name had been longest on the roll.

We may join together the two Judges Parke—St. James's and the Green Park they were called; 'par impar' we may say of them. They were a pair in judicial office as in name, and, within measurable distance, matched in legal acquirements. But in personal character, habits and bearing, they were utterly and absolutely unlike. Sir Alan was reputed to be a sound and safe lawyer; but when dispensing law his colloquies with counsel, his remarks to witnesses, his *bruta fulmina* shot at the unhappy Under-Sheriff, almost led you to fancy that an old lady in scarlet gown was the occupant of the Bench. He was, I believe, a kindly, good-natured man, but no one would have thought so to hear his repeated vociferations of 'Mr. Under-Sheriff, I fine you five pounds.' Numberless skits and tales were afloat about him, one for example: 'Mr. Under-Sheriff, unless you turn that dog out, I shall fine you five pounds.' The poor man hurried to extrude the supposed culprit, but was stayed by, 'Not that dog, sir; that is a very gentlemanly dog, that I have long had my eye upon; it is that other dog which disturbs the Court.' Again, having given a learned and luminous charge to the grand jury in a murder case, he dismissed them to their chamber, but called them back at the door, saying, 'There is one point more, gentlemen, which I had forgotten.'

Of course they supposed it was some knotty point in the case, but they heard: 'The desk at which I am sitting is full two inches too long; it catches my robe as I write, causing much impediment to public business; I pray you have this amended.' Baron Parke was on all sides recognised as a lawyer *ad unguem;* but then he always gave you the idea that no one but himself knew anything. To counsel he was dogmatical and dictatorial, to the officials stiff and almost uncourteous; for dull or frightened witnesses he had no patience or forbearance; his title with the Bar was Baron Sur-rebutter. As evidence of the pleasure he took in posing people, it was said that when sitting on the Committee of Privy Council on the great Gorham case, wherein the one question was soundness of doctrine, he suddenly said to his colleagues, 'By-the-way, what is the Greek word for doctrine?' So taken off-hand, not one could give the answer, though there was an Archbishop and a Lord Chancellor among them.

We may take together two other Judges, *similes dissimiles,* Maule and Cresswell; so like in acuteness of intellect and knowledge of law, yet as unlike as the bear and the innate gentleman. Maule I remember when he was comparatively a young man on the Oxford Circuit; he left it for a time from bad health, but on his return at once recovered

his lead. During his enforced absence there had been several changes—Abbot, Taunton, made Judges; Jervis, Chief Justice of Chester; two others, Judges in India. Except Dauncey, there was no man of mark; only Campbell and Horace Twiss, from their equine faces dubbed the Black and White Horse; but they were talky and heavy, over whom Maule easily held the upper hand. His bibulous propensity was then notorious. A story was told of him: when he had to argue a heavy case in Westminster, he was found in the robing-room draining a huge pot of porter. Remonstrated with, he said, 'I am trying to bring myself down to the level of the Court.' Porter, or better liquid, did more mischief another day, for on coming home, he set his chambers on fire. A friend of mine was his neighbour, and in haste to escape being frizzled, snatched up one of two pairs of trousers lying by his bedside. Unluckily, the pair left *Veneris marito* contained a hundred-pound note. As a Judge he was, of course, quite at home on all matters of law; but in bearing, and even in language, he was by far the most disagreeable Judge I ever sat under. I never heard him actually swear upon the Bench, but elsewhere oaths were household words with him.

One of Judge Maule's peculiarities was his

tenderness towards poachers. As an instance, in Derbyshire, a young squire went out with his keepers to catch three men who were poaching in his preserved river. They were all in the water together; the squire, struck on the head by a bludgeon, sank and was drowned. Two of the men were caught, and at the March Assize got seven years' transportation. At the Summer Assize the third man was tried by Maule, and got off with three months.

In a very different case precisely the same variation of punishment was measured out. Judges Tindal and Littledale—two men as diverse as possible in their moral sensibilities—each had a case of bigamy to try at the same time. Meeting before dinner, the Chief Justice said, 'Well, brother Littledale, what did you do with your bigamy case?' 'Oh, I gave the poor fellow three months' imprisonment.' 'Three months! why, I gave my scoundrel seven years' transportation, and richly he deserved them.' The 'poor fellow' and the 'scoundrel' sufficiently bespoke the several estimates of the offence itself.

Cresswell on the Bench was a great treat, thoroughly master of his work; on all crabbed points of law as much at home as old Baron Wood, without his snip-snap, bow-bow. In caustic wit

and sarcasm he was rich as Maule, but had none of his coarseness. A dull witness that Maule would have bullied, he sharpened up with covert ridicule. He turned a shuffling witness inside out, whom Maule would be tempted to swear at. With counsel, to whom Maule would have been captious or offensive, Cresswell never forgot that they were gentlemen. With the timid he was patient; the presuming he quietly shut up. In every sense he was one of the best Judges among so many that were good. Cresswell took his degree in 1814. Now this quaintly suggests to me the question so often mooted, whether logic or mathematics prove the best foundation for eminence in a lawyer. If we trace back through fifty years from that date, we find in the Oxford honour lists two giants, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. Besides these, how many more are to be found? Whereas at Cambridge they are plentiful as blackberries. Among the foremost men at the Bar and on the Bench, thirteen were very high Wranglers; of these six were Senior Wranglers. Then, as the one exception proving the rule, Cresswell, second to none in acuteness and powers of reasoning, was 'wooden spoon,' or last upon the honour list. Exactly so, in the first ten years of the Classical Tripos, there were five distinguished men in the first class who

yet were 'wooden spoons.' *Non cuivis contingit*—to get safely over the donkey's bridge.

From Baron Alderson one was sure to glean amusement or instruction. He was more in his element at Nisi Prius than in the Crown Court. He was said sometimes to forget the Judge in the advocate, and so dragoon the jury instead of directing them. The natural consequence was that juries were apt to turn rusty. On one occasion they did so, and, losing his temper, he cried out, 'Call another jury; that is the third cause *I have lost to-day.*' I once took a little girl into court, thinking the scene would make an impression upon her. What we saw was, the Judge *purgantem leniter ungues.* When we came out the child, instead of being, as I thought she would be, awe-stricken, said, 'Why, the old fellow was paring his nails!'

A much less effervescent Judge was Coleridge. I suppose he was not reckoned among the stars of greater magnitude, but he was very full of light—bright and steady light. His way of doing work was perfect; he was patient, courteous, ready at all points. Once his colleague on the Circuit brought with him an American Judge, desirous of seeing the way of English work. I saw him sitting in Coleridge's Court, and he was manifestly

astonished at the way in which the work was done. It was, I think, at the same Assize that a case of burglary was tried, in which the essential witness was a little girl of some ten or eleven years. When sworn in the box the counsel for the prosecution quietly asked his first question. Instead of answering, the child crammed all her four fingers into her mouth and sobbed. He tried all possible wheedling and coaxing; not one single syllable would she utter. At last the Judge said, 'Bring that child to me.' Accordingly she was hoisted on to the table, and placed directly in front of the Judge in his full wig and scarlet gown. I quite expected she would go off in screams or a dead faint. But the power of Coleridge's full benevolent eye in a way mesmerised her. He just said two or three kind words to her, and then drew from her, without the least hesitation, full and clear answers to every question he put to her. The whole Court were in amazement.

Lord Denman came into notoriety at Queen Caroline's trial; then, with such a chief as Brougham and antagonist as Copley, he was somewhat in the back row. But he made one point which has always seemed to me genuine eloquence. The Ministry, or rather the Husband, had most unwisely ordered that the Queen's name

should be erased from the Liturgy. Denman, in protesting against this, made a violent harangue against the King, calling him Nero, and so forth. Then, in the midst of his declamation, he abruptly stopped, and said: 'But you cannot strike her out. I defy you to strike her out! She is prayed for every Sunday, when you pray God to "defend all that are desolate and oppressed."'

His first Circuit was the Midland. When at Oakham, he had to condemn three brothers for shooting at and wounding a gamekeeper. It was his first sentence of death. He was very nervous; the Sheriff was nervous also, and slow in handing the black cap. The Judge passed sentence without it. I was quasi-Chaplain of the Gaol, and I had the greatest difficulty in convincing the prisoners that any of them would be hanged, because 'my lord Judge had not put on his black cap.' Ultimately the eldest brother was hanged—I suppose by the law of primogeniture, since he was the only one of the three that was not a ruffian. Chief Baron Pollock used somewhat to remind me of old Garrow in his noble presence; but Garrow lacked the intelligence, the speaking kindliness of his eye. Whenever I heard him charge a jury, I used to long to cut it shorter. In the first instance he gave them a clear and luminous statement of the

case. Then, I suppose, with the intention of making it clearer to the twelve wiseacres, he would go over the points again, repeating himself, with additions. I always used to think that if I were on the jury, I should go to consider my verdict muddified rather than enlightened. Sir Frederick was one of the seven Senior Wranglers I spoke of raised to the Bench. If I am not under a mistake, it was he, when Attorney-General, who, by raising a point of law, saved Frost's neck on the trial of the Newport Rioters in 1839. I was reminded of the Chief Baron's charges when I once heard Archbishop Howley speak at a great gathering. It would have been an attractive and touching speech if only he would have left it as originally conceived. Whereas, continually towards the close of a sentence, he stopped, thinking that he could improve it, and then repeated it with some slight alteration; consequently, this second edition fell vapid on the ear. Lord Ellenborough I never saw, but I have a vivid recollection of the last time that he sat in Court. It was on the trial of Hone for blasphemy. The main indictment was for a parody of the Litany, in which the Trinity was represented by Old Bags, Derrydown Triangle, and the Doctor—Lords Eldon, Castlereagh, and Sidmouth, whose father was a physician. The

Chief was stern and harsh to the defendant from the first. Being in bad health, Hone asked if he might sit. 'No, sir; you must stand in the dock as other prisoners do.' 'Thank you, my lord; you have done me more good by your refusal than if you had thrown a glass of water in my face.' He made a vigorous defence for himself, in which he argued that many others had held the same opinions with impunity, some even of episcopal rank; this with reference to a relative of the Judge's himself—in fact, his own father. Lord Ellenborough covered his face, saying, 'Spare me! spare me!' Directly afterwards he broke up the Court, and Judge Abbott the next day concluded the trial, and very shortly afterwards became Chief Justice. Abbott, in my early days, was leader of the Oxford Circuit, accounted a thoroughly furnished lawyer, but never seemed to have confidence in himself; hence he was a good deal sat upon by Dauncey, Puller, Maule, and even Campbell himself, who so disparages him in his 'Lives of the Chief Justices.' It was said that Hone lived to be a thoroughly altered man and a sincere Christian. But he had a brother, a barrister, whose prospects in life were ruined by his relationship to one in such evil odour. A scheme was set on foot to raise a sum of money sufficient to give him a

fresh start in the Colonies. A story was current that the promoters went to Lord Eldon for a subscription, who threw cold water on the scheme as not likely to succeed, but bid them come to him again when they had been their round. The collectors unjustly looked upon this as a mere put-off by the Chancellor. However, they again went to him, reporting that the subscriptions were so much short of the sum required. Lord Eldon told them he knew that would be the case. Then he turned to his desk, and filled up a cheque for the whole sum deficient. Lord Eldon himself I first saw when he was an old man on the verge of the silver wedding he might have kept as Chancellor. Manifestly use had bred a habit in the man; the work was easy as an old glove to him. He sat as though he had been in his own study, off and on writing at the desk before him, but mainly at his ease, with one leg over the other knee, rubbing his shin, or signing papers on it, and throwing them on the floor. Apparently he was all the while paying no attention whatever to the Counsel pleading before him; but then the short, pithy remarks he interjected every now and then proved that he had attended to all they said. To a young pleader this must have been a damper to his eloquence, but the old hands knew with whom they had to do.

Brougham on the woolsack was exactly the reverse; he would come into Court from his private room with a hop, skip and jump, fidget about when he got to his seat, perpetually throw out remarks, pertinent or irrelevant, and yet after all you felt that he was not at home in his work.

Lord Lyndhurst, like Lord Denman, made his first great impression at Queen Caroline's trial. He was so far ahead of the Attorney-General, Shepherd, and in his power of cross-examining surpassed them all. He had, in a wonderful degree, the faculty of mastering whatever he concentrated his mind upon. Thus his legal life had been passed in Nisi Prius—he was quite a stranger to Chancery practice. It so happened that when he was as yet new to the woolsack, I met a London solicitor of large business in Chancery, and, moreover, a Tory, at the house of a far-going Whig, who twitted his guest with the supposed incapacity of the Chancellor. The solicitor freely admitted the impeachment, saying that if the profession were polled Lyndhurst would not get half a dozen votes. Before the year ran out we three met again. As before, our host fired his shot at Lyndhurst, who was his contemporary at College, and was answered by the solicitor, that it was not possible to be a better Chancellor than Lyndhurst was. So, again, when

he was made Chief Baron, he had had no experience of criminal courts, and made sundry blunders in regard to his sentences, not sufficiently attending to the difference between felony and misdemeanour, and such-like; but before he returned to the Chancellorship he had fully established his fame as a Common Law Judge. The greatest practical proof he gave of his mental power was, I suppose, in the famous case of disputed value in a mining property. It involved an incredible amount of numerical calculations. Lord Lyndhurst shut himself up for a week, and then delivered an elaborate decision, and that without help of any notes. Subsequently the case was carried to the House of Lords, and *ope* Brougham, then Chancellor, the decision was reversed. But I believe that the almost universal opinion of the Bar was, that Lyndhurst had decided right. A cast of Lord Lyndhurst's head should be prized by craniologists, as so clearly betokening great intellectual power. One, and only one, have I known whose Capitol could boast the like dimensions. This was an aged clergyman, who might almost be said to know everything; not, as we saw before, Lyndhurst himself said of Brougham, that if he had but a little law he would have a *smattering* of everything. My old friend was equally at home in Hebrew roots or garden roots, in Thu-

cydides or Clarendon, in theology, or the last new novel. One inconvenience of his large brainpan was, that he had to buy his hats to order.

It is quite needless to speak of the transcendent powers of Lord St. Leonards, but, if the story I have heard be true, those powers were brought to light by a bunch of carrots. His father was a barber in the North, and popular with the Bar on that Circuit, by whose advice he migrated to London. He had a great friend, a silversmith, whom he persuaded to take his son as an apprentice. The Argentine, after a while, felt persuaded that the lad was out of his element; he was entirely well-conducted, but always 'mousing' over books instead of minding the shop. One day he had to take a set of silver knives and forks to a customer. The silversmith's wife said to Sugden, 'We have boiled beef for dinner to-day, and your road runs through Covent Garden; buy us a bunch of carrots.' The lad left his parcel on the board while putting the carrots into his handkerchief; and when he turned round the parcel was gone. This determined the silversmith, and the father too, that there must be a change, and Sugden became chamber lad to a conveyancer, where he picked up the foundation of his law knowledge. One day his master suddenly died; the chamber clerk took the old name down

and put his own up. There he practised privately for some years. It was, I believe, late when he was called to the Bar. Such was the beginning of the duplicate Chancellor, and the *facile princeps* among contemporary lawyers.

It was years before he became Lord Westbury that I used to hear and see Sir R. Bethell; both hearing and sight were involved in the process, of which the recollection is decidedly unpleasant. He was, of course, in reality, as in joke was said of Scarlett, a deep-read lawyer, or he never would have reached and kept his hold at the top of the tree. But to an outsider his tone and bearing appeared little short of offensive. To his juniors he was curt, almost rude, so that you wondered that one or another did not, in the robing-room, imitate the late Professor Neate, and apply the *lex digitalis*. To the opposite counsel he was so supercilious and self-asserting, that you often wished that one of them would turn and give him such a dressing as afterwards Bishop Wilberforce administered, when spoken of by him in the House of Lords as the oleaginous Bishop. To the presiding Judge, instead of deferring, he would fain dictate, so that you longed for an hour of Lord Eldon's *ipse dixi*. I remember once straying into the Lords Justices' Court, and being at once struck with the notion that some storm

had been brewing. Sir R. Bethell was speaking quietly, and in an unusual manner—pointedly and repeatedly saying, 'My Lord,' when two Judges sat before him; but he only recognised Justice Turner, totally ignoring his colleague, Knight Bruce. The Knight was very red about the gills, and amused himself with writing, not notes upon the case, but private notes, it might be of invitation or gossip. The next day's paper reported that there had been a battle royal, the latitude assumed by the counsel passing the limit of the rather peppery Judge, who had abruptly shut him up, or, at least, tried to do so. It goes without saying that he held in very small respect the attainments of his brethren. One tale may be told of the hundreds current bearing upon this. Someone asked him why Lord Chancellor Cranworth was so fond of calling in the Lords Justices to sit with him. 'Why,' said Sir Richard, 'the fact is, that the poor little boy does not like being in the dark by himself.' Out of Court, the one who, as the saying is, 'stood up to him best' was Chief Justice Cockburn, who, however, must have had a lively recollection of a visit to the Chancellor's country seat, when the accidental peppering of the gamekeeper was by error imputed to him.

I had no experience of Lord Hatherley as

Chancellor, but it was a special pleasure to be an auditor in the Court of Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood. In the first place, you were sure to find the chieftains of the Bar there, cracking hard nuts. It was indirectly a proof of the estimation in which the Vice was held, that, if possible, the gravest and most difficult cases were sure to be entered in his Court. His quiet but decisive bearing towards the Bar, and their amicable yet respectful dealing with him, told you at once that there was a perfect understanding and mutual good-feeling between the two. I never remember to have seen Sir Richard Bethell arguing before him, but I have no doubt that then even he must have kept his natural energies in check. The difficulties and intricacies of a case never seemed to perplex Sir W. Page Wood; he readily unravelled a knotty point, or turned the flank of a heavy battery. He would insinuate rather than assert his own opinion, and instead of an elaborate argument, throw out an epigrammatic suggestion. I do not know whether 'out of Court' he was much given to terse utterances, but I will quote one felicitous instance. He had been a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. At a dinner given by the College in his honour, he said, in returning thanks, 'that he reckoned two days as the happiest of his life: the

day he was elected Fellow, and the day that he resigned his Fellowship,' meaning, of course, his wedding-day. It would not be easy to beat this for readiness and right feeling.

We will close these legal memoranda with a brief reference to one who was not a Lord Chancellor, simply because he refused to be one. He eschewed all legal offices that involved political responsibilities; therefore those who knew his value were fain to secure his services as Master of the Rolls. His history is remarkable, almost a romance. Mr. Bickersteth, as his father before him, was originally a medical man, and when Lord O——, to give rest to his over-shaken elbows, went with his family abroad, he went with him as body surgeon. Subsequently Mr. Bickersteth, being fonder of mathematical problems than medical prescriptions, went to Cambridge as a student, and, though manifestly going at great disadvantage, came out Senior Wrangler. Thence going to the Bar, he very early made his mark, and gave promise of his coming eminence. As a pleader he was quiet and impressive, never excitable or off his guard, and evidently had the ear of the Court. Now, instead of keeping the Oxonian bodies in good health as aforetime, he became auditor of their revenues; and whatever was saved from the wreck of that

once noble property was, I believe, mainly due to his skill and sagacity. Then came the bright recompense of all his long services. She whom he had known from a child, and whom, by the way, I saw in 1811 cantering her pony on Hereford race-course, became his bride, and the year following he was Lord Langdale. All his story is not yet told. By the early death of her brother, Lord Harley, the estates which Lord Langdale had rescued and nursed devolved upon Lady Langdale —virtually, that is to say, upon her husband. Lastly, this complete lawyer made his own will upon a sheet of paper, and, after all, from some ambiguity in it, I believe, it was necessary to be decided upon in an amicable suit. Assuredly this short chapter of facts is in many respects strange as fiction.

CHAPTER VIII.

HORSEBACK JOURNEYS.

I HOLD that the one sovereign recipe for mental enjoyment and bodily health is the pigskin. For more than forty years I led a sedentary, hard-working life; but I utilised my holiday respites by long journeys on horseback. A month's ride of three or four hundred miles sent me back to daily labour iron with all the rust knocked off it. A friend of mine overtook me one day as he rode home from hunting. He asked me why I never came out with the hounds; for sufficient answer I pointed to my white choker. 'Well,' said he, 'I never feel *so happy or so good* as at the end of a long run.' But in hunting matters, as in every other matter, what a difference there is betwixt 'now and then!' The fields gathered together are larger, but are not the genuine sportsmen fewer? The pace is much greater, so is the price of horse-flesh to meet that pace. Riders of all sorts and

sizes flock together; but is there the kindly, genial comradeship of the olden day? It used to be said that you could tell an old Foundation Eton boy by his fondness for leg of mutton in after-life, because it was his daily food while at school. On the contrary, the retired cavalry officer hardly ever cares to ride, and so from April to November your modern Nimrod eschews the saddle. But with their grandfathers this was not so. Sir Tatton Sykes, it was said, invariably rode from Sledmere to London. So Lord Fitzwilliam rode from Wentworth to Milton to dinner. The late Lord Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther, set out to ride from London to Uffington, near Stamford. The relays of horses, by accident, failed him, and he rode the same little mare the whole distance; moreover, she had a down hip. In one respect, I believe, the hunting-field is greatly improved; oaths are not now, as once they were, rife and ready on the master's lips. It was told in evidence of the readiness of 'Jack Musters' in this line that once, when crossed in his leap by a Nottingham draper, he blessed his 'gingham eyes.' On the other hand, it was said of 'Cottesmore,' Lord Lonsdale, that he was never known to swear in the field. His nearest provocation to this remedy was when some tailor on horseback rode over his

favourite hound. The Earl rode full tilt at him as though he would have unhorsed him; but pulling up short, he politely doffed his cap and said, 'Sir, you have just killed the best dog in my pack; would you do me a further favour, and never let me see you in the field again.'

A tale was current that the famous Assheton Smith, at the close of a hard day's hunting in Leicestershire, received in the field tidings that his father, with whom he was not then on the best of terms, was seriously ill in Hampshire. Just as he was, Mr. Smith started, on his tired horse, to ride through the night to see his father alive, hiring hacks as he made his way. When at last, in the dusk of the morning, he reached his father's house, he told the groom to take good care of the horse, as he thought he should buy it, for he had never been better carried in his life. When later in the day he went to see his pet, he found it was blind of one eye, and had two broken knees. Another and touching story I remember to have heard in regard to Mr. Smith. For his wife, who was an enthusiast about flowers, he built a huge hothouse, and when, in his latter days, his sight failed him, this great glass-house was the place where the king of fox-hunters took his daily exercise on horseback. What sad and yet joyous recollections would crop

up in him of many a gallop at racing pace from Burrow-on-the-Hill, and flying leaps over, or it might be into, the Whissendine Brook! But the benefit and enjoyment of riding is not confined to the hunting-field; it is open to everyone who possesses a horse, and knows how to ride him. Two conditions only are needful: you must be at home in the saddle, and you must love your horse. The roads are open, without even turnpikes now; the bridle-gates are open, and by them you cut off mileage, and get familiar with views and scenery, unknown land to others. All you need is a Walker's 'County Map' in your pocket. It is the simplest and the surest cure for overwork, indigestion, real or fancied ailments. You set out perhaps jaded and bilious; to a certainty you come home elastic as an indiarubber ball, and as if made of steel. The normal distance per day may be from thirty to thirty-five miles; starting at about ten, the first stage is covered between twelve and one; man and horse enjoy their bait, and are fresh for the second trot, ending about dusk hour in winter. You commit your steed to Jack Hostler to be made clean and comfortable, and, after a stroll in the town, you return to feed the horse, and see him enjoy his champagne of meal and water. Then go and take care of your own inner man; after

dinner, it will be time to go to the stable, see that your best friend is bedded up; minister to him a bucketful of oats and bran, so that, if the hostler cheat him of his morning's quartern, he will take no harm; see him plunge his nose into the manger, and bid him good-night. Then you are at liberty, but not till then, to get your cup of tea, skim over the newspaper, and go to bed. A second horse, if you have him, is convenient for getting over the ground; by sending him forward you pick him up without waiting for the bait, and so get three stages instead of two. But to have a groom trotting behind you, as a tin-kettle tied to your tail, is abomination, and no possible benefit. One essential point is to know your horse's natural pace, and accommodate yourself to it. As to whip and spurs, they are very pretty ornaments, but of no use whatever. If the horse will not go pleasantly and efficiently without them, the sooner you part company the better. A word, and not a blow, is what a good horse looks for, and repays. Whenever I see a man flog his horse, I am sure that he is either afraid of him, or is the greater brute of the two. Folk say, 'I rode my horse so far;' whereas we ought to say, 'I and my horse rode together so far.' In other words, make yourself part and parcel of your horse; you are wending your way two

friends together. When you are off his back, still look after him in the stable; see him fed yourself, day by day; he will tell you he is grateful by whinnying when he hears your step in the stable-yard; he will so willingly do whatever work you ask him to do; and you will return home together as brothers. My strong opinion is, that a naturally ill-tempered or vicious horse is the rarest thing to be met with. Those that are such are made such by mismanagement and brutal treatment. An ill-tempered groom, or a breaker ignorant of his craft, should be held chargeable for nine-tenths of the horses that are called vicious. Practical proof is better than theory. I once had a present of a young mare, reputed a kicker, and untoward to manage in or out of the stable. I soon found that she was scared and startly, and rightly attributed it to ill-usage in breaking-in. As to opening a gate, she would rear up and bounce round instead. Now, it happened that we had many drift roads with double gates, one opening inwards, its fellow outwards. At first she would not look at them; after a while I coaxed her between the gates, made her stand still between them for some quarter of an hour, and never afterwards had any trouble with her so far as gates were concerned. Another difficulty I had with her was the shoeing. She rushed,

she kicked, and the blacksmith almost declined to handle her. On going out one day, I said to the groom lad, 'If the blacksmith should come, do not let him do anything to the mare till I come back.' When I returned, first the blacksmith came limping up to me. 'What is the matter?' 'The mare has trampled on my foot.' 'Anything else?' 'Yes; she kicked the boy on the head.' No shoeing had been possible. So a few days afterwards I rode her to the blacksmith's forge—he lived some six miles off. The moment she saw him coming towards her, with a twitch, she jumped, and reared, and snorted. I bade him put that nasty thing away. He said he could not shoe her without. 'Yes, you can; and more than that, she shall not be tied up.' I led her into the forge, stood at her head, rubbed her nose, and talked to her. He shod her all round, and she never kicked once.

My many years of winter riding have left but little record of 'moving accidents by flood or field.' One instance on either hand I bear in mind. I had to ride from Windsor to London *viâ* Runnymead. I came to a signpost directing me to the left, and soon found myself in flood's way; the water was unpleasantly deep, and perilously near the current of the Thames. My mare was a duck, but unfortunately the one thing she objected to face was

water. She kept bucking and swerving, so that I was forced to keep my legs down to make use of my heels. At last we got safe to dry land, and then stared me in the face another signpost, informing me that the way I had come was the nearest road to Windsor, but that when the floods were out the road was dangerous. No such warning was upon the corresponding post at the other end. However, I got to the inn stable, where I was obliged to wait some hours wet up to the knees, in anxiety as to my man, who had followed me from Windsor. His was a smaller horse than mine, and I was in great doubt as to their safety, when man and horse arrived dry as a bone. When the man reached the misleading post, as he could not read, he asked his road of a man breaking stones, who directed him the other way, *as the waters were out.* Once, too, by land, I was saved from a smash by the skin of my teeth. I was riding from London to Stevenage; it is a bull to say that it was the darkest night I ever saw, for I could not see my horse's ears, nor did I see one of the long coaches close upon us, but happily my horse saw, or more likely heard it, and started aside: our only risk was a flounder in the ditch.

I once had to take a very long time for a very short distance; the day before the Queen's Corona-

tion I had to ride from London into Kent; and to get from Cumberland Place across Oxford Street took me *half an hour*. The case was this: grand preparations were being made in the Park for the next day, and there was an almost unbroken string of vehicles passing east and west; it was only inch by inch that I could move across. I was on a very shy, nervous mare that had never been in London before. I fully expected that she would rush and deposit herself and me under some carriage-wheel. Not so; she was in too great terror to show fright; she trembled under me, and when at last we got across, the dark-brown mare that left Cumberland Place entered the Park white all over in lather. The passage across was almost as bad on the other side.

Though exempt from disasters in my far journeyings, I have not escaped scar-free nearer home. Some five hundred yards from my own door, the slug I was upon, without why or wherefore, pecked on his nose, and broke my collar-bone against the kerbstone. Number 2: My horse in the dusk was startled by an ungainly pig, crossed his legs, came on his head, and saved his knees, but broke my olecranon; in the vulgate, elbow-tip; thanks to the skill of my medico, no harm came of it. Number 3: The same dear little scamp, scared

by a bicycle, bolted, and ran blindly away in a park, just saving his own head by running me broadside against a tree. I came off with a bloody nose, loosened tooth, and one side, from hip to ankle, black as my hat.

Jack Frost was a serious impediment to winter riding, especially if Mrs. Snow bore him company. The ordinary remedy was to 'rough' your horse; that is, to turn up the heels of the shoes, and fasten them with great-headed nails. On a journey these preventatives soon wore down, and you had to get them renewed by any chance blacksmith at the risk of laming your horse, and the certainty of pulling his hoofs about. I was taught by a Derbyshire squire a more reasonable plan. At the winter shoeing the shoes were made with heels a trifle thicker than usual, into which holes were drilled to receive small but strong steel spikes during frost, or plain plugs when the thaw came. Care was needed not to drill quite through the heel, lest the end of the spike should induce a corn. I once paid heavily for lack of this simple scheme. The groom woke me in the morning to say that there had been a sharp frost; had not the horses better be roughed? Thinking the remedy worse than the disease, I said, 'No;' so we started together, as it chanced, for a thirty miles' trot. All went well at

a pace too quick for blundering, till at a specially slippery place all my mare's feet shot from under her. However, she was a nimble one, and quickly picked herself up. When I had time to look behind me, I saw my man on the broad grin, chuckling, no doubt, that I was punished for refusing to have the horses roughed. A few miles further I heard a sudden scuffle behind me, and saw man and horse on the ground; the horse scrambled up, but the rider lay where he was. The horse had fallen upon his leg, and seriously injured it. I got him a cast in a passing cart, and at the next town had a surgeon for him, and a farrier for the steeds. The upshot was—the man disabled for many weeks by his roll; his horse ditto from being badly pricked in the roughing. This was the penalty I suffered from not knowing then of the little steel spikes.

If you wish to ride your journey without let or hindrance, you must have more regard for your horse than for yourself; for instance, you can put up with a sorry lodging for yourself, but beware of a bad stable for your steed. A tough beefsteak or a cold shoulder of mutton will stay your appetite, but indifferent hay, too much or too little water, will very soon tell upon the good slave who carries you. Never stint the oats, but eschew,

that is, do not let your horse chew beans at all, except the weather chance to be grim and wet, or the miles you require from him are unusually many. Unless I well knew my quarters, I greatly preferred an inn to a private stable. At the one you can do what cannot be done at the other—give orders as to the treatment of your nag, and see that they are attended to. Then your hostler knows his business, and also knows he will be paid according to his work; whereas the private groom may or may not be fit for his place, may tend or maltreat the stranger that gives him extra trouble. One morning, on coming down to breakfast in a friend's house, the hostess said she was afraid some accident had happened to my horse, and her husband had gone to the stable. Of course, I followed, quick march, and found my host looking grave, and his groom, as I read him, sulkily conscious, and my prime favourite scared and frightened, with a couple of swollen hocks, from both of which the hair was chafed. The man's story was, that when he was grooming him in the loose-box, his tail to the wall, he suddenly kicked up and grazed his hocks against the wall, in proof of which he pointed to a bit of hair sticking upon the brick. I saw at once that this hair had been placed there; but I only said that I could conceive a cow kicking so, but no

horse could have managed so to strike the wall. Of course, I took my leave after breakfast, and afterwards my friend found out that the horse in play had nipped the man, who in a passion struck him across the hocks with his curry-comb, clumsily sticking on the hair afterwards. This came of a private stable.

In the good olden day a large coach-proprietor of Liverpool offered to match a given number of horses against any other proprietor in point of condition. His system was this: as soon as the team came off its stage, the horses were turned into the stable just as they were—wet, dirty, reeking with sweat. In the manger they found the contents of a bucket, oats, chopped hay, beans crushed, bran, all mixed up together. So soon as they had finished their mess, they were taken out, thoroughly groomed, put back into their stall, where a good bed had been now made, and a second bucketful of the liquid food in the manger; then they were left to rest for the night. But dry food his horses never tasted. If I remember right, he easily won his wager. After a long day's trot your horse will be very grateful to you if you rest him for the night in a loose-box instead of a many-stalled stable; he will sleep sounder and breathe freer. But even in this there is risk; loose-boxes are

frequently employed as hospitals for sick horses, who may leave traces of their ailments as a legacy for your sound horse to carry away with him. I once from this cause all but lost a very valuable horse only just bought.

CHAPTER IX.

RUTLAND AND LEICESTERSHIRE.

Some sixty years have come and gone since I dwelt very happily in the wee county of Rutland, or Redland. It can boast of no great beauty, but from end to end is a healthy, liveable district, and has more than a few distinctive features. It has its twin towns, Oakham and Uppingham—sisters in one sense, rivals in another—each with its Grammar School and its more than average church. Oakham, too, has its old Castle, and its ranged horseshoes to show. Then, it is said that the county contains more parishes, according to its area, than any other. I remember, in one day's longish ride, to have passed by seventeen churchyards. As to two of these parishes there is a peculiarity. With Exton is joined the hamlet of Horn, now swallowed up in the Park, and the Incumbent of Exton used to read himself in for Horn under a tree in the Park. There is also

Martinsthorpe, a sinecure living, which consists of one ancient house and some half-dozen occupants. Just over the border, in Leicestershire, is the beautiful little church of Withcote, a miniature resemblance of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

It is a quaint fact that three of the Rutland magnates descend from Lord Mayors of London. Among the mansions dotted about, Burley for position stands first, and historically as possessed by the noted Duke of Buckingham when, to amuse Queen Henrietta, Sir Geoffrey Hudson was served up in a pie. With regard to this property, Lord Liverpool, it was said, forgot his tact, which he was not wont to do. He wrote to Lord Winchilsea to say, that the country 'desired to confer a suitable estate upon the Duke of Wellington, and he understood that the Earl had a seat in Rutland; perhaps his lordship might be disposed to part with it.' The Earl, who was very fond and proud of Burley, replied that the Duke of Rutland had a very fine mansion at Belvoir, 'perhaps his Grace might be disposed to part with it.' Oddly enough, it came to pass that the very next property of Exton afterwards all but fell into the hands of the Duke, before he bought Strathfieldsaye. And as if his links to Rutland refused to be broken, Copenhagen, the horse that bore the Duke at Waterloo, was

foaled at Stocken, in Rutland, and had his first run at grass in Exton Park. At the house at Exton there was afterwards a disastrous fire, but as Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, the eccentric owner consoled himself, that he was able to rescue a young lady's gloves. Faulty pronunciation necessarily creates false spelling, whence naturally arises foolish interpretation. Stocken, of which I spoke, was formerly the residence of General Grosvenor, who bred Copenhagen from a mare that was his charger at the siege of Copenhagen. Her son, therefore, was seven years old at Waterloo. Stocken Hall, in earlier day, was Stockings, and close by is 'No Stockings,' for which names no reasonable meaning could be given. Whereas Stocken is simply the ground originally cleared out of the woodland district, and applied to the feeding of stock. Just by is Mock Beggar, the solution given being, that beggars tramping on the Great North Road turned aside in hopes of dole, and found only a wilderness. Whereas Mock Beggar is simply Moch or Much Beggar, from the numerous gipsies who frequented and pitched their tents in these woods.

Not far from this, on the confines of the county, is Woodhead, noted for the champion-fight between Crib and Molyneaux, at which a learned Doctor of

Divinity, whom I remember in after-life, was eased of his gold watch. The aristocratic patronage of pugilism continued for many years after that. In the coffee-room at the Star and Garter, Worcester, there is, or was, a print of a great gathering, and a four-in-hand arriving: this was Lord Coventry conveying Spring to his champion-fight with Langan. It so happened that I was going by coach from London to Oxford, and fell into conversation with a very quiet, well-informed fellow-passenger: it was Spring on his way to the combat. His real name was Winter; he was born at Hereford, and by some means came under the notice of Crib, who thus became his private tutor in fisticuffs.

Twice in the early part of this century the little county was frightened from its propriety by a double murder in the one case, and attempt to murder in the other, and, strangely, in both cases brothers were the culprits. In the dusk of the winter morning a farmer riding to Oakham market from Hambleton, found the first gate hampered, and, as he stooped to unfasten it, two men brained him. It was, in fact, a case of shoot at the pigeon and kill the crow, for the intended victim was another farmer, supposed to have much money in his pocket. The offenders—two men of evil repute in the

village—were tried at the ensuing Assizes, found guilty, and left for execution. In those days there was no gaol-chaplain; so the Governor, a Christian man, not only gave them wood for firing, but read and prayed with them. The three were on their knees; one of the men slipped a brand from a bundle of wood, with which he killed the gaoler as he knelt, and they rushed out. However, his wife, aware of some mischief, ran out before them, and locked the outer door behind her. Their second murder, therefore, was useless, and they were hanged forthwith. By rather a refinement of punishment, they were hung in chains within sight of their own door. In my time the chains only remained on the gibbet. Years after, three brothers were tried and condemned at Oakham for brutally shooting a gamekeeper. Of these, the elder brother only—I suppose by right of primogeniture—was executed; he was by far the best of the three.

Lord Lonsdale was then at Cottesmore, and in the hunting season matters were very lively. Among those who had their quarters at Melton was a Russian Count, a foremost rider, very popular with all; wicked folk said that he was a political spy. He had no horses of his own; but by agreement with Tattersall, or someone in London, he was always to have eight first-rate horses at his com-

mand; if any were sick or sorry, they were to be exchanged for others. Grooms were to have charge of them; saddles, bridles, shoes even, were found. The Count had nothing to do but to ride them. For all this he had a lump sum to pay for the season, which I remember thinking was very reasonable. The practical wisdom of the Russian Count's equine arrangement he one day put to the test: the horses by the coverside were troublesome, and took to kicking each other, so that the riders sheered off to a respectful distance from each other. The Count sat quietly on his horse, and said, 'Keek away, keek away; I am insured!'

There was another hunting notable about this time—the late Sir Francis Burdett. He wrote a pamphlet which the Government of that day counted as libellous, and prosecuted him. As the pamphlet was dated Kirby, his hunting-box, near Melton, the trial came off at Leicester. Justice Best, a great Tory, came that circuit, it was said on purpose to try him. Sir Francis was cast in £1,000 and a long imprisonment. He said that the Judge wanted another letter (a) to his name. The sentence of imprisonment had to be confirmed by the full Court in London.

Meanwhile, after a sharp run, several hunting men baited their horses at the Three Crowns,

Leicester, and a friend of Burdett's overheard another gentleman say, that on the trial some of the jurymen were asleep. This clue was followed up, and made the most of before the Court in London, and the imprisonment was remitted. Strange that one, so long a leader of the Radicals, should end in becoming a great Tory. Still, I always considered that in reality Sir Francis never changed his foundation principle:

Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

In his early days the masses were a good deal trodden down; after the Reform Bill it was the classes that were shoved to the wall. Sir Francis changed his colours, but not his principle.

At or somewhat before this time, there was a very quaint character, Dr. Ford—Vicar of Melton—of whom numberless stories were afloat. He was a very energetic clergyman for those days; more than a little odd in his way of carrying out his views. For example, he was on very good terms with the hunting-men, who, when they ventured to chaff him, received their own with compound interest. One day he fell in with a knot of them, much disposed to banter. He said to them, 'You are not at all a bad sort, but I wish I could see you at church.' 'Oh, doctor, we will come some

day.' 'Yes, but some day is no day. Now, will you promise to come on *Sunday week?*' They readily promised, but never thought of fulfilling it. The *next* Sunday he gave notice of a charity sermon for the Sunday following. When that day came, none of his friends under bond appeared. At the end of the Litany he bid the clerk, whose stave was all the church music then in vogue, to begin Psalm 119, and go on until he stopped him. At the same time he sent out the sexton to hunt up the red-coats, and remind them of their promise. After awhile several of them came trooping in, when the Vicar said audibly, 'Stop! here they come, every man of them worth a guinea!' He was passionately fond of music, and an unfailing visitor at all the public meetings. A sort of caricature of him was published—a good but very unflattering likeness of the man himself playing the violoncello. He said once to an old friend of mine, as he left his house to walk back to Melton, 'When I get to such a point, the double drums will come in;' which meant that, as he walked, he should hum to himself the whole of a certain work of Handel, and that he would reach the point named when the drums struck up in the oratorio.

Once, on the occasion of the Bishop's visitation, the appointed preacher failed to appear. His

lordship requested one of the clergymen assembled in the vestry to preach the sermon. Naturally they one and all declined, as unprepared. At last the Bishop said, 'Dr. Ford, this is your church, and I know that you are in the habit of preaching without book'—a practice, by the way, which his lordship strongly disapproved of—'I am sure that you will relieve us of our difficulty.' The old gentleman accordingly went into the pulpit, and took for his text Is. lvi. 10: 'They are all dumb dogs; they cannot bark.'

On the by-road, or rather no-road, from Melton across to Loughborough, there is a point on the old Fosse-way where in the winter, some forty years ago, I was swamped and sloughed up, and only escaped through the pluck of my horse, and that was 'Six Hills.' Will anyone, strong in that line, be so good as to explain whether this spot is simply *Six* Hills, from that number of distinct eminences; or *Sedge* Hills, from the multitude of rushes; or *Sex*, for Saxon, as in Essex and Sussex?

CHAPTER X.

NORTH AND SOUTH WALES, AND A PEEP AT THE LAKES.

In health and morals the normal course runs downward from the bad to the worse; but those travelling, as Doctor Syntax travelled, 'in search of the picturesque,' should pass upward from good to better, from the pretty to the beautiful. For instance, they should have a fair knowledge of South Wales, in many quarters so quaint and attractive, before they venture on North Wales, in every quarter so grand and delightful. Visit them in the other order, and they spoil each other. When at home in *all* Wales, but not before, they may pass to the Lake Country, and revel in the mountains, the waters, and the people. Take these districts in the reverse order, and they will tread upon each other's heels. Snowdonia will sneer at the Black Mountains; Barmouth will say to

Aberystwith, 'I beat you to shivers;' the Menai Straits will say that they swamp Milford Haven. Worse still if you go in the first instance to Lake-land. Then Helvellyn and Skiddaw will tell Snowdon and Cader Idris, as one rural nymph would tell another, 'I am almost as big as you, and my face is a deal prettier nor yourn.' Derwentwater and Ulleswater will count Bala Lake but as a broad sheet of water lacking interest, and will hold cheap even Llyn Ogwen. This rule of travel admits of no exception. Know the Wye before you see the Dart, otherwise the beauties of the one will be lost in the perfection of the other. I went direct from Glastonbury to Fountains Abbey, and therefore had equal enjoyment of both. The two last of the Cathedrals I visited were Durham and St. David's. Had I seen them earlier, the present supremacy of the one and the past grandeur of the other would have sadly dwarfed their beautiful sisters. This ascending scale prevails always, and in everything we do. You are content with mutton before you get a taste for venison, though, in truth, the sheep beats the deer. You teach your horse to trot before you allow him to canter. A lad learns to slide safely before he ventures to put on his skates. Nimrod is at home in the hunting-field before he risks the racecourse;

scarlet before silk. It is from 'humble port' that Bibulus sips 'imperial tokay.'

My first journey into North Wales was before the days of huge steam-kettles. I had a month to call my own, and thought I would, starting from Chester, travel leisurely in a hired gig, and see as much of the country as my time would admit of. The hostler at the hotel gave me the pick of four or five horses; I chose one, and we came to terms as to cost per week for hire and keep of the horse. When further I asked him the charge for the driver, he stared, and said, 'Would I not drive myself?' No; I could drive a horse of my own, but would have nothing to do with a stranger. As I only proposed to travel one stage that evening, I thought I might utilise the morning, and try my steed by going to see Eaton Hall. 'You will drive yourself there, I suppose?' said the hostler. 'No, I will not'—whereat he grinned. We trotted pleasantly through the Park, the road as smooth as a bowling-green. I was just adopting a favourable idea of the horse, when down he came. I was shot out upon his back, to roll on to the ground, where the driver was already sprawling. Upon floundering up, the horse presented two such broken knees as I never saw before or since.

When I came back at the month's end, I went

to see the patient, and found him still laid up in the hands of the vet. I asked the hostler whether I was not right in having a driver, and how possibly the horse came down on a perfectly level road. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'he had lately done a goodish bit of work.' Yet he would have let me take him through Wales, and no doubt, when I brought him back broken-kneed, would have sought to fleece me for blemishing a sound and safe horse.

This tumble in Eaton Park upset my plans, so I chanced hiring gigs from stage to stage as far only as Rhyl. Passing through the beautiful vale of Clwyd, I asked the driver what was the name of the mountain which first caught my eye, when he told me it was Moel Fammau, which meant the 'Mother of Mountains.' I thought how very far the native Welsh beat Byron's 'Monarch of Mountains.'

Rhyl is now, I understand, a thriving, populous, almost fashionable place of resort; the wonder is, that with beautiful sites all around, this ever came to pass. When I first saw it, there was a scanty supply of houses, a plentiful supply of black drains discharging themselves into the sea, to be cast up again diluted by the next tide. Within and out of itself Rhyl did not seem to possess one single point of attraction, except the sea and its *drainy* sands.

So, at the time I am noting, Llandudno could boast of one or two, at most three, habitations—in consequence of which a dear old friend of mine, needing a quiet place for rest, resided awhile in a farm-house—and now it is a throng-crowded place, with a beautiful bay before you, and the grand old Orme's Head above you. But you cannot be always climbing up the Head, or gazing at the bay, even if the long line of blue bathing-gowns hung out to dry does not happen to block your view. You see there multitudes of inland folk, trudging about with alpenstocks, or trying to extract a quasi-gallop out of the poor tired ponies up and down the few yards of frontage to the hotels and lodging-houses. For emptying your pockets and getting scant returns, it is the best place that ever was known. But if you are tired of being cooped up, your only escape is by rail to Conway ; there you are a free man, and can steam away whither you will. In short, Llandudno is a place which everyone should visit, not merely once, but again and again ; but, if you pitch your tent there for a sojourn, you will not need to go to the druggist for morphia.

After leaving Rhyl, and catching the coach at Abergele, I had my first experience of what Wales really is. This naturally woke up in me at the

sight of Conway Castle. How it stirs up one's bile to think that this beautiful structure, but for the rapacity of its unworthy owner, would be now as intact and strong as Warwick Castle itself! Then, as we trotted onward by Dwygyfylchi and Penmaenbach, and were on the high level overlooking the sea on the right, and Penmaenmawr before us, I said to the coachman, 'Why, here is the very place to build a great hotel.' I little thought I was a bit of a prophet, but some twenty years afterwards I found myself again in Wales *by railroad,* and an inmate of the 'Penmaenmawr Hotel,' then smaller than it now is; sundry houses cropping up behind it, now multiplied around a pretty church. In after-years I several times renewed my visits, and rejoiced to see the growing prosperity of a place, that it would be very hard to beat for its beauty, its healthiness, its handiness of transit, whithersoever you wish to go. I only hope they will not fall into the mistake of all popular places, and over-build themselves. 'Much would have more' is a very natural, but a fatal error in these matters.

As we turned the Penmaen Point, I thought I never had beheld such a glorious sight. The beetling crag overhead, the expanse of water sheer beneath us, with Beaumaris nestling on the other

side, and Puffin Island at her elbow. Surely this is the most magnificent, as Pont Aberglaslyn is the most beautiful, spot in the Principality. Somehow the apparent danger of the scene adds to its attraction. You look upward and think what mincemeat the threatening rock above would make of you, if it made good its threat; you look before you, and think if the horses bolted, or ran you against the low protecting wall, what a header you would take into the Menai Strait. The former danger is by no means imaginary. The sheep on the mountain lie under the shelter of these loosened heavy lumps of rock; they scratch bare the ground they lie upon; then come the heavy rains, and the crags topple over bodily. The very day that I drove down to Aber, one of these masses lay almost in the middle of the road, leaving just, and only just, room for the coach to pass between it and the wall. The coachman said it was not there when he drove up in the early morning.

At Bangor I took up my quarters at the Penrhyn Arms, then the grand hotel of the district. Miss Roberts, Queen of Menai, was not yet in the ascendant. In the summer I was there, from sixty to seventy guests were lodged, with others located out to sleep. It was quite an inn 'to take one's ease in,' with its pretty garden

looking on the Straits, tenanted, I remember, by a so-called tame goat, that had an ugly trick of stealing behind you and butting you inside the knee. During my stay there was a public concert in the town, given by a notable proficient in Scotch songs and ballads. I wondered what a Welsh audience would think of the Northern lingo, and was quite astonished to find how fully they appreciated the pathetic ballads, and how quickly they caught the dry witticisms of the lighter songs. Poor fellow! had he known it, this was his swan-like dirge that he sang that night. He sailed the next morning for America; fell in with foul weather on the voyage; the ship foundered, and all on board perished.

When next I was in this region, what a change came o'er my dream! Not only the suspension wonder, but the tubular monster spanned the Straits; Beauty and the Beast were side by side together. As triumphs of science and skill, equally marvellous; to look upon, how wondrously different! Both alike are of inestimable value in a commercial sense; but still, unlike Macbeth's dagger, they are sensible to feeling *and* to sight; the one, to look upon, seems fairy handiwork—the other, a line of horse-boxes strung together. But the contrast is still stronger with the little sister and brother at

Aber Conway. There the suspension seems to be but the natural drawbridge-entrance to the Castle; the tubular is an ugly grim invader forcing its way through the tower. It is hard to forgive Mr. Leveller Steam for his absolute outrage upon Conway Castle; his disfiguring intrusion upon Chepstow Castle; his mocking proximity to the ruins of Buildwas Abbey. Verily we pay a heavy price for travelling faster than our forefathers.

While talking of the Menai Bridges, a word or two cannot be out of place as to the George Hotel, and its remarkable landlady. Go back but sixty odd years, and there was an ale-house at Menai Ferry, and a 'cute, well-behaved girl attending to it. The suspension bridge is projected; the projector needs a place to abide in during the work, and a servant to wait upon him; he finds both ready to his hand. The project accomplished, crowds flock to see. A house of call is wanted; there it is, with a sharp-witted young woman to manage it. With a little help to start her from her temporary master, she holds her own, thrives and prospers, adds to the original inn from time to time, till it soars into a huge hotel. With the continually increasing demands upon them, the landlady's capabilities and wits developed and

gathered strength, just as the rooms multiplied in her enlarged house.

To every tourist in Wales, Miss Roberts became a familiar name, and the George a recollection of comfort and enjoyment. When I first knew her she had years upon her back, but was always to the fore in superintendence, as it seemed, of everything. One of her special rules was that, how many soever the guests might be, each party should have a separate table, and their own *silver* teapot. Of course, the breakfast arrangements of the Duke of Wellington, when once he chanced to be a visitor, were specially attended to. When he came down to breakfast, the first thing he did was to order the waiter to take away the silver teapot, and bring him a crockery one. 'Tea did not draw in metal,' he said. The difficulty was, that no such article could be found on the premises; and one was borrowed from a neighbouring cottage. Strange that years after I should hear of the Duke again, when, after the death of Miss Roberts, I was at the hotel. It was then under the management of a company. I begged of the lady in satin, who came forward, to give me a good bedroom, as it was very hot. She showed me one which was extremely comfortable, but very small, as I told her in the morning. She replied that I ought to be proud of

my bedroom, for the Duke of Wellington had slept in it. This reminded me of a day long bygone, when a neat-handed little Phyllis showed me over Walmer Castle, and opening one door with an air, she said, 'This is the Duke's bedroom, and that is the Duke's bed,' pointing to a little camp-bed in a room about ten feet square. A story goes that William IV. once said of this bed, 'Why, you have not room to turn round in it.' 'When you think of turning round in bed,' replied the Duke, 'it is time to turn out.'

One of Wellington's peculiarities was that he could sleep at any, the most anxious, moment, and wake up again at whatever time he pleased. An instance of this I have somewhere read. At the critical moment when it was yet doubtful whether Massena's retreat from the lines of Torres Vedras was a reality or only a feint, the Duke was with his staff watching, and, pointing to the turn of a hill in the distance, he said, 'In about such a time, I think, you will see a body of troops turning that corner; then wake me.' The staff stood chatting somewhat carelessly, till Lord Fitzroy Somerset said, 'Is not the time nearly up?' When, exactly as Wellington had foretold, they saw a dark mass rounding the corner. At the same moment the Chief himself woke up. Massena was in full re-

treat, and Wellington soon gave him practical proof of that which Napier says he had forgotten, that 'War is not a conjectural art.'

In proof that the Duke's courtesy and coolness never deserted him, I remember an anecdote told by a resident at Cheltenham, who was a cavalry officer at Waterloo. Late in the evening, when the issue of the battle seemed to hang upon a thread, this officer chanced to be within hail of the Duke, who, tearing a leaf from his note-book, requested him to ride with it to a point some distance off. At the same time he politely apologized for so making use of one not on his staff, but they were, one and all, dispersed or disabled. I dare say the officer did not much relish his gallop, but he retained full reverence for his Chief—rather, like all who served under him, he idolized him.

I once fell in with a man who had been coachman to the Duchess, but was ordered one night to fetch the Duke home from the House of Lords. The horses were young and masterful, but as they had come up that morning from Strathfieldsaye, they were supposed to be safe. However, as the carriage-door was shut with a bang, they started off at full gallop, which they kept up the whole way to Apsley House. As the coachman described it to me, his last grain of strength just sufficed him

to turn them safely through the gates and pull up at the door. The Duke, as he got out of the carriage, merely said, 'Didn't you drive rather fast?'

Amid the grander qualities of the Duke, we are apt to forget two remarkable ones—his presence of mind and his common-sense. In the Reform rows, a grateful mob were yelling and hooting at his heels down Chancery Lane. The lawyers invited him to ride for safety into Lincoln's Inn. 'Thank you, gentlemen, but is there another way out?' Being assured that there was, he lifted his forefinger to his hat, and quietly rode through the gates. When he was Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation in Paris, there were at one time constant duels between the English and French officers, forced on by the latter purposely insulting the former. The Duke issued a peremptory order that no English officer should give or accept a challenge from a French officer. Soon after this a French Marshal met an English Colonel in the street, and shouldered him off the causeway, whereupon the Colonel doubled his fist and knocked him down. Forthwith the Duke received a solemn complaint that a Marshal of France had been assaulted by a British officer. This he was officially bound to take notice of; therefore he sent to the Colonel

a formal reprimand, but enclosed within it an invitation to dinner!

Two peculiarities you are sure to meet with when travelling in Wales: your driver is always behind his time, and at a ferry the regular boat is always under repair, and you are sent across in a rickety cock-boat. Returning from Llanberis to Menai, of course the man was not to be found; we got to Caernarvon just in time to be too late for the train. However, the man got me a cast in the van of a luggage-train, and I reached Menai in time for dinner. I should recommend everyone to make trial of this mode of transit: Stand with your back to the puffing-horse, and see the effect of the telescopic view you are receding from, especially as you dash in and out of a tunnel.

Another time the dawdle driver cost me dearer. Too late in starting from St. David's to Haverfordwest, I lost my train, and could get no further than Caermarthen that night instead of Swansea. On the other hand, having to cross from Pembroke Dock to Haverfordwest, there was only a tiny boat available for me and another. The water was rather lumpy, and I was very glad when we reached the opposite shore. The way in which my fellow-passenger clutched his portmanteau, as if that would float him, was great fun. I went through exactly

the same ordeal crossing the ferry to Barmouth. I had fallen in with a very intelligent Canadian at Aberdovey, with a very heavy box holding samples of the timber for the sale of which he was agent. No regular boat; dusk hour; heavyish swell; had more than a misgiving as to safely reaching Barmouth.

When recalling old Cheltenham days, I might have spoken of the opening of St. John's Church; there was, of course, a large congregation, and a full gathering of clergy. Bishop Bethell, the most learned Bishop then upon the Bench, in the Communion Service stood in front of the rails without his book; he was nervous, and stuck fast in the Second Commandment. After two or three gulps and coughs he recovered himself, much to the relief of the congregation and his own. The Bishop was translated to Bangor. By an odd coincidence, had he been present in the Cathedral as I was, he would have been witness to exactly the same scene. Dean Cotton was blind, but still took part in the Church Service every Sunday. I chanced to be there when, precisely as I had seen his then Bishop do at Cheltenham, he broke down in the Second Commandment. However, he very soon bridged the rift, and went on again. It was at all times painful to look at him when reciting the Service;

but it was piteous, when he thus failed, to see him turn his sightless eyeballs to the ceiling, and mark the twitch upon his flushed face.

A somewhat curious intermingling of nationalities once occurred in the church at Caernarvon. I was staying there, and knew very well the over-worked Vicar, and was always in readiness to lend him help, as was also another reverend sojourner who hailed from Ireland. One Sunday there met together the Bishop, a Scotchman, who preached; the Irishman, who took part in the Communion Service; the Vicar, a Welshman, who read prayers; and myself in reserve, if wanted, so that in this clerical quartet the United Kingdom was represented. It seems presumptuous *parvis componere magna;* but we may remember that, at Waterloo, the Duke, an Irishman, divided his army into three corps—one commanded by Lord Hill, an Englishman; the second by the Prince of Orange, a foreigner; the third by Picton, a Welshman. So, again, of Prince Eugene, almost as great a hero as the Duke, Lord Stanhope records that he was an Italian by descent, a Frenchman by training, and a German by adoption; and that by his usual signature—'Eugenio von Savoye'—he managed to combine the three languages.

I do not know how it may be now, but in the

earlier days, if you desired to secure a comfortable bedroom, two precautions were desirable in Wales. First, never, if possible, to reach your inn in the late evening, when the better rooms might be already bespoken; secondly, to look out for being done if, when you asked for a room, the landlady spoke to the chambermaid in Welsh. I have remembrance of Dolgelly on the one hand, of Tan-y-Bwlch on the other. I first reached Dolgelly in the dusk, and was informed that every room was engaged, but that one was reserved for two ladies, who very possibly might not come that night, in which case I might have their room. Lest I should go further and fare worse, I closed with the offer, and at ten o'clock, having heard nothing, I put my head into the little parlour behind the bar, where the landlady, good old Mrs. Walker, was at supper, and said, 'Please, ma'am, may I go to bed?' and so won my roost.

When, years after, I was on my way to Dolgelly, I wrote to secure my room beforehand, and found myself in my old hard-won apartment. I was busily employed in washing the dust out of my eyes, when the landlady presented herself to say that a lady and gentleman complained of their room only because it was too small, and really the room I was in was properly for two persons; would I

be so very kind as to change? 'Madam,' I said, 'I am sure you would not dream of any such thing if you knew that this is my very own room.' Suiting the action to the word, I quietly shut the door upon her. When later I told her the story of my prescriptive title to the room, she quite accepted my demurrer.

My bed-quest at Tan-y-Bwlch was not so successful; I was not then up to the plain English of the Welsh colloquy. Following the chambermaid upstairs, and to the end of a long passage, she landed me in a small room without a fireplace. It was very hot weather in July. Certainly I did not arise in the morning 'as a giant refreshed.'

Time went his way, and again I found myself at the same hostel, undergoing the same process. I could then construe the Welsh dialogue; but I followed the damsel upstairs, and when she turned down the familiar passage, I said, 'If you are taking me to the last room, it will not do for me.' Of course, she favoured me with the stereotyped answer, 'No other was at liberty.' When I said that we might then go down again, she led me into a very good room, fit for the daintiest. I utilized it for my travel ablutions, desired the porter to put my portmanteau on the omnibus, and escaped by train to most comfortable quarters at

Harlech. This was the first time I felt grateful to Railway for rescue.

The inn at Capel Curig was of yore sufficiently comfortable, but, standing alone, it had rather too much its own way. Sojourning there, I was one afternoon enjoying the grand prospect from the garden. I had passed upon the bridge two fishermen tourists, whom, from their elaborate get-up, I set down as born within sound of Bow Bells. Below the bridge was a tub of a punt for the benefit of such folk. After a while I heard a grand splash, and beheld the lustiest of the pair floundering in the water. However, by aid of his comrade he scrambled back into the tub, when they retired from the scene. When I went into the coffee-room for dinner, I found my friends had nearly dined, and Aquarius dressed in his Sunday's best. Soon after he said something to the waiting-girl, which she evidently did not understand. Upon this he bid her send the 'boots,' who soon arrived, bearing in his hand what seemed like two dripping eels, but were in reality a pair of braces which were given him to dry, and he had forgotten. Their owner exploded in much wrath, whereupon 'bootikins' said, 'Plase, sir, I'll lend you mine.'

We must not dwell so long upon North Wales as to forget the South. Surely North might well

say to South, 'If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes.' Once at Penmaenmawr a spruce young gentleman said to the lady next him at the breakfast-table, 'Is not Lake Ogwen very pretty?' 'Yes, I believe so.' 'Not at all, madam,' I said—'not in the least pretty; but it is astonishingly beautiful.' Is it not so, that North Wales claims to be most beautiful, while South Wales must be content to be extremely pretty?

In proof of the attractiveness of the country, it took me once five hours to ride from Brecon to Abergavenny—twenty miles—a short three hours on ordinary journey; and as long the next day for about the same distance to Ross. The line of road forbade you to make haste. Every turn opened out some fresh beauty; the streams on the one side of the valley, the clothed hills on the other, forced you to stop and look at them. It may be said that the main part of this journey was Monmouthshire; but Monmouthshire once was, and by nature always must be, Wales rather than England.

If we crave for grandeur in South Wales, there is at any rate the Black Mountain, standing out of the plain as a grim, sulky giant, scowling over his own domain. There is Plinlimmon, the mother of five rivers in fact, but notably of the three—the

Severn, Wye, and Rheidol. Her aspect, however, is neither majestic nor alluring. The two Cathedrals but few, perhaps, out of the multitude of travellers have seen, though they are so well worth seeing. Of Llandaff, my first remembrance is of a tumble-down building, the nave roofless, the rest dismantled, Service done only in the north aisle—quite large enough, the sexton told me, for the congregation that came there. Years after a dear old schoolfellow of mine was Dean; I spent a delightful Sunday with him. In the completely repaired Cathedral were three Services, each with crowded congregations, and I heard as good a sermon as I ever enjoyed in my life.

From Llandaff I went straight to St. David's, seeing blindly, as rail transit only allows you to see, that I was travelling through a varied, and often in a picturesque, district. In the Cathedral and its surroundings, the contrast between what has been, and what is, was very saddening. Since then, I believe, all that there were means to do has been done to prop up and keep on its legs the grand old sanctuary. It is devoutly to be wished that the gold-finders near Dolgelly could strike a vein of ore in this neighbourhood; then all that has been might be once again.

To descend from Cathedrals to Abbeys, we must

trespass again over the Monmouth Border. Sir Walter's rule, of course, is correct :

> 'If you would see fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit her by the pale moonlight.'

I first saw lovely Tintern with a crescent moon and twinkling stars overhead. What a dear, little, fresh, old beauty she is ! Then it is a delightful drive to Llanthony between the range of hills. When the Abbey was in its glory, strange freaks were afoot no doubt, to be somewhat imitated and reproduced among its ruins in the later day. So near at hand, we must not pass Raglan by, whilom the residence of Henry VII., for a time the refuge of Charles I., and so nobly defended by the grand old Marquis of Worcester.

Fifty years ago the Pump-house, Llandrindod Wells, was a quaint place of sojourn. The accommodation was somewhat of the homeliest, especially as to the sleeping quarters. For lucre' sake they made up as many beds as they could ; and, of course, the greater their number the smaller their size. A peg or two in the door sufficed to hang your raiment on ; a single chair kept guard by a tiny bed ; if you had a chest of drawers, the top of it was turned to account as the washing-stand. It was all very well, given fine weather ; but if, as was likely, you had rain, the only two available sitting-

rooms became fusty and unwholesome. It was great fun to see the troop of water-drinkers in the early morning marching up and down the gravel-walk, each with an empty wine-glass in hand, which from time to time they got replenished, according to the dose of mineral water prescribed for them. I trust the remedy was effectual, for I believe it was very nasty. One effect was noticeable, that at the breakfast-table the ladies were exuberant in merriment and talk. The face of the country round about is not at all attractive, but, I believe, it is a very healthy spot. The bracing air blowing from Radnor Forest gives you a craving appetite for your dinner.

When I was there the clergyman, more than fourscore, was reputed to be an excellent preacher, so I stayed over the Sunday to profit by his wisdom. The Service was in the afternoon, and almost the whole congregation were gathered in the churchyard, as their habit was, waiting for their pastor. When the specially venerable old man entered at the gate, every hat was doffed, and kindly greetings were exchanged as he passed into the church. I had seldom heard the lessons read, or the prayers prayed, so effectively, and I was looking forward to the sermon I should hear, when there appeared in the pulpit a self-complacent stranger who had

arrived the day before at the Pump-house, and lost no time in volunteering his services. So, instead of the lore we might have gathered from the patriarch, we had to content ourselves with some twenty minutes of vapid platitudes.

I witnessed here what then was a common Welsh practice: the dogs followed their masters into church. There would be six or eight of them lying together. Now and then you heard a snarl or a growl, but on the whole they behaved with due decorum.

Then, of your fashionable sea-bathing resorts, the Principality boasts a pair—Tenby and Aberystwith. Well, what are they really worth? At Tenby you have a pretty enough town; a very expansive view seaward; some walks among the rocks; a trip to see Pembroke Docks, so well worth seeing, and, best of all, Milford Haven. But even there you are tempted into 'odorous' comparisons; you remind yourself of Torbay, or of the seaward view from Dartmouth. Taken at its utmost value, Tenby is about worth a week's sojourn. To me these thronged places are wearisome in the extreme. You are doomed to a crowded, expensive hotel, or you take refuge in fusty lodgings, knowing nothing as to the former inmates. Years since a gentleman at Cheltenham

saw a corpse carried from the opposite lodging-house in the morning; the man had died of scarlet-fever. Forthwith the ticket 'To Let' was put up in the window, and a fresh family took possession in the afternoon. Then, what pleasure and enjoyment can there be in tramping up and down the parade? The utmost you can take note of is, how many variations of apparel the ladies are constrained to adopt in the course of the day for the outward world. They tell me that at Scarborough these are three at least.

What a change, utterly and entirely for the worse, has come over that place since I first knew it in 1825! Then its many natural beauties could be enjoyed without let or hindrance—no swell crowds, no inroads of excursion-trains. In the autumn you could see plenty of equipages driving about; these belonged to the chief Yorkshire families, that visited Scarborough each year at that season. On the shore, under where the bridge now is, stood some twenty or thirty good horses, of which you could have your pick for eighteen-pence an hour. I remember one day riding over to Filey, and we had difficulty in getting stabling and a feed of corn for our horses. Lord Fitzwilliam, I have understood, was the maker of the place. He took a fancy to the Bay for bathing his hunters in the

summer, to invigorate them for their winter's work. The houses he built for himself and his grooms gave the first start to Filey as it now stands, almost a rival to its marine sisters on either side, Bridlington and Scarborough.

We have yet to speak of Aberystwith as it was, no doubt very different from what it is. Of course, I should see it now much enlarged and embellished; but still *naturally* it can scarcely rank above the average of seaside places. Its one main resource is a drive to the Devil's Bridge, or Pont-y-Mynach. But 'there are many pretty things to show you when you are there.' The two bridges, one above the other, so full of interest and history! The grand cascade of water comes thundering down into its rock-hollow, apparently black as ink, in reality clear as crystal; and then discharges itself into a broad expanded valley of surpassing beauty. The Swallow Fall is a baby compared with it. When first I went to see it, a guide offered his help, which I accepted, but thought needless. When we stood on the flat-stone over the pool, he said, 'Please lay hold of my shoulder, sir.' I did as I was bid, and then, looking at the rush of water, acknowledged that I could not have stood there without his crutch. He told me that a little while before a gentleman refused his aid, went down

alone, and tumbled head foremost into the pool. The guide jumped in and rescued him, and received *sixpence* for his reward. I told him that the traveller must have been a very humble-minded man to value his life at that amount.

I wished to go next day from Aberystwith to Bangor, but was told at the hotel that the coach did not run. Of course they forgot to tell me that one ran from the other inn. By chance I found this out, and, starting at six in the morning, had a long but most beautiful drive, by Machynlleth, Mallwyd, Cann Office, Meifod, to Oswestry, whence I took train to Bangor. I need not say what havoc I made of my luncheon-breakfast at the Wynnstay Arms. I suppose I was wrong, but I was so entranced with Nature's handiwork that I did not think it worth while to see what modern science and the Duke of Newcastle might have achieved at Hafod. Given the time to spare, the very comfortable hotel would be a delightful week's resting-place in the summer. When I was there once the landlord told me he came from the like occupation at Bath. I thought he must find his Cambrian Christmas-tide deadly lively.

Much would always have more. What, years ago, I saw of the Lake country makes me now, when I am no longer locomotive, yearn after what

I shall never see. Fresh from the Taffy-land, I found myself in this wondrous district. Naturally, I made comparisons between the two, but the one in no sense spoilt the other. I steamed from Bowness to Ambleside. Certainly Windermere, with its cultivated banks, and garnished by Langdale Pikes, a good deal took the shine out of Bala. But next I passed on to Grasmere, thought that its unpretending quietude was very attractive, but then the uncanny gloom of Lake Ogwen had enthralled me. I greatly enjoyed my drive by the highest-inhabited house in England, and by Brothers' Water to Patterdale; yet I thought that the old road by Penmaen Point, or the drop down to Bettws-y-Coed was quite as beautiful. But when I got to Ulleswater, with the giant Helvellyn keeping guard over it, when I saw how delightful it was, and how grand in rough winds it would be, even Snowdon and Llanberis were at a discount. Last, but very far indeed from being least, I got sight of Derwentwater, in itself and all its surroundings so very beautiful. I enjoyed it both by a row and by a ride round it. The islands and the mountains, the objects around, or the distant prospects, equally laid hold of you. It was a dry summer, so possibly Lodore did not show himself off to advantage. Certainly he bore no

comparison to the roaring, rushing waterfall at Pont-y-Mynach, nor had he, as there, a broad expanse of valley to dance in.

In the evening I was walking on the road near Portingscale Hotel, when I fell in with a stalwart statesman half fuddled. He had been at a funeral, and it was then respect to the defunct to get tipsy. But he was perfectly courteous in his cups, and asked me what I thought of his country, and had I seen the Bowdore Stone? 'Yes; I had seen it that morning.' 'Did I know how it got there?' 'No; would he be so good as to tell me?' 'Well, it was thus: One day Satan and Samson had a bout of football from Saddleback to Skiddaw. Satan kicked the ball, but kicked it awry; it fell where it now lies, and it is in vain to try to move it.' I am sure that my friend entertained not the slightest doubt as to the truth of his myth.

CHAPTER XI.

DERBYSHIRE, CHESHIRE, CROMER.

It was in 1811 that I first saw Buxton; it might then be said to consist of the Crescent, with its three hotels or boarding-houses. There was little show, but great sociability; cripples abounded, but cures were rapid; and the man you saw on crutches to-day would next week be doing duty in the ball-room. These balls were held almost every night, and supper followed, for which I was allowed to sit up, and became acquainted with cray-fish, and made myself ill with bilberry-tart. On Saturday night the ball broke up an hour sooner, and the room was arranged for the Service on Sunday, which was always held there, any stray clerical visitor being enlisted as the officiating minister. There was then no church nearer than Fairfield, a curious primitive structure with a very quaint parson. Then there were the magnificent stables belonging to the three hotels, in one detached building, which

is now the Buxton Hospital for Gout and Rheumatism.

As everyone knows, Derbyshire abounds in places of interest, and is rife with charming scenery. But those who travel only on the beaten track, and follow as they are led by guide-books, have little or no conception of the beauties hidden in bye-nooks and unfrequented hamlets. From Buxton excursions branch out on every side. You may go into the Peak, see a bleak, ungenial district, and in all probability come home with a wet jacket. You might heretofore have taken a drive—beautiful every inch of it—to Rowsley Bridge, and enjoyed the perfect comfort and quietude of the Peacock, having two or three fishermen for your companions. Now you can rail there, unconscious as to the beauties through which you have steamed, and find yourself elbowed by a mob of bustling excursionists. The last time I was in this district, we stopped at the Edensor Inn, meaning to see Chatsworth. The landlady enjoined us to take our lunch at once, as the contents of a Sheffield train were then going over the house, and when they returned to feed, the coffee-room would be a bear-garden. This reminded me that once I went to enjoy a quiet day at Hampton Court, ignorant that it was the race-day. The waiter

bade me lunch and be off as soon as I could, for when the people came back from the races 'the scene was quite hawful.'

I am free to confess that grand houses like Chatsworth have but little attraction for me; they are simply the representatives of a plethoric purse. But ride or wander over the Park, and then here, there, and at every turn, you are bewildered with the varied and magnificent prospects. Then, unfortunately for Chatsworth, there is the grand old Haddon Hall mocking at its elbow. Look on this picture and on that, and the question settles itself. Or go further afield, and visit Hardwicke, its windows as days, its perfect gallery, its grand state-rooms; all that seems to say to us, 'We really knew how to build in our day'—at any rate, Bess of Hardwicke was queen among builders.

When delighting ourselves with Haddon, we must be sure not to let slip Bakewell Church, and its grand monument to old Sir George Vernon and his spouse, and his children kneeling before them, according to their age. Among the multitude of beautiful monuments scattered through the country, I doubt if there are many to be found more impressive in its quiet grandeur than this; even Chantry at Ilam does not surpass it.

In later life, when somewhat podagric by in-

heritance, I was now and then a visitor at Buxton. An utterly changed place; the railroad was not yet there with its monster hotel, but sundry houses had sprung up on every side; Sir Joseph Paxton had laid out the pretty walks; there was a band discoursing quadrilles; in short, Buxton was aspiring to be a fashionable watering-place. Yet the change was for the worse, after all. The two remaining hotels of the Crescent—the centre had collapsed into a shop—were bustling and crowded; nothing of the quiet, home-like comfortableness of the olden days. However, the waters flowed as aforetime; these I had nothing to do with. The luxury of the baths still remained, with their wonderful buoyancy and velvety feel. Had the Empress Poppæa known of them, she would have had no need of her asses' milk. Set upon my pins by these, I used to go to Penmaenmawr for iron, and then go back to my work, *alter et idem.* To many the sea air, pure and simple, is more harm than good; they feel a pain under their right shoulder-blade, which tells them that their liver is affronted; but when the pure mountain air blends with the acrid air from the sea, you breathe the strength of both, and feel made of iron.

All who desire to know Derbyshire will, as of course, explore Dovedale. Once seen, it can never

be forgotten, provided your day be fine, and your shoes damp-proof. After comforting the inner man at the Isaac Walton, Ilam must by no means be left out of the account. The Hall itself is fairly worth seeing; one fact to be noticed is that two rivers, the Hamps and Manifold, issue from under it. Those familiar with Xenophon's Anabasis will remember he tells us that the sources of the Mæander are under the hunting palace of Cyrus. At the beginning of this century Ilam was the property of the Ports, and Hampton Court, Herefordshire, belonged to Lord Essex; they were both for sale at the same time. Mr. Arkwright, as was natural, thought of purchasing Ilam; Mr. Pike Watts was in treaty for Hampton Court. The outcome oddly was, that Mr. Arkwright bought Hampton Court, and Mr. Pike Watts came to Ilam.

I have already spoken of the monument in Ilam Church; it was erected in memory of her father by Mrs. Watts Russell. It was said that she gave a *carte blanche* to Chantry for the work. It represents the old man on his death-bed, with the open Bible beside him, in the act of blessing his daughter, who is kneeling by the bed, and her two children on either side of her. As all these are now dead, it forms a monument for the four.

Those who are familiar with this district will remember the steep descent into Ilam on the Ashbourn Road. I was told that Mrs. Watts Russell in her carriage-and-four always used to come down that hill at full speed. The only wonder is that she ever got safe to her own door. When in this neighbourhood it would be great omission to pass unheeded by Thorp Cloud and Okeover. The latter is said to be exactly in the same state, and as to the estate to be neither more nor less, and to be possessed by the same family now, that it was centuries ago. I have a vivid recollection of a winter's ride from Ashbourn by Alton Towers to Cheadle. My mare was not roughed; a sudden sleety frost made the hilly road almost impassable. Down one steep my only resource was to crawl along the ditch-bottom which was full of snow.

Visiting an old College friend at Wirksworth, he told me I must take his Church Services for him at Dethick and Alderwasley. He jokingly added, 'You shall be well paid for them.' Our ride took us by Cromford to Dethick, just one of those unrivalled stretches of country which you catch in the bye-paths of Derbyshire. The building used as a church was the chapel belonging to the old Manor-house, the Romanist possessor of which, like so many others, embarked in a fruitless attempt

to release Mary Queen of Scots, who was then a prisoner at Wingfield or Chartley. He lost his life, and his property was confiscated. When I was there the occupants were the churchwardens, two brothers—the Brothers Cheeryble I called them—who gave us luncheon. They were most courteous, well-informed, and hospitable, exactly what English yeomen ought to be. We passed on through new beauties inch by inch to Alderwasley for afternoon service, and so back to Wirksworth. I told my host that he had made his words good, for I had never before been so well paid for doing duty.

Years before this, in the hot summer of 1827, I had another ride from Wirksworth, which gave me a taste of the variable climate of Derbyshire. On my road to Bakewell it was so intensely hot that I laid my coat on the pommel, and rode in my shirt-sleeves. On the other side of Bakewell a gusty wind sprang up, and I rode into Buxton in my overcoat. From thence I made my way to Nantwich, where the season of heat culminated in a tremendous thunderstorm. It came down on Sunday night, and, after long flashing and roaring, it spent itself in one awful crash, and there an end at once. The next day I went on my way for Shrewsbury and Hereford. As the storm had

ceased so suddenly, I made particular inquiries at each halting-place as to their experience of the tempest. Strangely, one and all, they told me that it abruptly ceased with a deafening peal of thunder, and that at almost the same time of midnight. It was years afterwards that I was made sensible of this simultaneous power of electricity. While reading the second afternoon lesson in a Rutland church, I was almost struck backwards by a sudden flash of lightning. The clergyman at Newark, forty miles away, was actually blinded when reading the same lesson. Supposing that the Service began at the ordinary 3 p.m., we must both have been reading the second lesson at or very near the same time.

It was among the sayings attributed to Arnold of Rugby, that there was one county, Huntingdon, in which he could not live; it had no interest in it. So much cannot be said of Cheshire, yet I should scarcely wish to pitch my tent there. Chester, of course, is a very interesting city. The Cathedral, when I saw it last, looked as if it craved thorough restoration. The Rows are very quaint and curious, but then they are close and fusty; in every point it plays second fiddle to Shrewsbury. Eaton Hall is very magnificent and superb; but then, given the wherewithal, anybody could build

its fellow. Crewe Hall was worth a visit, with its tiny hamlet nestling around it ; now it is smothered and smoke-dried, with more than ten thousand bees swarming about it. Very long ago I had a pleasurable ride from Nantwich to Beeston Castle, and onwards to Cholmondeley Castle. Peckforton Hall was not then in existence. Strange that each of the proprietors of these mansions should possess another far more remarkable seat in Norfolk—Helmingham and Houghton !

If I remember right, it was Wrenbury Church, the tower of which was saved from falling by the common-sense of an architect. As I heard the story, it was materially slanting on one side, so that wise men said it must be taken down. A stranger came, and undertook to set it to rights. Simply, he perceived that, being built of red sandstone, it would be pervious to water. Accordingly he dug a deep trench on the opposite side of the tower, and kept it full of water. At certain intervals he tested the tower by a plummet, and found that it was slowly, but surely, sinking on the trench side. I forget how long it took, but at last both sides were on a level. Then he made the foundations strong and secure, the upshot being that afterwards a new church was built on to the old rescued tower. At one time I was familiar

with the grand old church at Nantwich; it was fit to be a Cathedral, but it was in a strangely uncared-for state. Now, I believe, it has been effectually restored.

Is there any reason, or is it merely by chance, that all the salt-providing towns should end in 'wich'—Nantwich, Middlewich, Northwich, and, in Worcestershire, Droitwich? The final 'wich' is so common, from *vicus*; but why the salt towns without exception? Moreover, locally the 'wich' is in Cheshire pronounced 'wytch' or, rather, 'waytch,' while the first syllable in Droitwich is ignored, and you hear that it is many miles to 'Witch.' Once I asked a man at the turn of a road where it went to. He answered, as I thought, 'Which, sir?' I said, 'That road.' Again he replied, 'Which, sir.' I thought he was mocking me, but he simply meant Droitwich.

Once, when I was at Cromer, I was practically reminded of the narrative of St. Paul's shipwreck. A vessel from Norway, timber-laden, was driven ashore prow foremost; the waves beat against her stern, but the lading kept her afloat a long time. At last, at full tide, the breakers worked a little rift in the stern; within five minutes the vessel parted asunder. The lading was floating on all sides, and the wreck was complete. It was a

literal translation of Acts xxvii. 41 : 'The forepart stuck fast, and remained unmovable, but the hinder-part was broken with the violence of the waves.' In another respect it was happily as at Melita: 'It came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.' There was an odd matter of interest attached to this shipwreck. The captain had his wife on board; they were bride and groom. He had promised to bring her to England on their marriage tour. They were a bonny pair to look upon, and both of them some inches over six feet. Altogether the event caused abundant excitement in the then quiet town of Cromer. What a pleasant little place of sojourn it used to be! I trust not yet spoiled.

CHAPTER XII.

KENT, DEVON.

In 1824 I and two other undergraduates spent the long vacation at a village beyond Canterbury. Our tutor was the brother and curate of the Rector, and lived with him. We were lodged in farmhouses. This was in every sense a happy summer for me. From our tutor we had to learn mathematics; but from the Rector and his golden wife we were practically taught the reality of a Christian life. He was a man of very pronounced views—what in those days was called a Simeonite; but he knew his Bible, and he knew how to enforce its truth upon those who only supposed they knew it. We were but lads with crude and half-formed ideas; our ignorance made us believe ourselves wise. He was exactly the man to imperceptibly tell us, or, rather, lead us on unconsciously to tell ourselves, that we really knew next to nothing. Through their kindness, we were as tame cats in and out of

the Rectory, when we pleased. After supper he would start some hare, and elicit our notions upon it, and then, without any bow-wow or assumption of superiority, he would prove to demonstration that our fancied arguments were good for nothing. Our debates, as we thought them—but our teachings, really, at this Gamaliel's feet—were often carried on into the small hours. He never tired of teaching us; he never taught us but to our profit.

Then, our homely farmhouse life was very pleasant. The hop-picking season had strange tales to tell, and in the mysteries of the hop-drying process I became quite learned. I am afraid that I spent many hours in the barn which ought to have been given to trigonometry and mechanics. Hop-drying is much more than a trade; it may be called a science, and that not attainable to all. Among the labourers it is by no means everyone that can dry the hops; the proficients, therefore, are much in request. Moreover, as many plantations are being gathered in about the same time, the drier has his hands full all at once. As the hops are brought in from the field, they are set to dry in the kiln; as soon as dried, they are thrown into the empty pocket, which is suspended in an opening in the floor. The drier drops down after

each full basket is thrown in, and treads the contents flat with a weight in his hand and by his own weight. At the same time he has to be most careful lest the heat in the kiln be greater or less than it ought to be. The hops need continually turning. He must never go to sleep, and yet the hops themselves, and the sulphur used in the drying, greatly induce sleep. The work goes on night and day; it is only on Sundays that the drier is able to go to bed, or sleep even for five minutes. The quaint old man, whose pupil I was, used to enlarge upon the luxury of his Sabbath snooze. All this is a tale sixty-four years old; very likely matters are different now.

Another matter, it is likely, is very different now. At the time I am speaking of, smuggling was dying out, but was by no means dead. The hole in the barn-floor was ostensibly a necessity for filling the hop-pockets; but, in truth, the whole of the floor was hollowed out, in which, when occasion served, the brandy-kegs might be safely deposited. But this game was not carried on when I was there, or I might have had a smuggling yarn to spin. The old man in the barn was quite a character, and used to tell me a great deal of the habits and feelings of the Kentish folk, and of the days when contraband trade was in full swing.

Still he was, according to his light, a religious man. As an instance, I remember well one day when his little grandson, of some six years old, brought him, and was sharing with him, a piece of fat bacon on a hunch of brown bread, that they both made a sort of reverential pause before they began, and, when they had finished, the little fellow folded his hands and said, 'Thank God for my good dinner.' It occurred to me that there was far more of real thankfulness for his scanty meal than in many a stereotyped grace after a banquet.

A near neighbour—I rather think a relative of the Rector's—was very kind to us; he was a genuine specimen of the old country gentleman. An expedition to Dover was set on foot. We saw the Castle under special advantage. The Squire was a great antiquary. Then we were shown over the new fortifications on the heights. The transition from blazing heat outside to the underground works was trying to the youngest of us. However, we spent a delightful day, and set out on our return. We three with our tutor were ahead in two gigs, and the family coach trotted behind us. About half-way a gig from Canterbury swerved directly into the gig I was in; its one passenger was in a tipsy sleep, the horse guiding itself. Before I could jump out, the man rolled,

rather than fell to the ground on his head, half stunned, half stupid from drink. One of the ladies in the carriage handed me some salts. I held them to his nose, when he clutched my hands and called out, 'Oh, let me smell again!' so he was soon all right. We packed him up under the apron to keep him in, and started him for his destination, which, I remember, was the Black Horse, Dover. This happy day had a sad sequel. Very shortly afterwards the dear old Squire—it was supposed from the over-exertion and the sudden change from heat to chill—had an apoplectic seizure.

'Surgit amari aliquid medio vel fonte leporum.'

My earliest knowledge of Devonshire was in the terrible winter of 1813, when relatives of mine were sojourning at Dawlish, then a wee place just rising into notoriety. At that time the residents were entirely dependent upon Exeter for their supplies. A snow-blast fell upon them, to Devonians almost an unknown thing; the road to Exeter was blocked, and poor little Dawlish was almost starving. Bread was sold by the slice. One family had the advantage over their neighbours, since, the day before the blockade, they had made a huge birthday cake for their little brother. The road was cleared; Dawlish was itself again.

Unquestionably Devonshire has very great attractions; but the one drawback is that you always feel as if wrapped in a wet blanket. I marvel how anyone that has head-work to do can coax his brains to get it done. Then, as Juvenal tells us of the Roman fashionables, Baias et ad *Ostia* currunt, you have Sid-, Ex-, and Teign-*mouth* —all very pretty places at full tide; but sometimes they make you think of mud-larks. I was amused once hearing a cause in which Teignmouth often occurred. One of the counsel called it *Tayne*mouth, his opponent *Tyne*mouth. Judge Coleridge, a Devonshire man, said at last, 'In Devonshire we call that place *Tin*mouth.'

Every rule has its exception, and so Dart*mouth* may be accounted among the fairest of the fair places of the earth. Nay, her undeniable and grand beauty is the seaward outlook at the *mouth* of the Dart. By a lucky mistake I first saw this paragon of rivers to the best advantage. I had intended to go by the little steamer from Totnes, but they told me it was amiss and would not run. So I chartered a fly, and therefore from the left-hand road had a beautiful view of the river and the opposite shore. Then I, vehicle and all, crossed the river by the curious ferry-boat, which, they told me, had by charter plied from a little short of the

Conquest. As we were crossing, the steamer came puffing down from Totnes. Of course, I dismissed my fly, and returned in the afternoon by steam. So I enjoyed the Dart both from the water and the shore—exactly as her sister, the Wye, only less lovely, ought to be seen. Surely the Dart is a gem without a flaw—each turn in it more attractive than the last—till, with the quaint old town looking down upon it, it opens out in full grandeur to the sea. Then the town is so unlike almost all other towns; and the church with its beautiful pulpit and unrivalled screen, the spoil of some Spanish church by a Dartmouth privateer. Take her for all in all, Dartmouth with her belongings has scarcely a parallel.

When you take exception to the Devonshire climate, folk tell you that in North Devon it is quite bracing. Well, comparatively it is so, but the blanket is still there. Go to Lynmouth, nestling so delightfully under the rocks: you will soon gasp for breath, and be so thankful to mount aloft to Lynton. As we tugged up the hill on the coach behind six horses, I was amused to see how cleverly the lad on the leaders swerved on the top, as if he were going into the off-side hedge, and then, suddenly turning, safely steered us into the hotel entrance. It reminded me of what was a feat for

clever coachmen only, the zigzag turn at the top of the Wyle Cop into the Lion Gateway at Shrewsbury. So at Ilfracombe there are two different climates, on the parade and in the town. Fresh, bright, and beautiful as your seaward prospect is, in the main street is suffocation and blazing heat. Passing from Ilfracombe to Barnstaple, I chanced upon a ludicrous sight; it was a sort of fair, and a herd of Dartmoor ponies were for sale. To show their points and paces, men mounted them bareback. The unbroken little rascals kicked, and reared and bolted, in many cases unshipping their riders; but there was not a bit of vice in the whole troop.

I used to compare the people in Devon with the Welsh in regard to their treatment of horses—at least, in the public conveyances. The hills are many and steep; that they cannot help. The stages are heavy and far too long; the same horses work a stage to and fro often. That at least might be amended. Their application of the whip is constant and unnecessary; this is, at least it was, a grievous bar to a traveller's enjoyment.

From Barnstaple by Bideford, with its many-arched bridge, I got to Clovelly. Among all my wandering experiences this, I think, was the most striking. We were discharged from the fly at the top of a long flight of stone stairs, which the native

horses trudged down as easily and less deliberately than we did. At the bottom we found a strange intersection and labyrinth of courts and houses, which constitute Clovelly. Beyond lay the pier, and then the sea in all its glory, with the overhanging woods of the Court. I was charged with a message to the wife of a seaman, and so by help of a guide had to thread my way to her house. She was deaf as a post, using her speaking-trumpet. Upon telling her whence I came, nothing would serve her but I must see her husband, who was bed-ridden, and seemingly nigh to death.

Everything about him betokened care and cleanliness; he was literally skin and bone, and could speak only in a whisper. But the odd thing was, his wife could hear him distinctly, though she heard all others only through a trumpet. It reminded me of a parishioner of my own, who in his last illness was stricken with deafness; he could not hear me, or even his wife, but at once understood what his daughter, a child of some twelve years, said to him. She was our interpreter, or speaking-trumpet.

Then it was marvellous how all the Clovellians, young and old, appeared so intelligent and well-spoken, so courteous and so comely—in the main, dark-eyed, active, and lissom. I was told that,

centuries ago, a large Spanish ship was wrecked off the coast, that the crew, most of them, became settlers, and that this in some measure accounts for the peculiar and almost foreign features prevailing yet. No one must say that he has seen Devon unless he can say, 'I have seen Clovelly.' No wonder that Kingsley, brought up here when his father was Rector, was able to write such an attractive book as 'Westward Ho!'

CHAPTER XIII.

HIGH AND LOW CHURCH—MR. BLANK—MR. SIMEON—OXFORD TRACTS—PEACE OUT OF WAR.

My 'length of days' has given me experience of each of those two conflicts which so threatened to put in peril the peace of the Church. In my youth I witnessed the struggle into life and prominence of those who were variously called Simeonites, from their acknowledged leader; Low Church, in distinction from the existing 'high and dry' branch; Evangelicals—the origin of which name was curious: they rather arrogated to themselves the exclusive preaching of the Gospel, whereupon their opponents gave them the nickname of 'Evans.' This they adopted for themselves as the true 'Evangelicals.' The moving cause of this all but schism is not far to seek; in real truth, it was the outcome and revulsion from that state of torpid somnolency which for long had brooded over the Church. Thinkers and workers at the present day can scarcely have conception of the condition

of clerical life in the early days of this century, when no one seemed either to work or think at all. On the Episcopal Bench, how many could be found so learned in theology, or so holy in their lives, that they could save a Church, or even uphold its doctrines? Porteous was departed from London; Howley was not yet come. Barrington was a good man and munificent Bishop, but had no claim or title to be called a divine. Tomline took foremost rank as a hard-headed reasoner and writer in theology—was in learning more than a match for any of his day; but then the power which, justly or not, secular motives were believed to have over all he did, neutralized and overshadowed any spiritual influence he might have had. Good old Bishop Hurd was in the wane of life, and so, in a measure, was Horsley; so was Burgess. The other brethren in lawn at that time might without irreverence be numbered as οἱ πολλοί.

The general body of the clergy were in every respect essentially different from their successors of the present time. They walked according to the lights of that day, and in that day gas-lamps were yet unknown. I think it is too much the habit to give to these our elder brethren generally a bad name, and pharisaically hang them. Certainly, they did many things that we do not, and

much work was left undone in a parish then which is reckoned daily and necessary work now. Clerks took matters a great deal more easily then than conscience, or Mrs. Grundy, permits us to take them now. The parson in the hunting-field is a rare bird now, and so much the better; it is manifestly not his place; but fourscore years ago, all who could afford a horse were likely enough to be found there. But even then, they were more usually quizzed than welcomed. Then the intercourse between shepherd and flock was on the one hand perhaps less regular and exact; but then, on the other, it was more simple and genial. There was then no 'stand-off' dignity, no precise formality of visiting; it was all kindly and natural. Old Betty's rheumatiz was doctored; Sam's long yarns of former days were listened to with interest; his pigs and her cats were praised as they deserved. Moreover, the clergyman then was not, where now he is almost forced to be, in his study. Our predecessors had, as a rule, no idea of reading for reading's sake; all that, as they thought, was past and gone with their ordination. Books were scarce, and they had no taste or time for reading; they had passed through the Bishop's sieve, and therefore the Greek Testament was laid to sleep upon their shelves.

But, unhappily, this week-day do-nothing told grievously upon their Lord's Day work. In far too many cases the Church Service was hurried over as a form; the prayers were taken at a gallop; the lessons mumbled over. What the sermon was, we can understand from the fact that good old prosy Blair was still a model. The result, therefore, was a waste of twenty minutes in listening to words without life; twaddle truisms instead of vital truths; solemn precepts lacking all support of doctrine. Sermons of this description were, I am afraid, the rule, and not the exception. More substantial and sufficing food, of course, was here and there administered, but such was the ordinary fare doled out to the multitudes in the wilderness. A cantankerous old grumbler that I knew was almost justified when he said that sermons were like water on a duck's back—no sooner on than off. As matter of fact, it was assuredly true that shining lights in the pulpit were few and far between in the days of our grandfathers.

But out of this spiritual lethargy there came a sudden and rude awakening. Just as the weather-cock veers round from north to south when the air is surcharged with electricity; just as the dead weight of the calm is broken by the thunder-blast; so the seeming quietude in religion, which was no

peace, was broken in upon, and there was war at the gates of the so-called United Church. Of all strife, that which writes Religion on its banner is proverbial for its bitterness. There was no exception to the rule in this case. Party names were bandied about; charges of deficiency or of excess, whether in faith or practice, were blindly imputed. Brotherly love did not continue, because deadly hate usurped its place; charity did not wax cold, because it had no life at all. Even the common courtesies of ordinary life were set aside. A. looked askant at B.; B. looked *obliquo lumine* upon A. Those of the old school said that 'the new did not know their Greek Testament;' the new thought small of the mere 'letter learning' of the old. On the one hand, jibes were cast on the 'drones who preached platitudes from book;' on the other hand, jeers were pelted at 'extempore declamation rant.'

So matters inevitably went on from bad to worse, the breach between 'the brethren' became wider as the wrangling waxed hotter, till at last a remedy almost worse than the disease was had recourse to. The gauntlet was thrown down even in the Law Courts. The disputants were too hot to remember the spirit of St. Paul's warning to the Corinthians (vi. 1). They forgot to apply to

themselves the fable of the unwise horse, who let man get on his back to drive out the stag.

It was in my schoolboy days that Hereford was made practically sensible that there existed two parties in the Church. The Rev. Henry Blank became Vicar of St. Peter's in that city. Now, the history of this man has more than a few points of interest. He came of a good family in Kent; proved the full abundance of his intellect by becoming the Senior Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, but even there, strangely, showed as much fondness for pleasure as for mathematics. In the former line he was best known afterwards when keeping Law Terms in London; he was as familiar with the theatres as with the Courts. In 1810 he came to Hereford as Marshal to his relative, Judge Lawrence, and then caused a scandal by a noisy outbreak in the street at night. But a few years passed, and, to the wonderment of the citizens, the skylarking barrister drops down upon them as the Simeonite Vicar of St. Peter's. With his black-coated brethren he fared much as a tame jackdaw would among a flock of wild ones: one and all had a peck at him. However, in spite of clamour and opposition, his manifest zeal and quiet earnestness—more than all, his singular attractiveness—could not fail to tell. But then it

told at this heavy cost: that henceforward there were two hostile parties within the Church at Hereford. As a specimen of the least acrid pellets thrown at him, I remember a saying of one of the Canons, himself of entirely secular build: 'Why, this new light, Mr. Blank, is always preaching renunciation of the world, and contempt of earthly enjoyments. Well, he lives in one of the best of our houses, has the prettiest wife of any, and his carriage and horses beat those of the Lord Bishop —what would the fellow have?' Oddly enough, I fell in with Mr. Blank some years after in Kent, where I spent one of my Cambridge vacations. The dear old Rector, of whom I have already spoken, said to me one day, 'An old acquaintance of yours preaches here next Sunday.' This proved to be Mr. Blank. I was yet more surprised to hear that the conversion of the worldling into what many would have called the Puritan was due to our Rector's influence. One Sunday, he noticed a stranger in his church, and was still more astonished to see a sovereign on the collection-plate. As he went out, the stranger accosted him, craving conversation, as he had been much struck by the sermon. The stranger was Mr. Blank. This first interview naturally led to much future intercourse, the result of which was that Henry Blank

literally became 'a new creature.' When, after Service, he met us three Cambridge youths at luncheon, he was naturally led to improve the occasion; he expressed many hopes that we were turning our University opportunities to profit, and mourned over his own great misuse of his time. Especially he lamented his contumelious bearing towards Mr. Simeon, whom now he almost worshipped. A somewhat ludicrous incident occurred; Mr. Blank warned us solemnly against theatrical proclivities, told us how devoted he was to them, but that, when he came to himself, '*he burnt his Shakespeare.*' I could not help a grimace at the Rector, assured that his sterling sense must reject that childishness. It so chanced that not long afterwards, when explaining Scripture to us at the evening prayer, he said, 'It was hard to administer to a mind diseased.' I could not help saying to him that it would be my duty to write to Mr. Blank, and tell him that, while he burnt his Shakespeare, his instructor quoted him in explanation of the Bible.

When I first went up to Cambridge, Simeon had, in a fashion, established himself as a power in the University. Not so long before he had been subject to insult and violence—needed an escort of his followers on the way to his church. But active

hostility was still at work, as an untoward fact proved. The Master of a College, himself a most kindly, unaggressive man, yet dismissed an assistant-tutor because he had read prayers in Simeon's church. By doing that he had joined himself to a party, and the Master refused to have any partisanship in his College. Once, later on, I heard Simeon preach in the University Church. It was a very good, quiet sermon, with no black crows in it; only it was delivered from MS., and not, as otherwise was always the case, *vivâ voce*. He was then a very venerable, kindly-looking old man, and towards his latter days was reported to have said that 'he was no longer a Simeonite;' his own followers had passed him in the race.

If I am right, Simeon's church and mantle devolved for a time upon Mr. Carus; but his tenets spread, his disciples multiplied on every side beyond the University. The sign of the Church might well have been the spread or split eagle. From the one side to the other there was little else passed but hard words and evil surmises; those of the old style were, with pious ejaculations, groaned over as unsound, unconverted brethren, who failed to feed their flocks, or ministered to them unwholesome food; those of the new order were mocked at as wolves in sheep's clothing, Dissenters

in the spirit while eating the bread of the Church. Then graver imputations were bandied about on either part; not only were there said to be drones in some pulpits, and mountebanks in others, but default in doctrine and in practice was alleged equally in both. Worst of all, both were held chargeable for erroneous holding of the Sacramental verities. Thus, unhappily, the highest, most mysterious, most sacred of Gospel truths were cavilled about, instead of being simply received in faith. Baptismal regeneration in one case, the doctrine of the Real Presence in another, was made the battle-ground for *Christian* men to fight in. It goes without saying that, as time went on, the rent was made worse, the contest gathered head, and the Church of England, calling itself one, was split asunder. Volumes of pamphlets kept flying about, maintaining this or that new-fangled theory, upholding or denouncing this or that variation in religious practice. Bishop Marsh's 87 questions he called 'Cobwebs to catch Calvinists'; unseemly litigation upon Church doctrines was carried on in the Civil Courts; in one way or another the caldron was kept seething, till at last it boiled over, and, let us hope, in a great measure put the fire out. For the nonce the religious world was startled and scared by the appearance of the Oxford Tracts.

May we say without offence that a great traction-engine was put upon the road, and as the consequence little looked for, but assuredly produced, it has levelled and laid smooth the road, and made it such that all wayfarers may pass along it safely and pleasantly. So it is that out of what promised to be fiercer and more deadly warfare have sprung the foundations of peace; when the destiny of the Church seemed blackest, light sprang out of the very darkness; and when fellow-men buckled on their armour for war to the bitter end, gradually and unconsciously, they have by God's grace been moulded anew into fellow-Christians. When a man is sick and hard at death's door, he either dies or takes the turn—recovers, and becomes a stronger, sounder man than he was before. It was somewhat in this way with the Church of England in the earlier part of this century. It was threatened with atrophy; then it took scarlatina, which progressed to virulent scarlet fever. The imminent risk was its dissolution; that the High-fliers, being charged groundlessly with a yearning that way, should make good their rivals' words and go over to the Pope; and that the 'Evans,' in their dread and hatred of Papacy, should in the bulk join the Nonconformists. Man in his folly proposes, God in His wisdom disposes; so, providentially, great

and lasting good arose out of all this temporary evil. Discord brought forth peace; aliens were knit together in brotherhood; what but few years ago appeared to be but a disorganized body settled down a sounder, more peace-loving, more hard-working Church than the world has seen for ages. When the polemical hubbub was at its height, a quaint old lady asked me, 'Was I high or low?' 'Neither one nor t'other,' I replied. 'Ay,' she said; 'then you are Jack and the game.'

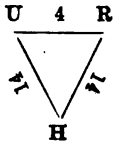
CHAPTER XIV.

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS—THE HUNTING-FIELD—CHURCH SERVICES—INCREASED SENTENCE.

HAVING seen an opinion broached to the effect that animals, when travelling, merely went their way, but had no idea or care whither they were going, I threw together the following facts, and sent them to that true lover of animals, Rev. F. O. Morris, who communicated them to some local publication. In my judgment, they will bear repetition. Many years since, when the late Lord Lonsdale kept the Cottesmore hounds in Rutland, the then Duke of Buccleuch sent him two couple of hounds from Dalkeith; they came by water from Leith, inland by vehicle. After sufficient time to get acquainted with their new kennel-friends, they were taken out with the pack. The run closed beside the great North Road. Upon collecting the dogs, the four Scotchmen were missing; they were sought for, but not heard of for weeks, till they were reported as having arrived footsore

and mere skin and bone at Dalkeith. How did they find their way?

A brother of mine rode over on a visit from U to H (fourteen miles), bringing a pointer dog with him;



for some theft the dog was rated or struck by the servant, and incontinently vanished. A great flood barred all transit from H to U; when this subsided, after a week, my brother returned home, and the first to welcome him was dear old Bruno. Now, he knew, of course, the road from H to U; but that was water-blocked. He knew well the four miles between R and U. But the fourteen miles from H to R he had never travelled in his life, and yet, unquestionably, by that road he made his way; none other was open to him. Moreover, upon inquiry, he was reported as seen running wildly through R on his way to U, and by himself. Had he a compass in his pocket?

When I was living in Rutland, I had a spotted dog quite as sagacious as Bruno, and much better tempered. There was an outer and inner yard, divided by a tall and heavy door, with a latch halfway up. The dog and the pig set up a great

friendship. One day they were prisoners together in the inner yard, and resolved to make their way to the outer. The door was their enemy; it was too heavy for the dog to pull inwards, it was latched too high for the pig to unfasten. They evidently held a cabinet council, and I myself was by and saw the result. Master Flea—he earned his name as having flea-bitten spots all over him—rose on his hind-legs, and with his nose lifted up the latch; then piggie put his solid nose under the bottom of the gate, and drew it back far enough to let the two truants into the outer yard. It was lucky that I witnessed the entire operation, and their frisk and gambol together when they had achieved their liberty. I am persuaded that I heard them bark and grunt to one another, 'Didn't we do that cleverly?'

Of course, I know nothing from personal experience of the delight or the dangers of the hunting-field; but I know what health and enjoyment there is in a bit of a gallop over the turf, and can therefore have a guess at what the intoxication must be of scampering right ahead, amid some scores of willing, knowing horsemen, at rail-road pace. But are there not difficulties and drawbacks here as elsewhere? Of necessity there are the pecks and purls, which every forward rider must make his account

of, and face as best he may. But do we not hear more than was heard of old of transparent rivalry between one and another?—which, perhaps, may be natural; and of jealousy as its consequence?—which is non-natural; and of something like spite, as the illegitimate child of jealousy? If they are, surely these things ought not to be. It was said, I remember, of an A1 Nimrod years ago, that he never looked good-humoured except when he saw a man get a fall. Of the same knight it was told that, having safely got over the Whissendine Brook, he waited on the bank till his friend, who had soused in up to his ears, managed to scramble out; when, with a benign smile, he just poked him with his whip-stock, and said, 'Out at last! Are you quite wet through?'

Another puzzle-cap to me with regard to the hunting-field is not so much the increased number of accidents in later as compared with former days, but rather the entirely changed character of the accidents themselves. The increase is in great measure accounted for by the far greater number of those who now follow the hounds. Depend upon it, the grandfathers could sit a spin, or master a bullfinch, every bit and crumb as well as their descendants; the greater pace does not much enter into the question. It was a reported saying of the

veteran hunter, Lord Lonsdale, 'that a man did not know his place in the field till he knew how to fall.' Now, it is also said of this veteran that at one time or other he had had almost all his ribs broken. That special damage, therefore, was the practical result of his 'knowing how to fall.' But of later years, it seems not to be the ribs that come to grief, but the collar-bone is smashed, or, more commonly, there is concussion of the brain, and, worst of all, the horse rolls upon his rider. Can any other explanation be given for this difference in the nature of the fall, except a different style of seat?

In the last generation a popular skit of verses was afloat, descriptive of the Nottinghamshire Nimrods; one line, I remember, spoke of Lord Newark as 'riding loose in his saddle.' No doubt, if his lordship came to grief, it would be at his pate's expense. A noble Duke, not long passed away, rode with his nose between his horse's ears; as a consequence, when he came down, it was at the risk of his neck. There was a learned Commissioner who sought his relaxation in the saddle, and had tumbles innumerable; but then his theory was, that the horse ought to be left to himself over the fences, and therefore he charged them with the rein loose between his finger and thumb. I have

been told of another sportsman (?) who used to negotiate his leaps by letting the reins loose, and grasping fore and aft the pommel and the cantle. But what I want to understand is the mechanical reason for the changed form of accidents. Just as the gear of a catapult is braced or slack, so the bolt falls true or short. The rider is the projectile, and I would fain understand why, under the supposed improvement in security of seat, there yet is involved greater peril in a fall. I fear it would be high treason to suggest that the 'old hands' relied more upon knee-grip, and less upon body-balance, than the later Centaurs do.

Sixty-one years are past and gone since I first became clerk in orders, 'passing rich on forty pounds a year.' I was non-resident curate of a little hamlet attached to a living plethoric in population and in proceeds. My Rector, D.D., took no interest in his offset—was never within its limits unless he chanced to pass through with his beagles; he did not even consider that the Sunday-school had any claim upon him. But this was by no means a particular case; non-residence and parishes mainly left to take care of themselves were the order of that day. Thus in Essex, especially, the aguish climate stood sponsor for the absence of clerics as a rule, their presence as the rarity. It

was pretty nearly the same in parts of Lincolnshire, as the following tale proves: A clergyman and his one curate accomplished together sundry Services in separate parishes every Sunday. C. began at 10 a.m.; R. began 10.30 a.m. in a neighbouring church. C. does his work, canters on, and relieves R., at the end of the Litany, who rides forward, and takes the third morning service in the next parish. By the same plan two afternoon services are accomplished. The story went that Bishop Tomline once expressed his misgivings to the Rector as to the possibility of such a plan being fitly carried out. 'My lord,' said the Rector, 'you have never seen how my mare can trot.'

In that day the few parishes about Cambridge were very often served by Fellows of Colleges, and not seldom at longer intervals than weekly. It was said that a clergyman undertook for a friend the Duty in one of these intermittent parishes, and going by mistake one Sunday too soon, he found no preparation for service. Having, with some difficulty, found the clerk's wife, she told him that it was the wrong Sunday. Well, as he had come over, there had better be a Service, so he desired that the bell might be rung. The old lady made a hundred obstacles—nobody would come, and so

forth. The clergyman stuck to his point; he would have a Service. At last she was driven to explain that her goose was sitting on her nest in the pulpit, and would be off by the following, which was the proper, Sunday.

In a town living, with three abutting villages, the normal duties every Sunday were as follows: two full Services in the mother church, one at the larger outlying parish; one, alternate Sundays, at each of the lesser. This involved four full duties, and a walk of eight miles every Sunday. This almost herculean labour was for a long time accomplished by the then Vicar from hard necessity. He had been unjustly saddled with a tithe suit. He commenced early at the large outlier, then in the mother church. As a dry old gentleman expressed it, they thanked God for bringing them to the 'beginning of another day' at about half-past twelve o'clock. Then he took one of the alternate hamlets, and an evening service in the mother church. No wonder that his successor had no long time to wait for his shoes.

Sage saws and modern instances—how curiously the former are sometimes called to remembrance by the latter! In this miserable Irish embroilment, with which we have nothing whatever to do, some convicted defendants appealed against their sen-

tence. Upon appeal the conviction was confirmed, and the sentence was increased. Much clamour and outcry was raised upon this; it was plainly denounced as *illegal*. So much for the modern instance. But it brought to my mind the sage saw of a learned Judge some fifty odd years ago. A litigious, quarrelsome old nobleman had taken offence against a very inoffensive clergyman, whom he plagued and persecuted in various ways, till at last he set up a public nuisance in front of the Rectory windows. An action was brought against him at the Assizes, and he was cast in very heavy damages. Up jumped his counsel, who was, I think, Scarlett, and applied to the Judge for leave to appeal, on the ground of excessive damages. 'Certainly, if you think well,' said the Judge; 'but, of course, you are aware that it is in the power of the Court above *to increase the damages*.' The counsel sat down, and nothing more was heard about an appeal.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FAIR SCENES OF BRITAIN—THE TWO SONS—THE TWO DOCTORS—CAMBRIDGE TALES—DR. WHEWELL—MARGARET PROFESSORSHIP.

How grateful we Britishers ought to be for the varied, multiplied grounds we have for pride in our native land! We have to take pride in the grandeur of Scotland—so *very* grand in her scenery and in her history. We may delight ourselves amid the waters and mountains of the Lake country. We may revel in the hills and dales of Derbyshire; the less prominent, but no less attractive, beauties of Shropshire—the only county in England that could subsist if cut off by itself. Thence Wales, with her mountains, glens, and sea-coast, bids us to the west; Herefordshire, with its orchards, river, and hop-yards, beckons us southward. I once took the liberty of saying to a nobleman, now no more, 'When on your property in Gloucestershire, you say, "This is very nice."

You pass on to that in Worcestershire, and say, "This is nicer." When at home in Herefordshire, you say, "This is *nicerer*;" but when settled in Shropshire, you say, "Aye, this is *nicerest* of all."' 'Upon my word,' he replied, 'I believe you are very nearly right.' Then, to others, the quiet and snug home beauties of Surrey, and some parts of Sussex, may suffice; or even the throngs and bustle of the south coast watering-places may allure. Of Devon and its endless beauties—if only it had a little more fresh air—I need not speak. Of Cornwall (if only I knew them), I believe, the grim beauties, the wild attractions, are numberless. As I said, for all these gifts of Nature we need to be very grateful; but, taken one with another, how much do the multitude of folk know about them? or what value do they set upon them? You come across good people every day who have been great travellers, who have railed and steamed hither and thither, can discourse eloquently on the marvels of foreign lands, but who know little or nothing of the treasures and attractions so rife and plenteous in their own land. Nay, worse than that; you shall to some of these foreign locomotives enlarge upon a splendid prospect, or an historical building, or some fairy reach of river, and they will have to acknowledge their blissful ignorance, while

possibly the object spoken of may lie within ten miles of their own door. Then even those who travel a great deal over their own country know little or nothing about it, because they travel under the wing of Daddy Steam. Consequently they fly along their rails, and of the district through which they pass they would know as much or more in a balloon.

A good and kindly Bishop, now long gone to his rest, had a brace of clerical sons, the one of the Highest flight, the other more than equally Low. The Episcopal papa was reported as saying, that if his two sons could be knocked into one, they would make a sound and rational clergyman.

In that day, there was a worthy Dean I wot of who was a teetotaler, and had great horror of tobacco. He possessed a very talkative and sagacious parrot, which some frolicsome young ladies wheedled him into lending them for awhile. In the interval they bestowed great pains on his education; and when they sent him home with many thanks, his first salutation to his old master was this: 'Good-morning, Mr. Dean. Smoke a pipe, Mr. Dean? Take a glass, Mr. Dean?' It is to be hoped that, in his righteous horror, the very reverend did not wring the neck of the profane bird.

In the same town resided in duplicate Dr. S——;

the one an ex-medico, who, though retired from the profession, did a great deal of kindly and charitable work among the poor; the other an ecclesiastic, who thought much of his dignity, and had a very short temper. One day, when driving, the carter before him did not at once make way; whereupon his reverence gave the horse a cut with his whip. In retaliation, the carter with his heavier whip slashed the reverend's shoulders; whereupon the astonished floggee cried out, 'Fellow, do you know who I am? I am Dr. S——.' 'Nay,' said the whipster, 'that be a lie. I'll gie thee another for that'—suiting the action to the word, he gave the Doctor another slash. The fact was, that the carter had been tended gratuitously in a long illness by the ex-medico, for whom he had great reverence; and he thought that his present foe, to save his own shoulders, was trying to palm himself off as the real Simon Pure. This old gentleman I well remember when I was but a lad. He was full of the archaic courtesy, always dressed for dinner in long silk stockings and shoe-buckles, did immense good amongst the poor, and was the great patron of the poor debtors in prison. He drove a handsome carriage and horses, and was noted for his hospitality; and yet, from no fault whatever of his own, but through the rascality of others, this

good old gentleman ended his days in an almshouse.

Abnormal atmospheric disturbances will cling tenaciously to the memory. I have spoken of the waterspout scare in Herefordshire; the blackness of darkness I had to ride through in Hertfordshire; and the almost simultaneous flash of lightning which I traced out of Cheshire as far as Hereford. But in my undergraduate days, one Ash Wednesday, there came down—it could not be called a wind, it was more like a tornado of the tropics. It fell in all its fury upon St. John's College. First in the beautiful walks seven fine elms out of the avenue came down at one fell swoop, like so many nine-pins. With a friend I was going to my rooms, which were on the ground-floor in the second court, when a sudden crash almost knocked us backwards, followed by such a dense cloud of dust that nothing was to be seen. When this cleared away, we saw a great chasm in the roof on the opposite side of the court, as clean cut as if it had been done by an adze. At that time there was in the building a row of massive chimneys, very architectural, but highly dangerous. One of these had fallen in bodily. The room below belonged to one of the Fellows; it had been prepared for a wine-party—the dessert and decanters and chairs duly

laid out. When we rushed up, and entered the room, the table and chairs were chips, the wine sucked up by the dust, the decanters and glasses ground to powder. The occupier of the rooms had ordered all this preparation, intending to invite some friends after Hall. Providentially he went to another Fellow's rooms instead, or they would all have been smashed to mince-meat, with no bits to be picked up and save the patterns.

There was at that date an elderly tutor, very kindly, but very irritable; a stupid pupil at once stirred up his choler. The story fitted him exactly, whether fact or no, that one day he had in hand a helpless boy, who unluckily was seated next to him at the table. To each successive question the answer was dense and denser still; at last poor young Comatose was roughly awakened by a sounding box on the ear. The lecture-room was electrified, and could not tell what would come of it. Then they burst into fits of laughter, when the tutor, repentant of his outbreak, unconsciously added insult to injury, and blurted out, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you are such a fool!' The smitten youth was somewhat of the calibre of one who, in a Paley lecture, instead of 'falling into a reverie,' said, 'falling into a reservoir,' and when he was corrected, said in dudgeon: 'I don't under-

stand French.' By strange fatality, years afterwards he committed suicide by throwing himself into a tank.

In *Temple Bar* for December, 1888, there is a very amusing paper on Dr. Whewell. Upon one or two points I would fain add my own recollections. No doubt, Thirlwall's letter to Turton had reference to the admission of Dissenters, and compulsory attendance at chapel. But, if I remember right, what gave the great offence was an assertion, that there was no real religious instruction given to the undergraduates by the tutors. Answers in the shape of pamphlets and letters flew about, but R. W. Evans gave the best, because practical, answer; he set forth the precise Scriptural instruction which he had given in his lecture-room.

With regard to the right of the Judges to have their quarters in Trinity Lodge, I have always understood that this appertained to them as *representatives* of the Sovereign, to whom the Lodge by prescription belonged. When the Queen and Prince Albert visited Cambridge, a story was afloat that the Master expressed his gratification that his house had been honoured by the presence of her Majesty. Upon which the Queen replied, 'I beg your pardon, Dr. Whewell; but it is my house.'

By a little slip of the pen, the writer of the *Temple Bar* paper speaks of Bishop Blomfield as being *Senior Classic* in 1808. He should have said First Chancellor's Medallist. The title of *Senior Classic* is given to the head of the first class on the Classical Tripos, which was not established till 1824.

At the election of Chancellor, I voted for Lord Powis, mainly because I thought that the Prince Consort was lowering his position by standing a contest for the office. I was returning from Cambridge with a friend who had voted for the Prince. At Ely Station two gentlemen asked us how the election was going? Of course, we gave them contradictory answers, when one of them said, for his part he did not care for whom he voted, so that he voted against Whewell. After all, I saw by the poll-list that he voted for the Prince. This was good Dean Howson, with whom afterwards I became well acquainted. I asked him once if he still kept his hatred for Whewell? 'Hate him!' he said, 'I have the greatest reverence for him.' 'Well, you had not always, at any rate,' and I retailed our Ely meeting. He laughed, and said that it was not the man, but his manifest endeavour, as he then thought, to curry favour with the Prince, and through him win lawn sleeves.

It must have been, I believe, that the College

authorities had put on more steam than usual in levying impositions for absence at Trinity Chapel. By way of retaliation, there was laid upon the table at the Union every week a printed list of defaulters at chapel among the Dons, and appended to each was the retributive penalty. For instance, the Master, Whewell, appeared only on Sunday in chapel, and his punishment was to translate so many pages of his own Mechanics into plain English. Much earlier than this Whewell was said to have been highly incensed at the reviewer of his book, who not only ridiculed an accidental sing-song sentence somewhat to this effect, 'Therefore no weight, however great, can draw a line, however fine,' etc.; but worse than that, he spoke of him as the gentleman whose name was more easily whistled than spoken. The learned man went commonly by the name of 'Whuffler.'

In 1855 there was a contested election for the Margaret Professorship at Cambridge. There were three candidates: the present Dean of Exeter, Dr. Cowie; the present Bishop of Winchester; and William Selwyn. The contest lay between the two last, both admirable candidates. At great personal inconvenience I went to vote for Selwyn, 'Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.'

Selwyn was my personal friend, and of my own College. Oddly enough, three of us, Fellows of that College, travelled from London in the same carriage. As a rule, we Johnians clung together like wax, but on this occasion we were each of us going to vote for a different candidate. I polled, and went my way; and later I was told that by a narrow line Selwyn had lost the prize. Walking in dudgeon in the College walks, a friend informed me that by a fluke Selwyn was the Professor! This particular election is subject to rather queer rules. The voters must be present in the Senate House at the hour fixed for the election. A portion of the area is railed off for giving in the votes to the Vice-Chancellor. Any voter coming within the rail must not go out till he has polled, or he loses his vote, for he cannot come in again. The Master of Trinity was inside, and, seeing someone without that he wished to speak to, bade the Custos lift up the bar. He meekly said, 'Master of Trinity, if you have not voted, you cannot go out.' But the Master was one who 'acer Jura neget sibi nata:' he cowed the Custos, and marched out. His errand done, he stalked in again, and presented his voting-card to the Vice-Chancellor, who said, 'Master of Trinity, you have been out; I cannot take your vote.' The Master replied, as he had done to the

poor Custos, 'Stuff and nonsense!' and poked his card again into the hand of the Vice, who coolly tore it asunder and threw it on the floor. Now, it so happened that at this moment the votes were a tie, and Whewell's vote would have given the Professorship to Harold Browne. The blunder produced the tie again, when the Vice-Chancellor gave the casting vote for Selwyn.

The last time that I saw Whewell was at the re-opening of Hereford Cathedral, where, to my discomfort, 'Richard was himself again.' Bishop Wilberforce was preaching in the nave; my seat was blocked by a Saxon pillar from the pulpit, and it was hard lines to follow his lordship. Behind me was the north porch door, which, of course, squeaked every time it was opened. In the middle of the sermon came a squeak, and in came the Master of Trinity. He marched down the north side, across the west, and up the south, his shoes creaking at every step he took; then, apparently insensible that he was doing any strange thing, he retraced his road, and at last, with a final creak of shoes and squeak of door, the Bishop and congregation were freed from the intruder. Few, perhaps, in the great mass knew, as I did, who the intruder was; numbers, therefore, would wonder, which I did not, at this strange Paul Pry. What Bishop

Wilberforce thought of the prance up the sides and back again is a wonder—his orations were not usually delivered with such a running accompaniment.

Great efforts had to be made, and great difficulties had to be encountered, even to the loss of poor old Pugh's coalhole, before the scheme of the New Court at Trinity was safely floated. And when everything was accomplished and the building finished, it was within an ace of being destroyed by a disastrous fire. Luckily the Cam was close at hand, and no lack of willing workers in both Fellows and undergraduates. But the crowd of townsfolk, gathered round, not only would do no work, but offensively jeered at those who did; and, if I remember right, ventured on more than impediment—something like active violence. It was upon some grave provocation, passing endurance, that either Whewell or Peacock—either was big enough for the feat, and likely to undertake it; but I fancy that it was none other than Whewell—rushed at a grinning lout with his hands in his breeches pockets, and kicked him right into the Cam, to find water in it which he would not draw out of it. This shower-bath cooled his courage, and effectually cowed his comrades from any further annoyance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BISHOP, HIS SONS AND CHAPLAIN—PREACHING EXTEMPORE OR FROM BOOK—RIVAL MUSICIANS.

I HAVE spoken of the Bishop with his two clerical sons. At a yet earlier date, just within my remembrance, there was another Bishop blessed with two sons likewise. Both the Episcopal and his progeny were of another stamp altogether. His lordship was of rather a mundane build, very fond of horse-exercise; sometimes, it was scandalously reported, his steed ran away with him after the hounds. His two sons were grown-up lads at Eton, where, how much soever of Greek and Latin they might learn, they were quite proficients in extravagance and all its natural concomitants. The anxious parent sat awaiting the return of his beloved brace for the vacation. The palace was some eight miles from the town where the coach would drop them. Suddenly a post-chaise and four came racing up, and the senior hope of the family descended from

it alone. The Bishop, of course, asked, 'Where is your brother?' 'Really, my lord, he was such a blackguard that I could not travel with him.' 'Indeed! Will you come into my study?' There, of course, was a horse-whip handy, which my lord duly administered to his young hopeful. Shortly after the other chip arrived in exactly the same style, offered exactly the same excuse, and promptly received exactly the same reward.

The Bishop had previously presided over another diocese, where he became very intimate with, and formed a very high opinion of, one of the clergy. He came to the conclusion that his great attainments and business habits would be of essential service in the new and enlarged field of work. Therefore, upon his translation he carried his friend with him, made him his Chaplain, gave him the living in which his palace was situated; in short, they were to be clerical Siamese twins. But the course of brotherhood, any more than of true love, does not always run smoothly on. Ere long there cropped up differences of opinion, altercations, umbrage, coldness, quarrel, till at last it was currently reported that the Bishop and his Chaplain were not on speaking terms. Then, in the way of retaliation, the grateful Rector of the parish exacted tithe of the grapes in the hot-houses of his patron

and Bishop. Surely our manners and clerical relations work nowaday in a better and easier groove than this.

One practical mark of distinction between High and Low Church in the earlier day was noticeable in the pulpit. As a rule, the one clique always preached from book; the other, as more enthusiastic, opened the mouth and spake. In the one case, the drawback was a certain amount of humdrum twaddle; the solid gain was the greater security for truths searched into and digested before utterance. In the other case, the benefit was the more attractive and energetic style of extempore delivery, the apparent evidence of greater zeal and more heartfelt devotion. But the drawback was twofold: the effect upon the hearers was, after all, but skin-deep; it excited the feelings; it might, for the while, touch the heart; but it was weak in its appeal to the reason. While, as to the orator himself, his zeal was so apt to lack discretion, his obligation to talk without break or stoppage was such a trap to lead him into talking nonsense. As evidence of his familiarity with Scripture, his quotations were abundant, and, coming off-hand, would not always hold water, and were often unduly pressed into the service. Worse than all, the import and interpretation of them would by no means always

bear sifting, and sober reference to the written Word.

A saying of the hard-headed North-Countryman, Dr. Postlethwait, erst Master of Trinity, might be serviceable to many extempore preachers: 'Wroite, mon, wroite; mony a fule talks fulishly; but he is a fule indeed that wroites fulishly.' Two reminiscences occur to me: the one as to the unconsidered language; the other, the overstrained action into which extempore preachers are tempted. An evangelical clergyman of very high repute rode his special hobby on behalf of the conversion of the Jews. I went to hear him; his oration—it could not be called a sermon—needed a good deal of charity to digest. I sat wondering what the Vicar thought of it, as he was somewhat easily led by a name, or any novelty in preaching. The next day he met me, and, with much unction, said, 'Well, what did you think of the splendid sermon yesterday?' 'Well,' was my answer, 'what did you think of the nasal twang with which he clumsily mocked the utterance of a Jew? and what did you think of "the respectable young woman"—to wit, the Blessed Virgin Mary?' 'Aye, well, all that was very sad indeed,' he admitted, and he never ventured again to extol to me his paragon of preachers for the Jews.

Then as to the benefit or wisdom of redundant action in preaching, as exhibited in the ecstatic sermons of those days. For my part, I never could perceive that pounding the cushion was the best way of commending sound doctrine; that theatrical modulations of voice and tone availed much to awaken interest in the congregation; or that excited action and gesticulation was the natural way of illustrating God's truth. I was once resting for the Sunday in a fashionable watering-place; there joined us at the hotel a barrister, with whom I fraternised, as we found that we had many Cambridge friends in common. We went together to the evening Service, and were seated in the gallery which overlooked the pulpit. The clergyman, in his extempore discourse, indulged in sundry tropes and figures, and gave us a torrent of words, with, to my poor apprehension, a sad scarcity of wisdom. At last, when enjoining upon us the duty of *opening our hearts* to God, he enforced his precept by the outward sign, as if tearing his own heart with both hands out of his stomach. I really dared not look at my lay friend, lest he should burst out laughing. When we got outside the church he said, 'Do you not think, sir, that the minor theatres have had a great loss in that gentleman?'

Another questionable habit of the clergy of this

pronounced clique was the omission of the Lord's Prayer before the sermon, and, instead of a collect, favouring the congregation with a prayer of their own composition. For my own part, I have always held that the Lord's Prayer is never more needed than as a preface to the sermon. In itself it is the embodying of all prayer; it is the guide and groundwork of all devotion; surely, therefore, it is most required as a help and light, when a mere human being is about to set forth to blind humanity his own insight into and interpretation of the Word of God. It so chanced that once in Wales I fell in with an evangelical clerk from my own neighbourhood. He preached to us, and omitted the Lord's Prayer, to which the congregation had always been accustomed; hence there was a momentary interruption. When we got into the vestry the preacher, knowing possibly my views upon the point, thought it worth while to offer a sort of explanation; so he said to me, 'I did not omit the Lord's Prayer through inadvertence, but upon principle.' My answer was, that I could not tell his reason for the omission, but the effect simply was, that he bamboozled the congregation. He did not quite like my retort, so I followed it up by telling him a story. Just about that time the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner) said at

a meeting that the Bishop of London (Tait) had recently told him that he had decided to omit the Lord's Prayer before his sermon, inasmuch as it had already so frequently occurred in the Service. His Grace added that he thought the Bishop was quite right, and he should follow his example. For my brother-clerk's further edification, I added what was literally the fact. A sagacious, quaint old clergyman, familiar to both of us, said to me, 'Did you see what the Bishop of London has been inducing the Archbishop of Canterbury to do? He has been tempting him to leave out the best part of his sermon.' I never had opportunity to know whether my friend the preacher adhered to or relinquished his '*omission on principle.*'

When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, a fellow commoner of Magdalene had a French poodle dog, who was wonderfully sagacious and full of tricks. He had gone through a regular training in a canine institution in Paris. One of his peculiarities was that with him politeness in manners was master of natural instinct, since, if he were actually famishing, no power could induce him to take food proffered to him with the left hand. Strange that I should be reminded of this not so very long ago by a lady who had a very clever little dog, with whom she used to go through this

pantomime. She would bid him sit upon his tail and beg for biscuit, which she would offer him, saying, 'The Bishop of London sends you this,' upon which doggie gravely shook his head, declining the dole. Then his mistress bade him sit up again, and presented another dole, saying, 'The Bishop of the diocese sends you this,' when he would wag his tail and gobble it up. Upon asking the solution, it was simply my old experience of scores of years' date; the first bit of biscuit was offered with the left hand, the second with the right. What a stupid I was not to twig it!

What a curious anomaly it is that harmony and discord should so commonly run couples—I mean that jealous rivalry should be so rife among musical folk. For example, many years since Mori and Kiesweter—if I spell his name aright—were in the foremost rank as violinists: Mori acclimated here, Kiesweter but a transitory light. Somehow, Mori was credited in the profession as a plagiarist rather. K. said of him, 'M. Mori very clever player on the violin; he can play anything as well, very nearly as well, as I can myself, *when he has heered me.*' The rivals met at a York festival; they were to lead on alternate evenings. Mori led off the first night; Kiesweter, in very feeble health, followed suit the next. It was said that he had never played so

brilliantly. At the close he was carried fainting from the room, and shortly afterwards he died. Somewhat of the same jaundiced feeling had its way even among the sirens. Thus, the special song of Madame A. was 'With verdure clad,' while Madame B. was in her glory in 'Angels ever bright and fair.' Engaged together at a music meeting, they 'changed, not eyes,' but voices—that is, Madame B. elected to be 'verdantly' clothed; therefore Madame A., in retaliation, aspired to be 'angelic.' If I remember right, each of them in her borrowed plumes gained a loss. This crooked spirit of jealousy often makes itself felt among the medicos, and yet it is hard to say why. In other professions the feeling takes no root. In the army and navy comrades rejoice in the well-earned fame of one another; barristers fight and wrangle with each other in court, but are sworn friends in daily life. Nothing used to be, and I trust still is, so common in the University as the brotherly intimacy, the every-day intercourse, of those very men who are struggling together to reach the topmost bough of the tree of knowledge. It is a fair fight, and they seek no favour; it is simply, Let the best man win. Of mutual disparagement between medicos, I remember an instance in years long gone by. It so happened that in one town there was a

physician—sagacious, well read in his profession, but not superabundant in fees. Some few miles off lived a surgeon, who had more to do than he had time to do it; therefore his leisure for reading was somewhat scant. A common friend, travelling that way, called upon both, and naturally spoke to one of the other. 'Ah,' said M.D., 'our friend M.B. has plenty of practice, but he lacks theory.' 'Ah,' said M.B., 'poor old M.D. is chokeful of theory, but unluckily he has but little practice.'

How queerly old thoughts are recalled to memory! Very lately I saw the death of the venerable Provost of King's; that reminded me that in our time there was a Mr. Okes, a surgeon in high repute, in Cambridge, and thereby hangs a tale. A very dear friend and old school-fellow of mine, who was amongst the foremost classics of our year, was yet sadly given to practical jokes. One day he issued a number of invitations to a gathering in his rooms, when the famed 'British Hercules,' or some such name, would exhibit his marvellous feats of superhuman strength—bend bars of iron, lift enormous weights, etc. As the guests arrived, they were requested to give up their caps and gowns to the gyp, as they would encumber the performance. He quietly stowed them away, turned the key upon them, and made himself

scarce. Luckily, as in the same College, I left my gown at home, and also remained 'cap in hand.' For a dreary half-hour we sat looking at each other, wondering at, and grumbling at, the non-appearance of Don Hercules. At last our host avowed his intention of going to seek him. We heard him race downstairs, then a scuffling fall, and then a cry of pain. At the bottom we found the poor fellow sprawling with *apparently* a broken arm. We lamented over him, and asked one another what was to be done, when, suddenly jumping up, he exclaimed, '*Send for Mr. Hoax!*' and ran off like a lamp-lighter, leaving some twenty men, several of them from distant Colleges, without gown or cap, looking like geese at each other.

I could fill pages with the practical pranks of this dear old co-mate, but a little while since taken to his rest; but I cannot resist recording one more of his merry-andrew tricks. I was awakened out of my first sleep by a tap at the window, and an urgent 'Old fellow, please lend me a bit of rope. I have a dog here that will just suit old D——.' This was the unpopular College Dean, for whom he had a special aversion. It seemed that a strange dog had followed him into College, and as soon as ever he shut him up in his gyp-room gave vent to loud and ceaseless howls. Crustily I dismissed him

without any rope ; but some half-hour afterwards I was awakened a second time by continuous and discordant howling from the other side of the court, where the Dean slept. Now, non-experts have to be told that College rooms have an outer and an inner door ; to the latter, in the case of a Fellow, a knocker is often appended. To this knocker the murderer of sleep tied the dog, and bolted round the corner downstairs ; forthwith the poor dog sprang howling forwards, the knocker caught him, and with a loud rap pulled him backwards. This operation continued through the night ; the Dean, opening his door, was scared by, and dared not tackle, the intruder, but was too disturbed to go to bed. The old bedmaker, coming upstairs before it was light, was met by two red gleaming eyes and a loud howl. She went to the College porter for help ; and at last they entered the room, and found the Dean walking up and down in a state of rage and terror mixed half and half.

I had once personal experience of the inclination some musicians have to pick holes in their brethren's coats. I was visiting in a house, when a tip-top Professor and proficient in music was also an inmate ; our host was unavoidably absent, so it fell to me to entertain the other guest. In our *tête-à-tête* after dinner it was hard lines to carry on our

small-talk. I did my little best on the musical line; on any other ground we should have been dumb dogs. It so happened that I was very fond of music, while I knew absolutely nothing about it as a science; but at one time or another I had come in contact with several of the old stars, even Braham and Bartleman, Cramer and old Linley, Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens. Then I tried to pick his brains as to later lights; but it was all the same song that he sang—he recognised no power, he acknowledged no excellence in any. Now, it so chanced that but a little time before I had, for the first time, heard Arabella Goddard play; so I said at last, 'Surely, Doctor, you can admire Arabella the divine?' 'Oh no,' was his answer, '*she has no soul.*' I had nothing then for it but to say, 'If he would take no more wine, we had better join the ladies in the drawing-room.'

When I was but a youth I was residing in a house at which a private concert was about to be given, and a father and son, not professors, but proficients with the violin, came down to give their help. It was found that by some mischance the instrument of the younger lacked a string. The elder took the matter coolly; simply said, 'They must make the best of it.' The more enthusiastic son was furious at this, and asked whether they

thought that 'he had come all the way from London to play upon three thrings.'

It was not so long after this that I travelled fifty miles to hear Paganini play upon one string. The impression made upon me by the performance was, that I would not go over the doorstep to hear him do it again. I suppose there is no question that he was a first-rate musician, and entirely master of his instrument; but surely it is too beautiful an instrument to play tricks with. I was rather in accord with those doggerel lines:

'What are they who spend their guineas
To hear sweet strains of Paganini's?
Pack of Ninnies.'

I do not think Joachim would make a fool of his fiddle to please the gallery. By the same token I almost wish that I had never heard Joachim. Why so? Because he spoilt me for hearing with pleasure anyone else.

Dr. Andrew Bell, the author of the National School system, had planted it first in India; on his return to England he was made a sort of lion, and marked out for preferment. In 1815, upon the appointment of a new Bishop, the Prime Minister claimed his right, by lapse, of the Golden Prebend in Hereford Cathedral, and conferred it upon Dr. Bell. He was something of a character in his way.

I ought to bear him in remembrance, since I earned my first bit of money for work done for him. He had a large correspondence with notables on the Continent. One day he handed me a Latin letter from some foreign Professor, and bid me translate it for him; in return he gave me a sovereign. He was very sensitive on the point of cruelty to animals. He was riding once with a relative of mine, who thoughtlessly gave a pig, wallowing in the mud by the wayside, a cut with his riding-whip. The old man turned savagely upon him, and said, 'Young man, if a post-boy driving me had done that, I should have said, "You are a brute!"' He was a very enthusiastic, but a very prosy, preacher on his own hobby—the schools. He was pleading for them in one of the Hereford churches before a crowded congregation; by his side he had a file of papers to refer to, with which he puzzled himself and wearied his auditors: it was half sermon, half dry statement of accounts. Now one, now another, quietly slipped out of their pews—as they hoped, unperceived; by lucky chance there came a slight flash of lightning and rumble of thunder, upon which about half of the congregation were suddenly seized with great fear of electricity, and rushed out of the church. He was soon translated to some lucrative post in the North, from which he retired after

awhile, and settled at Cheltenham for the rest of his days. He left a large sum of money behind him for the benefit of some public institution, ignoring his own kin altogether. I think I have already mentioned that towards the close of life he was afflicted with paralysis of the tongue, and for himself had to make use of the raised letters which he had devised for the children in his schools.

It happened that I was visiting Shrewsbury, I think, in 1827, when there was a great sale at Attingham, the seat of Lord Berwick. All the world and his wife gathered there. The sale made almost as great a sensation as that a few years before at Fonthill, and, like it, lasted over several days. My own interest in the matter was stirred, since Lord Berwick had been my father's pupil—no great matter to boast of, as events proved. The story, as current at the time, was this: Robins, the great auctioneer of that day, had lent Lord Berwick as large a sum as he considered safe, and then came down and sold him up. The fact that this great king of the hammer was officiating in person was an additional attraction to the sale. As we sat at the auction, there was in front of me a homely old lady. The lot put up was a full set of gold salt-cellars. Goody, in her black bonnet, entered into the bidding, which rose from half-a-

crown to seven-and-sixpence or more, and then was knocked down to her. She fully supposed that this covered her outlay, when, to her dismay, it was explained to her that the cost was seven-and-sixpence an ounce, amounting altogether to a heavy sum. So, to the amusement of the crowd, the lot had to be put up again.

All people that know what is good can appreciate Stilton cheese; but how many people can tell you off-hand why it is called Stilton, or whence was its origin? In the village of Little Dalby, in Leicestershire, these delectables were originally made by a farmer's wife, whose brother was the landlord of the hotel at Stilton. To him the sister consigned her dainties, as, lying on the Great North Road, and all coaches and posting halting at the inn, it afforded the most likely market for them. You used to see a great pile of them in front of the house, and smart traffic was done with the travellers and coach passengers.

Will anyone confidently say whence comes its name to the pear they deem so toothsome? Is it Burgundy pear, as first grown in the French district? or is it plain Bergamy pear, as born originally at Bergamo, in Italy? or is it that to the taste its flavour is a reminder of the noted Bergamot perfume? 'Adhuc sub judice lis est.'

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANCE NAMES AT SCHOOL—MURDER WILL OUT—GINGER-BREAD NUT—MYSTIFYING A FELLOW-TRAVELLER—LADY CRITICS OF SERMONS.

THERE is, or, at any rate, was, an odd custom in schools, not only to give a lad a nickname, but to assign to him a name that was not his. I went with an old schoolmate to the tercentenary at Shrewsbury. In the omnibus was one manifestly of our time, so my compañion asked him if he remembered Fred H.? 'No,' he answered; 'there never was one of that name in his day.' He remembered John, and Horatio, and *Ben* H., but he was certain there was no Fred in the school. It was whimsical for a man to have his own identity denied to his very face.

Some time before this, I fell in with an invalid gentleman and his wife in an hotel at Buxton, who hailed from Coventry. I chanced to say to the lady, 'As you come from Coventry, perhaps you

can tell me something about my old friend Jacky S.' Madame drew herself up stiffly, and replied, 'The Rev. Thomas S. is my uncle, sir.' 'Oh yes, I know very well his name in the register is Thomas, but to me and his school-fellows he will be Jacky S. to the end of the chapter.' She gave me the cold shoulder during her sojourn, so when they were going I wrote down a Latin line, and humbly requested her to give it to 'her Uncle Jacky S., and ask him if he knew from what classical author it came.' The fact was that it was a very pretty line out of his own 'Vale' to Butler when he left school. She took it with a very bad grace, but much to her husband's amusement.

On one of my riding tours, I was at Winchester, and my travelling purse needed replenishing. For this purpose I used to take with me orders for ten pounds upon my bankers, sign them, and get them cashed as occasion required. In this I had never found any difficulty whatever; but at Winchester the cashier civilly said they would send it up to London, and cash it on reply. I ventured to ask him, did I look very much like a swindler? 'Oh dear no! but it was their way of business with strangers.' I urged that it was Friday, therefore they could not hear till Monday, and it might not suit my convenience to be tied so long at Win-

chester. 'Did I know anyone in that neighbourhood?' he asked. 'No, not a soul.' Then luckily the thought struck me, 'Oh yes, I do! I know Bob R.' 'I suppose you mean Mr. George R.,' he said, and gave me my cash without another word. This George by baptism, Bob by habit, was one of our oldest friends. It so happened that, after all, I tarried for the Cathedral Sunday, and before I got on my horse on Monday morning, I just put my head in at the bank, and hoped they had not been let in for a mistake.

What a grand old elephant is Winchester Cathedral! and the grander when seen in direct contrast with Salisbury, looking so neat and spruce, as if out of a band-box. I used of old to say, what cannot be said now, that of all the Cathedrals, the finest was that which was no Cathedral at all, namely, St. Alban's Abbey. This Paddyism is true no longer, since there is now, as there always ought to have been, a bishopric of St. Albans. I hear, too, that very much has been done towards the sustentation and restoration of the glorious building, and that much controversy has arisen as to the result. Most certainly, as a rule, it cannot be said of your modern restorer, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* I know not how it may be with St. Albans, but many of your grand

old fabrics in their new dress tempt us to say, with Lord Palmerston, 'Could you not let it alone?'

'Murder will out' is, in the main, a true proverb; though every rule is proved by its exception, as these recent Whitechapel atrocities seem likely to prove. But sometimes the old saw comes true in a curious way, as happened in my boyhood in Worcestershire. A double murder, one after the other, scared the village of Oddingley. A well-known inhabitant mysteriously disappeared; some short time afterwards a carpenter in the same place passed out of sight. It is so long since that I may not be correct in minute details, but of the main facts I have a clear recollection. There was living in the place an old half-pay captain, not held in the very best repute, and who had a questionable clique among his intimates. If I remember right, there was some bone of contention between the captain and the first evanescent man; but I do not think that any suspicion attached to him as having anything to do with his sudden disappearance. Time went on, and the captain came to his last end. On his death-bed he was grievously troubled in spirit, and sent urgently for the clergyman, who untowardly happened to be from home. The neighbouring Rector, not having desire to

meddle with such a patient as the captain, declined to intrude in another parish; so the old sinner passed away unshriven. I forget how long afterwards it was that, under the spot where, year after year, the captain had persistently placed his haystack, the remains of a human being were found, and on strong grounds believed to be those of the first murdered man. Afterwards the flooring of a barn was dug up, and the skeleton of the carpenter was found, identified by his rule, which lay by his side and was sworn to by his widow from a peculiar notch in it. In the end, I forget by what means, it came out that the captain and some confederates had bribed the carpenter to murder and bury the first victim; had then inveigled him into the barn to receive the price of blood, and paid him by slaying him where he stood, and hiding his body under the floor.

I fell in once with another proof of the proverb, 'Murder will out.' An old friend of mine, a medical man, was summoned eight miles to hold an inquest upon an infant, supposed to be that of a woman who was then in gaol for concealing the birth of her child. The jury were duly assembled, and went to view the body, when the coroner immediately exclaimed, 'Why, gentlemen, we have been called together on a fool's errand; that is, to sit upon a

cat!' This, so far as it went, was a practical answer to the moot question, Whether a coroner had better be a surgeon or a lawyer? Possibly, in this case, a solicitor might not so promptly have let the cat out of the bag. And yet his was not a journey in vain: it let the murder out too; for, while he was gone, the gaol-matron said to the woman, 'You need not deny it any longer; they have found the child.' 'Have they?' she cried. 'Where was it?' 'Why, in such a place.' Thrown off her guard, she said, 'That I am sure they did not, for I hid it in such a spinney.' The police went there, found the brat, and the mother was tried on the graver charge of destroying it.

A ginger-bread nut is a queer hinge for a man's life-course to turn upon. More than a hundred years have passed since an elderly clergyman and his son were riding past a Rectory-house, on the terrace in front of which the Rector was taking his ten minutes' walk before his breakfast, champing a hot ginger-bread nut. He hailed the travellers, and bade them stay and breakfast. Upon his asking whither they were bound, they told him they were riding to catch the coach at Chester, and on their way to enter the son at Jesus, Cambridge, which was the father's College. The old

man said they might do better than that; he would give them a letter to Bishop Hinchliffe, his brother-in-law, who was Master of Trinity. They gladly accepted the offer, and the lad was duly entered at Trinity. He had brains, diligence, and good conduct. In due course he became a Wrangler, twice a Classical Prizeman, and ultimately Fellow of Trinity. The Bishop, who from the first received him kindly, took a great interest in him, and as long as he lived was his constant counsellor and guide. The fruit of this fortunate start in life was that, after a prosperous course of forty years, he became a dignitary of the Church. Now, the beginning of this end was, beyond question, the ginger-bread nut; had the riders passed the Rector's terrace by ten minutes sooner or later, he would not have been there to see them, the young Cantab would have been entered at Jesus, and—there an end.

By a curious coincidence, some twenty years afterwards, exactly what had been done for him he did for another. It came about on this wise. He was going up to Cambridge to take the degree of D.D. In the coach were father and son, bent on the same errand as he and his father had been when they were stayed by the ginger-bread nut. 'Where was the youth to be entered?' he

asked. 'Well, he was intended for the Law, and Trinity Hall was the Law College.' 'Oh, neither Law nor anything else was then taught there; if the lad had anything in him, Trinity was the place for him. Might he examine him?' After a brief probing, he told the father 'that he would throw his son's sharp intellects to the dogs if he sent him anywhere but to Trinity, to the Tutor of which College he would give him a letter of introduction.'

The after-career of this Freshman more than abundantly fulfilled the forecast of his chance examiner. He came out Second Wrangler, and Fellow of Trinity. Going to the Bar, he speedily made his mark, and climbed higher and higher up the slippery tree. Cambridge, his first love, made him their M.P., and afterwards their Lord High Steward. As Solicitor-General, he manifestly sat upon his legal superior, the Attorney-General, at Queen Caroline's trial. In his first Chancellorship, he was made famous by his wonderful decision in the noted Attwood Case, which decision his successor, Lord Brougham, as a lawyer not worthy to carry his shoes, saw fit to reverse. Yet, amid all this prosperity and pre-eminence, he never forgot to whom, humanly speaking, he owed its beginning. There abided a life-long link of kindliness between the two. Once he publicly said, so gratefully to

his friend, so gracefully to his College, 'Had it not been for him, I should never have come to Trinity; had I not come to Trinity, I should never have risen to a position to aspire to the high offices which in life I have enjoyed.'

At the time when the High and Low Church feud was running very high, I went by coach from Conway to Chester, and had for a fellow-passenger a very pleasant, well-informed Welsh clergyman, who took great interest in the contest, and, though very charitable in his views, was clearly in alarm lest the High were going too great lengths. I saw that he was curious to know whence I came, and what my clerical bias might be. I thought, therefore, I might innocently amuse myself and lead him a little clerical dance. I took it for granted that, from my 'form of speech,' he would at once perceive that I was not Taffy, so to lead him astray, I spoke of the pleasure I had in seeing the Bishop of Bangor, Bethell, so hearty and well. 'Did I, then, know the Bishop?' 'Oh yes; for he ordained me deacon' (so he did, but when Bishop of Gloucester). Then I spoke of the heavy marble figures on the Luxmoore tomb in St. Asaph Cathedral being so like the originals. 'What, did I know them?' 'Oh yes! quite well;' but I did not add that one of them was as Bishop of

Hereford, when I was a lad. My friend was now beginning to think that, if not a Welshman, I must have held some cure in Wales. So I turned our talk to the then debateable land of Church questions. This naturally brought up Bishop Marsh of Peterborough, who was then a champion with one side, an ogre with the other. 'Did I know him?' 'Oh yes! he ordained me priest.' This sent him all abroad again. So next he asked me did I know Bishop Ryder of Lichfield, who was supposed to hold views very different from those of Bishop Marsh. 'Oh yes! I knew him well, and he confirmed me.' This entirely put the puzzle-cap upon him as to my actual whereabouts. Our after-converse mainly was on the miserable dissensions in the Church; in this respect I did not, I trust, mystify him as in my personal antecedents. As neither of us ran into extremes, we could agree to differ in minor matters. Then, at last, I drew the smoothing-iron over all, by expressing as fully, and therefore as literally, as I knew how, my admiration of his glorious country, as to which, like all true Taffs, he was an enthusiast. By the way, after my first acquaintance with Wales, I was taken down a peg by an English clergyman of Welsh extraction. I told him where I had been, and he said I had pronounced the names all right but

one. 'Which was that?' 'Dolgelly.' I had rather plumed myself on catching the *ll* as *thl*. 'How was I wrong?' 'Why, you pronounced it *Doll*gethly, and you ought to have said *Dole*gethly. Dol is a vale.'

Any clergyman who is sensitive as to the estimation in which his oratory is held, will find his most numerous and sharpest critics among the ladies. I was familiar with a parson who held in less than contempt the *rôle* of a popular preacher, yet naturally desired, in order to his usefulness, to be acceptable to his people. This, as by hook and crook it came to his ears, was the repute in which he was held by the feminine portion of his parishioners. His style was, perhaps, somewhat terse and pointed, and one lady thought his sermons were amusing. He was always careful to follow the rule of the old divine, that in every sermon should be made plain the fundamental truth—the Three in one God. Hence another female critic said that his sermons were always the same, while a third called them triangular sermons. Again, an old lady, somewhat Dissenterically inclined, said to his face, 'I allays says as you bring Christ out beautiful, but you spiles it all by baptismal regeneration.' He had preached once for a new-fledged curate, who, as they came out of church, said,

'Thank you, sir, for your very elegant discourse.' The youthful reverend thought that he must say something pretty, and unconsciously said what was very left-handed. The preacher turned his flank by asking him whether he had never heard what old Rowland Hill said to one of his hearers who complimented him on his sermon: 'Ah, my friend, you are too late; the devil told me that as I came down the pulpit stairs.'

A sermon may be dull or awakening, superficial or thought deeply out, simple and sound, or savouring of false doctrine; but of all possible epithets, that of 'elegant' seemed to this clergyman the most inappropriate for a sermon. Assuredly the preacher mistakes his errand, lowers his mission, when he strives after fine phrases, attractive declamation, well-rounded periods, and so loses sight of the one thing he has to do—to preach Christ Jesus, and Him crucified.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ABBERLEY—'CAUTION GRACE'—HARD WORDS—DEAN SHIPLEY—LEGAL AMENITIES.

FRESH as paint is my recollection of a visit to Abberley, Worcestershire, in 1811. We were posting out of Derbyshire, and in order to reach our destination in time, my father had put on leaders. However, we drove into a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain—bad as Macbeth's witches could have raised. The post-boys and the very horses refused to face it, and stopped short, of course, under a great tree, to improve the danger, wherefore screams and entreaties to drive on proceeded from the inside. At last we found ourselves safe for the night; but, by mistake in the posting tickets, at Kidderminster instead of Stourport. When we drove the next morning through Stourport, we saw almost all the windows on one side the street were smashed by the hail-storm of the

evening before; so, in all probability, the blunder of the ticket had saved us from the brunt of the tempest.

I am afraid that I was but a very troublesome inmate at Abberley; but my great delight was the animals about the house, petted as badly as I myself was. Our host had a special favourite—a terrier dog—on whose collar was graven, 'My name is Toby; please let me go by!' He slept in his master's room, and had a proper set of bedclothes with his name on them. Then, in the stables was a cat, between whom and one of the carriage-horses there was great affection. Pussy went after her own schemes during the day, but as soon as the horse laid himself down to rest for the night, grimalkin dropped down from the edge of the stall, settled herself upon his ribs, and so they slept cozily together till morning.

The letters for the house had to be taken to and fro the Hundred House; some mile or more, I think, it was distant. This was done every day by help of a specially wise messenger in the shape of a huge dog—a Newfoundland, if I remember right. At the proper time he made his appearance in the kitchen; the post-bag was buckled round his throat, and he trotted off. Arrived at the Post Office, he reared himself on his hind-legs and put his head to

the window. The bag was taken, emptied, then filled with its fresh budget and fastened round his neck again; he turned tail, and trotted home. Woe betide anyone who in his transit had attempted to meddle with his bag in charge! So soon as he had delivered it up to the right receiver, he went to the kitchen and got his journey money in the shape of a good dinner. Surely those folk lose a very great deal who take no interest in, and, surely, they are very blind who do not believe in, the wonderful sagacity of animals. We lords of the creation pride ourselves upon our gift of reason, and shut our eyes to the fact how continually we abuse it; we take no thought of—in truth, we cannot understand—what the instinct in animals is, which they always use to purpose. Many a time and oft we ought to say, How much more wise are they than their masters!

Those who are not conversant with Cambridge will need to be told what a Caution Grace is. If you require to take a B.D. or D.D. degree, for which certain exercises, called Acts and Opponencies, are appointed, you can escape personal service by paying a certain fine, provided you obtain a grace signed by a majority of the Heads of Houses. To obtain this you must be introduced to them individually by an officer called the Father

of your College. Now, I had occasion to go through this form. My College papa was a joker in his way. We went, of course, first to our own Master, who affixed his name naturally towards the head of the paper. 'Now,' said papa, 'we shall net the whole covey, for there is a syndicate meeting in the library.' Now, in the first room runs a long counter, on the inside of which the Dons congregate, the proletarians on the outside. The first to arrive was the Master of Trinity, to whom my dry-nurse duly introduced me, and the object of my visit. The Master did not like, but could not refuse, my plea. He took the paper, and as the belief was strong upon him that Trinity was the first of the Colleges, he, with much difficulty and skill, contrived to squeeze his signature at the top of the grace, whereupon I received a furtive kick on the shin from my merry papa. The very next to arrive was the then Master of Christ's, in standing and talent foremost among the first, but overlaid by a special burden of mock modesty. Our errand having been explained to him, he assented 'with the greatest pleasure,' took in hand the paper and signed it, leaving a wide gap between the two topmost signatures and his own—of course, for the many masters of Colleges he deemed better than himself. For this I received a second kick

on the shins. Then, in due course, the other heads arrived, and our work was finished without further incident. So it is that what might pass muster as grave proceedings and needful ceremonies are, in reality, little better than a solemn farce. It is impossible for me not to remember that of all those who took part in this incident, I am the solitary survivor. But then fifty-two years have passed and gone since it occurred.

It would be well if unlettered folk would do as the sharp little shaver used to do, who, when in learning to read he came to a word which he could not pronounce, did not stop or haggle, but simply read it as 'hard word,' and went on. The word 'felicity' has always proved a stumper to parish-clerks. There is the old story of the man who, when asked what the clergyman meant by that word in his sermon, said he thought it was the 'innards of a pig.' I remember an old man who always read the Psalm thus: 'That I may see the *falsity* of Thy chosen.' But a very frequent blunder is made, not by the mispronouncing, but the actual change of a word. Thus a boy, and rather a sharp boy too, once read to me from the Prayer-Book, open in his hand, 'Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter *nor* snow.' I told him to open his eyes, and read it again. Then it was,

'Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter *till* snow.' I bade him try again, and then it became, 'Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter *nor till* snow.' So completely bad habit mastered eye-sight, and the vulgarisms *nor* and *till* were too strong for poor little *than*.

One of the men notable in the last generation was Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph; he was more free-going—more liberal, as we call it now—than the high ones of that date could stomach. So for a pamphlet that he published, he was tried at Shrewsbury before Judge Buller. Erskine was his counsel, and it was at this trial that the great point was asserted, that the jury are judges of the law and of the facts. It was then, also, that the Judge threatened to commit Erskine, who replied, 'If you do, my lord, I am afraid you will commit yourself.' The Deanery is in the gift of the Bishop, and one motive with Bishop Luxmoore for leaving Hereford for St. Asaph was supposed to be that he might make his eldest son, Charles, Dean, when Shipley, who was then quite an old man, passed away. The veteran was not slow to twig this move; but he was fresh and strong for his years, and enjoyed his short day's sport. When September the first came round, he would send his lordship a brace of partridges, and 'hoped

that he would enjoy them, the rather as he had shot them from his own gun.'

Among the leaders on the Oxford Circuit in my early day was Jervis, a kinsman, I believe, of Lord St. Vincent. He had been himself in the navy, and had a mutilated finger, but by an accident, not in the wars. He was rather a dull pleader, but as he wore silk, was pretty well laden with briefs. He very easily lost guard of his temper, upon which his 'learned friends' habitually played: Abbot and Puller by grave argument, Dauncey by chaff, Campbell and Twiss by bully-bluster. When put in a passion, he would almost shout, and throw his hands about, and we lads spotted the fact that he was not *pollice*, but *digito truncus*. A budget of these legal amenities might easily be recorded. Scarlett and Brougham were, both on Circuit and in Westminster Hall, incessantly pitted against each other; and, it was said, had but scant reverence for one another's law. Their forensic duels, now and then, dropped into personalities. Thus, on one occasion Scarlett used the word 'academĭa,' upon which Brougham, in an audible stage-whisper, said 'Academīa;' to which Scarlett retorted that he was aware some puppies at the sister university did so pronounce it, but he was glad to say that Cambridge had not followed the bad example,

wherein, of course, he was reckoning without his host.

Judges even could pay each other left-handed compliments. There was some stir and debate when Lord Campbell, on circuit, took the strong measure of refusing to be escorted to court by the High Sheriff, who was a Romanist, if he were accompanied by his robed chaplain. The late Judge Willes, discussing this with a magistrate at dinner, said, 'Between you and I, Brother Campbell was an ass.' Judge Maule's propensity for hard words everyone knows, but one would have hoped that he might have repressed it in judicial converse. On one occasion a man was convicted of stealing his master's oats; he stole them, not for his own lucre, but to improve the condition of his master's horses. Maule, viewing it roughly as a servant robbing his master, inflicted a very heavy punishment. The committing magistrate consulted the Clerk of Arraigns whether he could hope to do any good by seeking an interview with the Judge. 'No,' was the reply; 'he will only swear at you.' Then from hard words we come to legal, or illegal, blows; for example, Mr. Neate boxing Bethell's ears in the robing-room. And, capping all, Adolphus and Allen, I think it was, coming to actual blows in open court! To be sure, it was only the Old Bailey.

CHAPTER XIX.

MONMOUTH AND MACEDON—SMIRKE'S CASTLES—SIR F. DOYLE—MR. PYCROFT—'CLERICUS' ON SIR W. SCOTT.

FLUELLEN tells us 'that there are comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth; and that there is a river in Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth.' We tell ourselves that there are comparisons between Matlock and Malvern. Also, we have to tell that there is a beautiful river, visible at Matlock, and a grand river all but invisible at Malvern. And we further say that these two are about the most attractive and enjoyable places to be found between John o' Groat's House and the Land's End. Of Matlock we have already spoken, both as to its intrinsic beauties, and as a centre for near and numberless explorings. But, at least, it has one drawback: its summer heat is of the hottest. Shut in between high cliffs, the air is close and smothering. But good Dame Nature has provided a remedy. The bottom

of the cliff is clothed on one side by luxuriant trees or shrubs; the rippling, crystal Derwent flows under their shadow. Take a book, get into a boat, tether yourself under the shade, read if you will, or take a snooze if you will—waking or dreaming, you feel that you are in paradise.

My first acquaintance with Malvern was in 1818. I was proud as Punch, for then I was trusted for the first time to ride a journey by my own little self. The triple range of hills stood as of old, and as to the end they will stand out in all their grandeur. But on the Link side there were here and there only a few scattered houses or cottages. Nearly the first house you came to was the Foley Arms, then, as now, to be called an *archery*, but now, I take it, in the hands of a grandson of the Robin Hood that I can remember. Then you passed upward, with some private houses and shops on the right, and on the dip upon the left a cluster of dwellings nestling round the Abbey. You might pass on to Little Malvern and its quaint church, or take up your quarters under the hill at Essington's Hotel. This was about the limit of civilization then; if you ventured through the Wyche for the marvellously beautiful prospect, you had to make or find your way by a mere donkey-path. Of North, or of West Malvern, an isolated cottage

here and there was the only trace and foreshadowing. The settlement of a religious foundation would naturally draw around it a dependent population; further, it lay on the transit road from Worcester to Hereford. As time ran on, much would have more, and the village town, *rus in urbe*, gathered head, and is now grown into *Great* Malvern literally. Yet it seems to have taken warning from many other fashionable places of resort, in which houses are run up ill-built and comfortless, jostling one another. Here you have residences contiguous but disconnected, differing in size and structure, yet having a common style. With all its multiplied attractions of scenery, health, and lodgings, it is little wonder that visitors to Malvern should adopt the physician's mongrel prescription, *repete dosin*—in other words, should so habitually 'cut and come again.' Still, unquestionably Great Malvern, as regards position, plays second fiddle to West Malvern; the daughter is a greater beauty than her mamma. For, first and before all, the *aspect* has to be considered. The 'eastward position' may be stickled for by some ecclesiastics, but it passes belief that any sane person could prefer the outlook eastward across the dead flat to Worcester to the prospect from the western ridge of the Beacon over Herefordshire.

If for no other reason, is it no sensible deprivation to lose fifteen minutes of heaven's light seven days in every week? Is it nothing to be smothered under the roots of the great Beacon, when a fresh healthy breeze is whistling against the other side of it? But instead of disparaging the one in order to belaud the other, we may truly say that Malvern is one beauteous whole of scenery and healthful enjoyment. What can compare with a tramp along the triple ridge of hill, so like to, and yet so different from, the YR EIFL of the Caernarvonshire mountains? There are the historical memories, the actual camp remains of the British and Roman fortifications at the south extremity, the grand stare over Shropshire on the north. But in the prospect east or west there can be no comparison at all. I have spoken of the all but invisible river. Who, gazing over the flat towards Worcester, could dream that the Severn is running its course between Worcester and Upton beneath their feet?

You may perchance catch here and there a glistening in the sunlight telling you that water is flowing; or I suppose in flood-times Sabrina demonstrates her presence more sensibly. As a youth, I witnessed from the Worcestershire Beacon the strange sight of a thunderstorm in the valley, while there was clear sunshine where I was on the

height. But, on the contrary, some little time before there was a terrible disaster from a storm on the hill. A bridal party from Hereford were making holiday on the hill, and were caught by a tempest. They took refuge in a little summer-house which was then near. Unhappily, it had no open window to let in a current of air, and, worse still, it had a metal roof to attract the lightning. The flash came, and every one of them was killed except one, who was standing in the doorway. The lightning had not actually struck them, but they died of suffocation because it destroyed the air, as there was no open window. The bride or bridesmaid, I forget which, was the daughter of a confectioner in Hereford whom I knew very well.

Stand upon the crest of the Worcestershire Beacon above West Malvern, and you will see what you shall see—a panorama of unrivalled beauty. From north to south your bird's-eye view runs in unbroken line from the Clee Hills in Shropshire to May Hill, overshadowing Newnham; while the range from east to west starts from Edge Hill—the beginning of the end of his disasters to King Charles—runs its course through a fertile valley of Worcestershire, and on the other side of the Malvern Hills looks down upon the still more fertile and more varied prospect gradually expanding and

opening out through Herefordshire, until you are blocked by the Black Mountain and its confederate range. Go visit this in the early autumn, then beneath you is an almost kaleidoscopic view. Blended together are the green pastures and the yellow cornfields; the hop-yards with their crop of double hue, and the orchards, whose fruit for the most part, that is, the cider-apple, is green on the one side and red on the other. If you add to all this the cultivated hills and picturesque seats on either side, the prospect from West Malvern is almost without a parallel. If the wandering nymph, Vaga, instead of flowing zigzag from Hereford to Ross, would but have meandered down this valley, the view would be absolutely perfect.

In order to form a right judgment you must hear both sides of the question; if you would have full insight into the attractions of a beautiful district, you must travel over it to and fro. Now that you can do very easily in this instance. Ride up to the table-land on the top of Stoke Edith Park, and then you will enjoy this picture from the reverse side; only your view will be bounded on the east by the Malverns, as, on the other hand, the Welsh mountains stopped your way. But then you have a closer and more direct oversight of the home, or Herefordshire, view; that is, you can take,

what before you were shut out from, the southern, or, as we may call it, the homeward scene. I think there are few prospects in Herefordshire finer or more varied than this from Stoke Edith Park, and I trust it is better known and appreciated nowadays than it used to be of old. The house itself stands under the cover of the rising ground, and gives no sign of a grand prospect from the higher flat. It is a fine place; its size may be implied from the tradition that the parsonage would stand bodily within the entrance-hall.

I so well remember the festivities at Stoke Edith on St. Thomas's Day, 1812, when all the Herefordshire world were gathered to celebrate the coming of age of the late proprietor, Edward Foley. I was then too young to be among the guests; but a few years afterwards I was present at the private theatricals, of which Mr. Foley was very fond. I should think that at the supper after the play I had my first taste of champagne. Then there was Andrew Foley, of Newport, and his son, Tom Foley, never by any chance called Thomas. He was for years M.P. for Herefordshire, full of wit and natural courtesy. An instance of the latter I have not forgotten. At his election in 1813, he was being chaired up Broad Street, and passed the window at which stood Lady Cotterell; the mob

began to hiss and hoot, whereupon he bade his bearers stop, and made her ladyship a profound and gracious bow; and then the hisses were turned into hurrahs. With Lord Foley, then of Whitley, the political influence of this triple alliance must have been very great.

If I am not mistaken, Eastnor Castle, Belvoir Castle, and the modern portion of Lowther Castle are all of them the work of one hand. Surely, as regards the architect, they are one and all disappointing. In Lowther Castle what is there to tell you that it is the great mansion of a great nobleman? When you have had your gaze from the terrace outside, all is done and said. The unrivalled site of Belvoir should have inspired the architect to raise a structure worthy of it. You drive grandly under an archway, and are admitted to an entrance-hall scarcely big enough to contain its fire-engine and multitude of buckets. You mount up a staircase of no greater pretension than may be found in any private residence. You are admitted to the so-called Regent's Gallery—how Bess of Hardwicke's ghost must laugh at it! When you come to the end of this long narrow passage you are stopped by a railing to prevent you from tumbling into the lower pit; and what is that? You would scarcely believe that it is the chapel.

Then, in order to preserve mediæval inconveniences, it is said that in the sleeping-rooms there were no bells, and that one of the family lost his life because he could obtain no help when attacked by illness in the night. The one redeeming point, betokening comfort, is the snug little room of reserve out of the great dining-room, for the lag-lasts from hunting.

With regard to Eastnor, which I remember being built, and also the builder, the first Earl, what is to be said about it? Well, if instead of clinging to the old site of Castle Ditch they had gone up into the high ground of the Park, scores of delightful positions might have been found, notably that on which the obelisk in memory of Major Cocks is placed. As to its dimensions, it was said that its entire area is exactly the ground that the centre of Lowther Castle stands upon, without its wings. But at any rate, Eastnor, like Belvoir, has one redeeming snuggery to take refuge in, and that is the little turret-room out of the library; that you may take your book down from the shelves, and read it by yourself in the bow-window.

In his 'Reminiscences' (page 60), Sir F. Doyle justly complains of the misnomer, Keats for Keate, the noted Head of Eton. And then he falls into the same error himself, in turning Tate, Master of

Richmond, into Tait, as though he were akin to the then Master of Rugby, and Bishop of London. The real Simon Pure was a jocose as well as a very scholarly man; for example, he said that his name was Jack Tate, but his wife's name was Dictate. Under his rule at Richmond the school was never very great in numbers, but marvellously great in repute. I am afraid to say how many Tatian pupils were Fellows of Trinity, Cambridge. At page 59 is the expression, 'Puritans at Long Whist.' An old friend of mine, who was a great admirer of short whist, when it first came into play used to speak of the exploded form as 'Six Weeks at Long's,' the title of a novel then in much vogue. At page 71, George Lewis is spoken of as 'Head of the Poor Law Board.' Is not this a mistake? His father, Frankland Lewis, held that office, and was accounted to be as slow and dull as the son, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, was quicksilver and wise. He was successively Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, and Secretary at War. Better and higher than all these, he was a good and ripe scholar, a deep and sound thinker. His uncle and his grandfather were both men of worship in my boyish days.

Later on, Sir Francis is perfectly right as to the unfairness of setting crabbed papers at an examina-

tion. It was said to be a rule with the Greek Professor of my time to set passages which no candidate would be likely to have seen, and which no one without having seen them would be likely to master. I was myself the victim of this rule. I went into an examination, not very badly primed in Demosthenes, and in Latin my strong point was Juvenal, and I was bowled out in both. The Professor had ingeniously picked out some dozen decent lines from the sixth Satire, which is never read; while his extract from Demosthenes was crammed with law terms which, unless known before, it was impossible even to guess at. My only dangerous competitor was also my schoolfellow. I knew exactly the amount of his reading, and said to him, walking home together, 'Of course you were floored by the Demosthenes?' 'No,' he answered, 'I did it fairly, I think.' 'Why—how so? you have never read it.' 'No; but last night I ran my eye over an index to Demosthenes, and looked out all the law-terms I met with, and many of them cropped up in the paper set.' We were pretty fairly matched, and his luck and my failure in the Demosthenes turned the scale, since in the Juvenal we were both floored alike. So he won and I lost, thanks to the sagacious rule of the learned Professor.

In Mr. Pycroft's 'Oxford Memories,' I read a formidable list of books which an unhappy man was proposing to take up for a first-class. It reminded me that at a still earlier date I was passing through Oxford, and called upon an old schoolfellow at Christ Church, then just about to go in for his degree. I found him with a heap of books about him, and a wet towel round his head. I took the liberty of telling him he was an ass to overdo it in that way, and proceeded to catechise him as to what books he was going to take in. He gave me a list much like that of Mr. Pycroft's friend, but omitted to count in any Greek verse; so, in pretended ignorance, I said, 'What Greek plays?' He grandiloquently replied, 'Why, the drama, of course.' 'Oh, really; that implies the three tragedians and Aristophanes! What utter nonsense! if you go across to your "learned blacksmith" (that was Dean Gaisford), and ask him if he is sure he can construe the first hundred lines of the "Agamemnon," he will honestly tell you he is not sure.' Dear old fellow! of course he came out second class. But he made his mark in afterlife. I have always thought it to be true that the Oxford examinations inquire how much you have read; the Cambridge, how much you know.

One day at a dinner-party I met with, or rather

encountered, a reverend who had a considerable idea of himself and a correspondingly low opinion of other men. It was shortly after the death of Sir Walter Scott, and the conversation naturally turned upon his writings and character. My unsocial neighbour startled me—riled me, I should say—by gravely propounding that he was not a Christian. I was young and an enthusiast about Scott, so I spoke up when I had better have held my tongue, and asked his grounds for such an opinion. 'Sir, he deliberately told a lie, and that no Christian would ever do.' It was to no purpose that I urged that his questioner was to blame, who drove him into a corner by asking point-blank, 'Was he the author of the Waverley Novels?' It was not open to Scott to say it was an impertinent question, because that would have been a left-handed acknowledgment of authorship. His reverence declined further discussion, and instead we heard a great deal afterwards of himself and his works. He sounded a loud trumpet as to the number of his parishioners and of his weekly sermons. In the drawing-room a friend of mine came kindly to my rescue. He began by drawing out the gentleman to enlarge upon his clerical labours, the calls upon his time in visiting and vestries, and religious meetings during the week, and the preparation of his

many sermons on a Sunday. 'With so much upon your hands, so many irons in the fire,' said my ally, 'I suppose that your sermons are not always entirely your own composition? you must often be forced to play the game of beg of my neighbour.' He was not sharp enough to see the trap, but replied, 'Oh yes! I am often driven to borrow, and that largely, from published sermons.' 'Then I take it for granted that whenever you do so, you inform your congregation that the sermon is not your own?' 'Certainly not!' said he. 'Why on earth should I?' 'But do not the congregation believe that it is your own, and do you not intend them so to believe? And if so, where is the difference, morally speaking, between you and Sir Walter Scott?' Upon this conclusion, his reverence snorted, and turned upon his heel in dudgeon.

CHAPTER XX.

HISTORICAL REPETITIONS—FRENCH ESTIMATES OF WELLINGTON.

THAT history repeats itself is quite true, and it is often a golden repeater; that is, the new has greater interest for us, comes nearer home to us, than the old. The battle of Corunna, 1809, I distinctly remember, since one intimate with my family was killed in the retreat before the battle. Well, my historical links here are strange, but they are very close. In my schoolboy days I read in Homer of Sarpedon borne by his comrades from the field with the *spear-shaft sticking in his thigh.* I read also of Hector's mangled corpse *wrapped in a mantle and hastily buried*, lest the Greeks should come down upon them. When I had grown in the head I read in Thucydides how the wounded Brasidas was carried by his soldiers into Amphipolis, his last moments cheered by the knowledge that victory was on his side. Sixty years ago

Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War' repeated all the salient points of Sarpedon's wound, and Hector's burial, in the heroic death of Sir John Moore at Corunna. The cannon-shot had shattered his shoulder, baring his side of flesh, his muscles torn into long strips; as the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the *hilt entered the wound.* Captain Hardinge attempted to take it off, but the dying man said, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' Then, as Brasidas, Moore, borne by his soldiers from the field, was gladdened when he stopped his bearers to watch the course of the battle, and saw that victory inclined to his side. At the last, like Brasidas, he was hastily buried 'with his martial cloak around him.' It was quite twenty-five years before anything like justice was done to the memory of Sir John Moore; but it was half a century before a remarkable mistake as to his monument was corrected. Napier says that 'Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.' Other writers, and even Brialmont, follow this lead; but in the 'Life of Sir Howard Douglas,' who was personally mixed up in the matter, it is proved beyond question that it was not Soult, but Romana, that erected the memorial. There was a turgid verbose

epitaph written by Dr. Parr, at the bidding of the Prince Regent, but it was never inscribed upon the monument.

From Corunna we may glean another instance of history repeating itself. What we read in Thucydides is reproduced by Napier. At Pylos the conflict was so fierce, that the general in chief, Epitadas, was killed, Hippagretas, second in command, was left for dead among the carnage, and it fell to Styphon, the third in succession, to effect a suspension of arms with the Athenians. Exactly so at Corunna: Moore was struck down, Sir David Baird was disabled, and it devolved upon Sir John Hope to carry out the embarkation of the troops. In both these instances the triple succession of commanders resulted from the severity of the fight. But it was utter mismanagement on the part of the home authorities that sent three generals in twenty-four hours to take the command at Vimiera. So Sir Arthur Wellesley 'was checked in the midst of his operations' by the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard, who, though he did not interfere at first, yet stayed the pursuit when the battle was won. Then came Sir Hew Dalrymple, under whose auspices the unfortunate 'Convention of Cintra' was concluded, all fruits of the victory were lost, and, as Sir Arthur said, they

might go home and shoot partridges. How well I remember the mingled rage and shame in England when news of the Convention came!

If the rapid succession of commanders on the same battle-field betokened either mischance or mischief, there was another custom of ancient warfare, yet more fraught with evil, and which prevailed even to comparatively modern times. Several generals, holding co-ordinate authority, took the supreme command on alternate days. In early history we have an instance in which the rule was more honoured in the breach than the observance. His colleagues, who thought with Miltiades that the Greeks should give battle to the Persians, resigned their command into his hands; so, when his own appointed day arrived, he gave the signal for the fight. Hence, because Miltiades alone commanded, the battle of Marathon was won. Had it been lost, and, as the natural consequence, the East had overrun the West, the future history of the world would have required to be strangely re-written. Passing from Greece to Rome, we find the same disastrous effects resulting from the same foolish system. Thus Minucius, raised by faction to equal power with the Dictator, when he was only Master of the Horse, so far gained his point, that the legions

were divided to the two. Defeat soon taught him wisdom. But the warning was lost upon Varro, who, when his day of command was come, gave signal for battle without consulting his colleague. So the battle of Cannæ was lost. Had it been won by the Romans, or never fought at all, what widely different consequences would have ensued! 'Scipiadæ duo fulmina belli' might never have earned their cognomen; Annulus—'Cannarum vindex, et tanti sanguinis ultor'—would not have avenged 'tres modios' of golden knights' rings sent to Carthage; 'Delenda est Carthago' might have been a doom postponed, if it had ever become necessary.

From Lord Stanhope we learn that the pernicious system came down to the day of Queen Anne, and that it was only by the sagacity of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, in dealing with the Margrave Louis of Baden, that irreparable mischief was averted.

It would surely be well if England always kept aloof from confederate warfare. Almost worse than his French antagonists, Wellington was hampered and cross-hoppled by the obstinate perversity of the Spanish generals and Government. Had Lord Raglan been at liberty to act upon his own independent judgment, without reference to

his ally, in all probability he would have marched straight from the Alma to Sebastopol, then unprepared for resistance; and all the cost and misery and carnage of the terrible siege might have been spared. At the same time we must not forget our obligations to that true and stanch ally, the veteran Blucher, and the wonderful march he and his 'children' accomplished, that they might fulfil his promise to Wellington. And though the fight was won before he could possibly come up, he was in time to take up the pursuit of the French, already in full retreat, and leave our wearied troops to their well-earned rest.

It is curious of how many notables history gives us, what we may call, *ocular demonstration.* That is, they are recorded as 'single peepers,' like Jack Mytton's racehorse, having lost an eye. Thus at Cunaxa Cyrus was slain, pierced by a javelin beneath his eye. At Methone the *right eye* of Philip of Macedon was proved to be 'penetrabilis Astro.' But his successful missive cost poor Aster his life. The passage over the mountains and through the marshes destroyed an eye for the great Carthaginian. At Hastings Harold was slain by an arrow piercing his eye and running into his brain. Nelson lost an eye at Calvi; but turned his loss to good account, when at Copen-

hagen he put his telescope to the blinded eye, that he might not see Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall.

We are told that Philip was very sensitive as to his disfigurement, and eschewed all reference to the Cyclops. Juvenal said in irony of Hannibal's frontispiece:

> 'O qualis facies, et quali digna tabellâ,
> Cum Gatula ducem portaret bellua luscum.'

The 'tabella' reminds us that Apelles painted Antigonus 'with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece.' For the same reason, it is said that no picture is extant of Cardinal Wolsey showing more than the side-face. Colonel Barre had a peculiar distortion of one side of his face, owing to a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, and which gave a savage glare to his eye. Sir Joshua Reynolds turns the wounded side of Colonel Barre's face away from the spectator.

Canon Brown's 'Lambeth Palace' shall give us one more example to the same effect: 'Another likeness of Archbishop Moore hangs over the fireplace in the private dining-room; the peculiarity of the attitude, the face being turned away, and only one cheek visible, is not without its significance; for during the latter years of his life, an eruption

on one cheek is reported to have somewhat marred the fine countenance for which he had been distinguished, and all likenesses taken during that period are in profile.'

We may contrast the different way in which different natures have dealt with their enemies. Philip, in a pitiful spirit of revenge, was as good as his word, and 'hung up Aster.' Whereas Richard, of the Lion heart, forgave Gurdun, whose arrow shot him down at Chaluz. James II., 'nigro vultu, corde nigro,' doomed his own nephew, Monmouth, to death, and is believed to have countenanced an attempt upon the life of William III. Napoleon I., in the greatness of his soul, actually bequeathed a legacy of 10,000 francs to Cantillon, the would-be assassin of Wellington. But it is one of the recorded incidents of Waterloo, that when an officer of artillery reported that he had under the range of his guns the exact spot where Napoleon was posted, the Duke peremptorily stopped him, saying, 'We do not war against individuals.' 'Utrum horum mavis accipe.'

We may take one or two examples, as tests of the accuracy of French historians when speaking of the Duke of Wellington. In his 'Wellington and Waterloo,' Lamartine gravely says that, 'having already had seven horses killed under him, Welling-

ton mounted the eighth.' In a foot-note his translator meekly states this to be an error, as 'Copenhagen bore his Grace through the day.' In fact, the Duke was some twelve hours on his back, and, as characteristic both of horse and rider, the usual pat upon the flank was not forgotten, and the horse was yet game to acknowledge it as usual by lifting up his leg in play. Another French author ventures on an assertion which passes mere absurdity. He instances, in proof that Wellington had a bitterly hostile feeling against Napoleon, that he wrote immediately after the Battle of Waterloo to Dumourier, saying that Napoleon had escaped him, but that he would *pursue him to the death.* Unfortunately for this rhodomontade, the letter itself is extant in the Wellington Despatches (vol. xii., p. 490). The words are simply these: 'j'espére que c'est fini de Buonaparte. Nous le poursuivons *vivement.*'

CHAPTER XXI.

TIME'S CHANGES—CHANGES IN SCHOOL-TRAINING.

We might say of the course of time that it is a succession of changes. Not in this way or that way only, but in every way, we cease to be what once we were. Anyone who can look back, as I can, through seven decades, will almost mistrust his own memory. Start from the all-alive days of the Peninsular War, when the very air seemed bristling with bayonets; then put Boney in his cage at Elba, and lull yourself for a year in the false security of peace: the cannon of Waterloo will awaken you; and then at last will come the reality of peace to Europe. England's voice gives guidance to the world, and Arthur Duke of Wellington is Viceroy over her. Is not that something like the course of change which this country witnessed in the decade between Trafalgar and Waterloo? Passing from national to political vicissitudes, we may compare the fourteen years during which Lord

Liverpool as Premier and Lord Eldon as Chancellor held uninterrupted rule with the fourteen years following, during which there were eight successive appointments both to the Premiership and to the Woolsack. Dropping from these high latitudes, if we call to mind the successive changes in habiliments and habits, anyone that remembers the days of the 'first gentleman in Europe' will recollect the dandy of that time in Anglesea boat hat, blue coat with brass buttons, high velvet collar, and swallow-tails; yards of cravat choking him, red under-waistcoat, knee-breeches, and bag gaiters.

'Lax were his gaiters, laxer was his gait.'

If it were a denizen of the country, corduroy breeches and top-boots were part and parcel of the man—he was never seen out of them, except when dressed for dinner. By what manifold varieties of change has such style of raiment descended to the billycock hat, the free-and-easy body clothing, pea jacket, and high-low shoes, of precisely the same grade of man to-day? Just the same amount of multitudinous changes must female costume have passed through, from the coalscuttle which buried every lady's head, in the shape of the Oldenburg bonnet, to the pretty little coquettish hats which are now the fashion. Young ladies now know

nothing of the war between long waists and short waists, 'long cut or short cut to them is all the same;' just as, on the other hand, their grandmothers knew nothing of what I believe were called 'bustles,' or their successors, 'dress-improvers.'

So far as regards daily habits, it is not so much to be called a change as a revulsion. Late hours over-night claim repayment in breakfast at a time when the last generation had done some hours' work. When their mid-day dinner had come, it is not yet time for luncheon now. Eight or nine was the supper-hour; so in reality now it is, only it is now called dinner. As in the time, so in the viands: that which used to be is no longer. For the solid, substantial hospitality of the past, the taste is now, in its double sense, attracted by variety of delicacies and kickshaws.

As regards *liquidation*, champagne, which, except at the tables of the wealthy, was never seen, for it was a guinea a bottle, is now almost as *vin ordinaire*. In another point there is, happily, come over us a change altogether for the better. The consumption of wine, both at and after dinner, used to be inordinate, and is now reduced almost to zero. In the day of your two or three bottle men, what with drinking each to the other during dinner, and duly filling their glass as the bottle

passed round after dinner, the gentlemen often came into the drawing-room with glassy eyes, and silly of speech, more fit for bed than to join the ladies. Surely we may claim the credit of having 'improved ourselves off' these habits, which were mistaken for hospitality and good-fellowship in the days of our fathers.

Passing from generalities to one particular point, I am sure that we may rejoice in the great advance made in our public schools during the past half-century in regard to their moral trainings. In the comparatively 'dark age' preceding that, any definite religious teaching was, I am afraid, of the scantiest. Some formal Sunday lessons were gone through, but they were simply lessons and nothing more. Of vital truth as the foundation of religious life the boys heard little or nothing. Sunday was merely a no-school day, to be lounged through and wasted. Then how was it in the boarding-houses? Big and little, pure and vicious boys were herded together: the big bullied the little; sometimes, as I gratefully remember in my own case, they protected them. But there was no protection to shield the almost child from the sight of drunkenness, the hearing of ribald talk, the knowledge of practical immorality. It was a terrible ordeal for any, well-nigh fatal to numbers; they were forced

into contact with pitch—how should they escape with clean hands? Then, on what a faulty principle was rule and discipline carried out! For instance, certain tasks were enjoined: if done, so far good; if not done, whether from idleness or inability, it was all one—Dr. Birch settled the account. Just the same in more serious and moral offences: there was no patient sifting of the case, no discrimination between the culprits, no apportioning of the guilt; the leader and the led were alike scored personally, and that cleared scores for both. In those days veracity was weighed in a very unequal balance; if a lad over-reached his comrade with a lie, he was branded as a sneak, and earned more kicks than were pleasant to him; but if he lied successfully to the master, he was patted on the back and reckoned a 'cute lad. On the other hand, the master, so continually imposed upon, had no faith in the answers he received, and there was no confidence between him and his boys.

It was, I believe, mainly to Dr. Arnold that we are indebted for venturing on a better and a wiser system. It was his rule always to believe what a lad told him, until he found him out in a lie. The natural consequence ensued—because he trusted them, they proved themselves trustworthy. But it is not merely on this one point, but entirely and

altogether that the intercourse between the teacher and the taught is of late the reverse of what it used to be of old. It is not now only a legal fiction, but an acknowledged fact and principle with a master, that he stands towards his boys *in loco parentis;* this governs and softens down alike his rule over them, and their bearing and feelings towards him. Instead of standing aloof in dignified distance, he identifies himself with their personal interests and welfare; cares for them, and keeps touch with them out of school as well as in the class-room. As the natural result of this, the sheep render to their shepherd no longer, as of old, a niggard and compulsory, but now a willing and grateful allegiance. Aforetime Tiro was brought up to mock at, trick, and almost hate Orbilius. It was only in after-life, when he had put away childish things, that he began to know and feel that his school-days were his happy days, and to recognise toward the old master his long-standing debt of gratitude, reverence, and affection. For, be it remembered, that the 'old hands' would have no need to yield one single inch to their successors as to the power of making sound scholars. Neither is there any doubt but that present scholarship takes very high rank indeed; there are giants in these days also. But how will it be with a future

generation? Is there not a dangerous rock ahead in the system which has grown up, and is sanctioned, of publishing English translations of the old authors for the use of students? The better and more scholarly these translations are, the greater the mischief they will do. The student will delight himself with the skilful renderings of Munro and Jowett, and flatter himself that he has caught the full apprehension and understanding of Lucretius and Plato. The niceties, the idioms, half the difficulties of the great Greek and Latin writers, must almost of necessity be lost—at best, can only be travestied in English. Would it be wise with a pure spring in your garden only to drink the water filtered through a clayey tank? Would you set a man to run a foot-race, and give him a crutch to help him on? What is worth having is worth toiling for, and knowledge made easy is less than half known. Ready-made clothes and second-hand clothes never fit, and Latin and Greek tricked out in English dress is simply a disguise, and nothing better. No one with the Psalms of David within his reach would content himself with the version of Tate and Brady.

CHAPTER XXII.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In my school-days I had opportunity to see several of the London actors, for the Shrewsbury theatre was held under the same manager as Chester, Hereford, and Worcester. He often brought us down some stars. Of these I remember Downton, great in old men; the Father Matthews, to whom not one of his special line, out of the many I have since seen, was fit to hold a candle. In his later years he had a partial stroke, which drew the muscles of his cheek a little on one side. He said that it was worth a hundred a year to him, as it enabled him to make so many more faces. The elder Kean also we often had, and an actor named Booth, an American, who set up as a rival to Kean. On two successive nights they acted together Othello and Iago, alternating the parts, but the Yankee went out of sight very shortly. Then there was Elliston, so great in what was called

'genteel comedy;' his pet part was that of Joseph Surface. An interlude, 'The Three and the Deuce,' was written expressly to bring into play his versatility, in personating three brothers at once—Pertinax the philosopher, Percival the gaby, and Peregrine the loose fish. One noted feat of his was this: he acted at a mid-day performance at Chester, played Joseph Surface at Shrewsbury late in the evening, and was carried tipsy to bed before midnight. It was a curious proof how little we know ourselves, that, whereas he was *facile princeps* in comedy, he imagined that he was a great tragedian. Once at Hereford he was announced to play Macbeth. A friend of mine, who was rather stage-stricken, did not therefore go to the theatre. Elliston met with him the next day, and exploded, 'Not come to see my Macbeth! why, it is my best part!' The real fact being, that it was only his supremacy as a comedian that earned him absolution in tragedy. Macready I never saw on the stage, but I once accidentally met him at dinner in London. The host and several of the party were amateur patrons of the drama. Possibly this gave to Macready his tone; but I remember carrying away my impression of him as stilty, and even in voice stagey and oracular. Many years afterwards an old man with white head and beard

was pointed out to me in Cheltenham, where, if I remember right, he ended his days. I believe that when in the profession he made a brave and successful stand against the impurities before supposed to be necessarily connected with the stage.

Years since I was told of an artful dodge on the part of an agent, whose games afterwards brought him to grief. It chanced that a large property was for sale; so he went to an impecunious nobleman, and strongly urged him to make so eligible a purchase. The answer simply was that he had no money wherewith to buy. Would he, asked the agent, buy, if the money was forthcoming? Certainly he would. Then the agent went to a millionnaire, ostensibly to recommend him to purchase. No, he had bought estates enough. But would he lend the purchase-money if the agent found a buyer? Certainly he would, provided the security were good. Then the agent goes back to the nobleman, who gives him authority to purchase the property. Whereby he grabbed a double commission, both from the lender of the money and from the purchaser of the property. Moreover, when, after the auction, he announced who the purchaser was, it proved a bitter pill to the vendor, a strong Whig, when now his estate passed into the hands of a more than strong Tory.

We often hear of incidents in war amounting almost to romance. I was well acquainted with a veteran captain, who stood some six feet five in his stockings, and appeared to wear a very stiff stock, or to be troubled with a stiff neck. The fact was that in the Peninsula he was shot through the muscles on the one side of his neck, and afterwards his head was all on one side. At Waterloo, near the end of the battle, he was struck down again; his colonel, who was just behind him, exclaimed: 'Poor W.! he is gone at last!' No sooner said than he found that the bullet which struck down the captain had hit him afterwards. But its first blow was through the other side of the captain's neck, and when, after lying a long time at Brussels, he was cured, he ever afterwards carried his neck as if in a vice. The story seemed so improbable that many disbelieved it, and the Duke of York, then the Commander-in-Chief, requested to see him. There was a curious sequel to this tale. Several years afterwards the veteran was at Harrogate, hale and hearty, and there he found a worn-out invalid. It was his old colonel, dying by inches of the bullet that had set his own neck straight. It had lodged in his shoulder, could not be extracted, and was shortly afterwards his death.

There is sometimes more than a little interest in

hunting up the meaning and origin of local names. For instance, everyone speaks of the Devil's Bridge, the name derived from a dark tradition; yet the Welsh themselves call it Pont-y-Mynach, recording, that is, that it was built by the old monks of Florida. Then are we to account for this, and so many other traces of Latin words Welshified, by the Roman occupation of the country? Here we have 'pons' and 'monachus,' the late Latin for the Greek original, signifying a solitary man. So, if we dissect the name Penmaenmawr, we cannot fail to sniff 'mons' and 'major.' I suppose we must not venture, through the Romans, to trace Penmaen *bach* from the Greek βαιὸς = little. Again, mistakes are frequently made as to the meaning of names from their faulty pronunciation, and consequent false spelling. Thus, in Herefordshire there is a village called and written Abbeydore. Ask a dozen natives the meaning of the word, and eleven of them, with an air of wisdom, will tell you that it is Abbey d'Or, from Norman French, because it lies on the edge of the 'Golden Valley.' Whereas it is simply, from the Welsh, Abbey Dwr, so named from the stream that runs through it, Dwr signifying water—as the monks were always mindful to establish themselves where there was water close at hand.

Take another instance. At Chester there is the Roodee, commonly explained as the Rue Dee, which in itself would strike one as far-fetched. By chance I found in some book what I take to be the right reading and interpretation—Rood-eye ; *rood* being a general term to express an extent of ground, and *eye* the water or river beside which it lies. Close by the town of Stamford there is a meadow by the riverside named the 'Water Furlong.' So the Dee, for any meaning that it seems to have, might as well be fiddle-de-dee. It is simply a corruption of the name Deva, the Roman Station, or *Castra*, whence *Chester*. It is remarkable what characteristic names the Romans gave to our rivers. The shifty wandering river, to us the Dee, was to them Devia ; the erratic, windabout stream they called Vaga, we call Wye, or merely 'water.'

What we know as the Severn, and cannot construe the name, they knew as Sabrina, the tutelar Naiad of the stream. With us it would almost seem sufficient to designate all rivers alike as 'water.' The Ouse in triplicate is, I suppose, first cousin to 'ooze,' and so the rivers that bear that name are of the sluggish order. Whereas Avon = water again is in triplicate, but marks no special feature. The Wye is water ; the Lugg is water. Then just as you have dos-a-dos, back-to-back, and

reredos, hindback, double doses we may call them, so we have water-water in the Llug-wy in Wales; and at Mordiford, in Herefordshire, the Lugg (profanely called Slug) flows into the Wye. The little word 'eau' crops up in sundry forms as a terminal; but almost a ludicrous one occurs in Herefordshire. There is Church Withington and *Ewe* Withington, the latter betokening, not a pasture for sheep, but a marshy district, as compared with its sister. In Huntingdonshire you used to have Whittle*sea* Mere, the sea simply 'eau,' while it is the 'mere' that suggests 'mare.' And now it is drained into broad lands, prolific in wheat and turnips.

The Greeks had their 'Pylæ,' or gates, to signify passes in the mountains, or straits of water; for instance, Thermopylæ and the Bosphorus. But at the entrance of the Avon into the Severn is *Pill*, and on the Wye is Symond's *Yatt*, or *Gate*. But, oddly enough, in a little hamlet between Stamford and Peterborough we have the word and its interpretation, in *Pilsgate*. Now, thereby hangs a tale: there was an old tradition, that once the sea came up to this point, and that a ship of war was buried there. Some few years since a single line railway was made between the two towns. Afterwards it was determined to lay down a second line. When

they came to this spot, which was apparently but a swampy pool, they merely threw in some cart-loads of stone in order to form a solid surface. But they found that what they threw in one day was gone the next. In fact, it was what is called in that country a 'swallow-pit'; and it cost them much time and labour to make it sound for the rails. I believe to this hour the trains go gingerly over it.

I take it that everyone almost has a budget of witty or wise saws imprinted on his memory, while graver and more essential truths are heard or read, and then forgotten. I would fain finish these pages with a few of these aphorisms which somehow cling to my brain-pan like limpets.

When his jovial comrades at the Noctes Ambrosianæ appealed to Christopher North for another bowl of punch (toddy) and fresh candles, he answered, οὐδὲ τόδε, οὐδὲ τἄλλο: neither one nor t'other. Surely it would be very hard to beat this for readiness and wit.

Cæsar's report of his rapid victory over Pharnaces has been handed down in history—'Veni, vidi, vici;' but in brevity and force Sir Charles Napier improved upon this, when he limited his despatch to one word—'Peccavi'; it must, I think, have puzzled the wise men at the India House to rightly construe this into 'I have Scinde.'

When Dr. Wool, a small man, was Master of Rugby, some of the trustees wished to abolish flogging. The Doctor said he could not manage the school without it. 'Very well,' said Mr. Lyttelton, 'then we shall still have much cry and little Wool.' This was a very palpable, if a very personal, hit.

It was a well-deserved Roland for her Oliver that a British ambassador administered to an Austrian countess. She said to him, 'What shocking bad French you English people speak!' 'Really, my lady, I am afraid we do, but, then, we have not enjoyed your advantages: we have not had the French twice resident in our capital.' Her ladyship had fully earned this retort.

A lady we knew very well was suffering from gradual loss of brain-power. Sir Astley Cooper was called in, and asked had she received any blow? She was just able to remember that she had struck her head against the mantelpiece. Upon close examination it was found that there was slight depression of the skull, for which trephining was necessary. The operation was successfully performed upon the patient, then insensible; her first utterance as she returned to half-consciousness was, 'What a bungler you are!' —the only time, we may take it for granted, that Sir Astley received this back-handed compliment.

I remember to have heard a story of a scientific gentleman in London, who was very sharp in intellect, but very short in stature. One day he wished to call at a grand house, but could not reach the knocker. So, seeing a six-foot flunkey pass, he politely requested him to knock at the door for him. The footman having given his legitimate rat-tat, looked down upon the dwarf of science, and said, 'For my part, I can't think what such funny little fellows as you are made for.' 'Well, sir,' replied Tom Thumb, 'one manifest purpose of our creation is, to make such great hulking fellows as you do our bidding. I thank you for knocking at the door.'

What may be called a practical epigram is told of Soult. When he was ambassador here, the Duke of Wellington invited him to the Waterloo dinner. When he arrived, Lord Hill was standing with his back to him. Soult came stealthily up, and seized him by the shoulders, saying, 'Ah, my friend, I have caught you *at last!*' All then assembled would at once understand this reference to the fact that Lord Hill had skilfully carried out the orders of Wellington in Spain: that Hill should keep Soult in play, tease and entice him, but by no means allow himself to be drawn or forced into a battle.

Let us finish our papers with the Duke himself. On a Parliamentary Committee relative to the army, the Duke was asked whether he thought that his army, when it left the Pyrenees, was in an efficient state? His answer ought to be written in letters of gold—'I always thought that I could have gone anywhere, and done anything, with that army.' Could words by possibility more truly express the cordial relationship which ought to subsist between a great leader and his veteran troops?

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD.
S. & H.

+1

R

150